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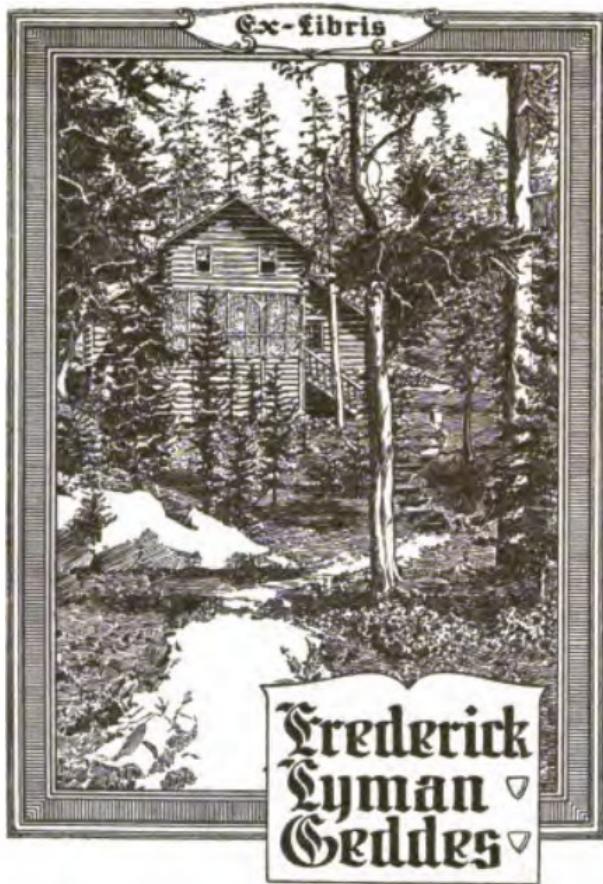
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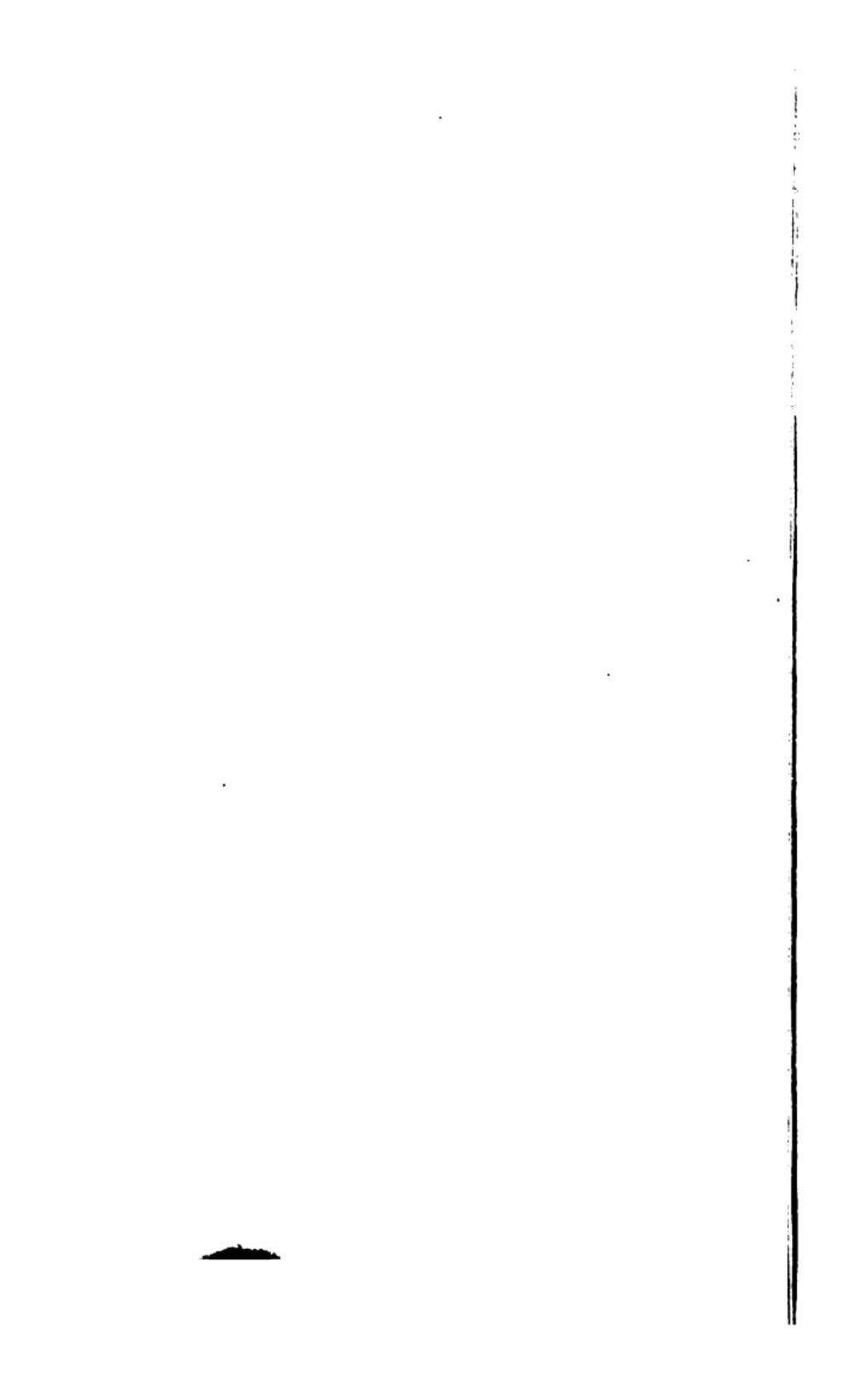
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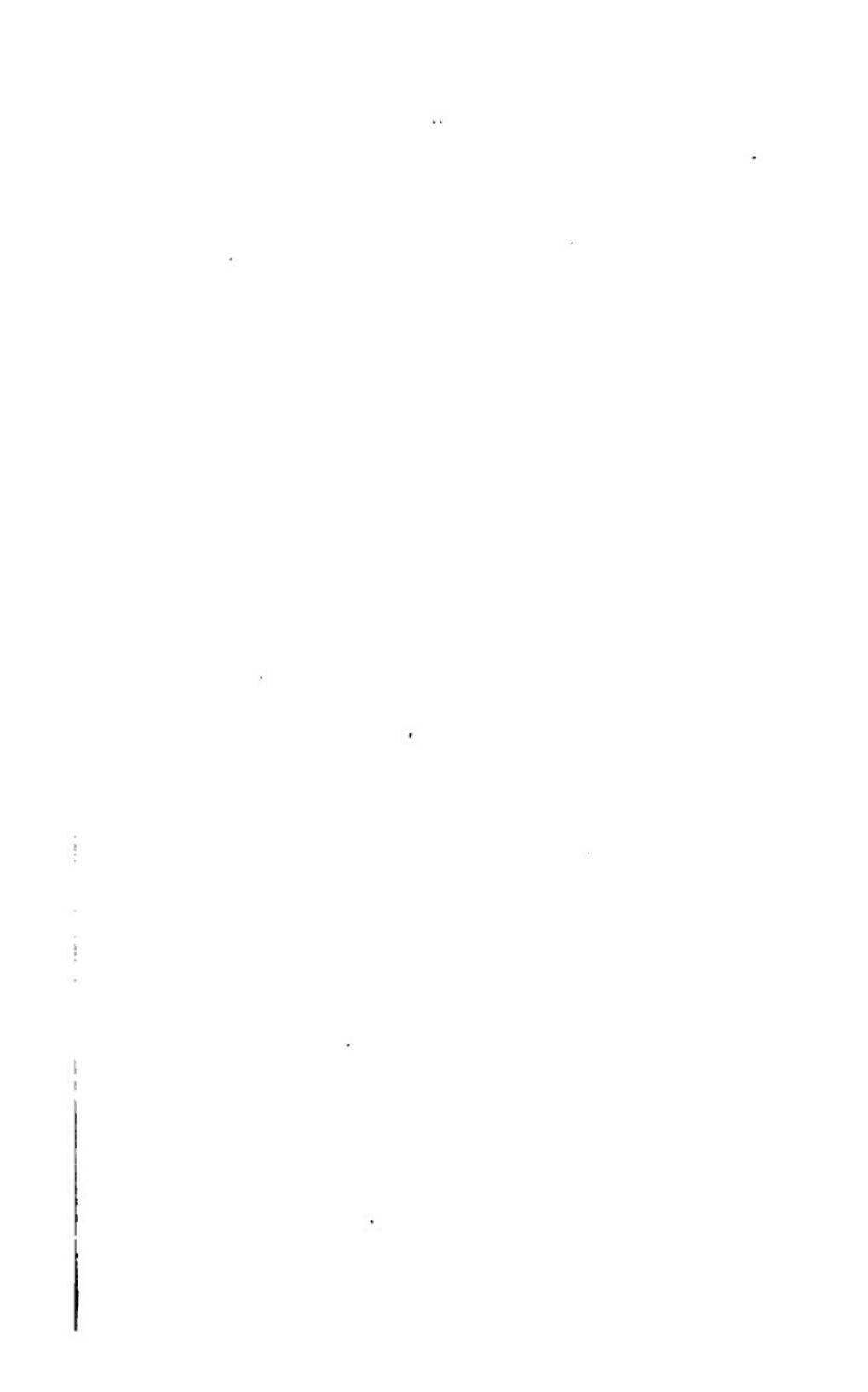
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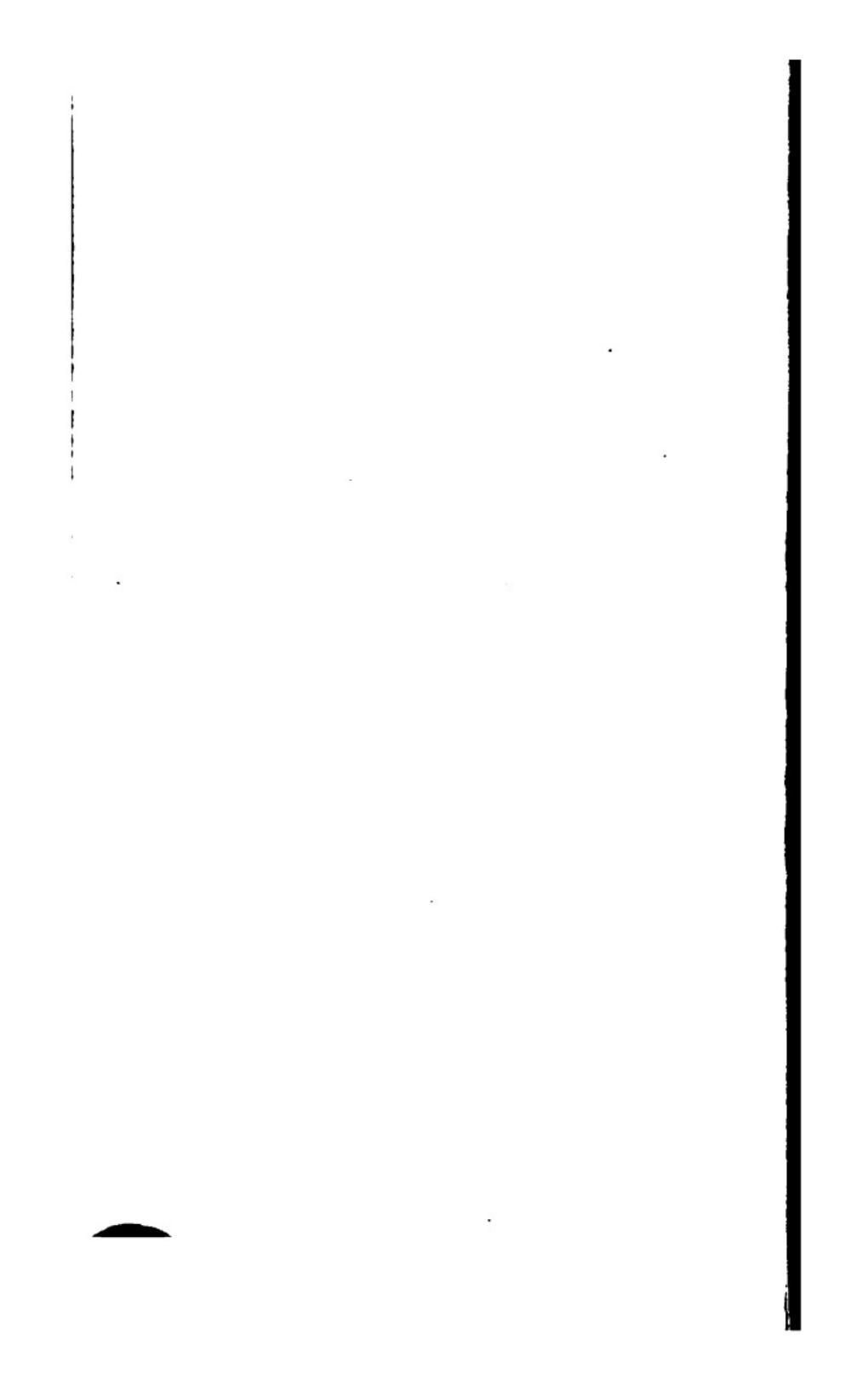
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ALZIRA.

A

TRAGEDY,

By AARON HILL.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, IN COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON :

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
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M D C C X C I.



W

*Gift
Reader Faculty
9-30-32*

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,
FREDERICK,
PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

THOUGH a prince is born a patron, yet a benevolent expansion of his heart gives nobler title to the homage of the arts, than all the greatness of his power to propagate them.—There respect is, either way, so much your Royal Highness's unquestioned due, that he who asks your leave to offer such a duty, calls in question your prerogative, or means to sell his own acknowledgments.

They have not marked, with penetration, the distinction of your spirit, who dare look upon you as inclosed against the access of sincerity. The judgment and humanity of princes are obscured by difficulties in approaching them. Nor can the benefactors of mankind be so far inconsistent with themselves, as to interpose the obstacles of distance, or cold ceremony, between their goodness, and our gratitude.

Allow me, therefore, sir, the honour to present Alzira to your patronage: disclaiming, for myself, all

A ij

expectation of your notice. It is just that I should give up my own small pretensions; but Mr. de Voltaire brings title to your Royal Highness's regard. The merit of his work will recommend him to your judgment: and the noble justice he has done her majesty's distinguished character, in his French preface to this tragedy, (himself mean while a foreigner, and writing in a foreign nation) will, perhaps, deserve the glory of the son's partiality, in sense of reverence for the royal mother,

It were, indeed, some violation of respect and gratitude, not to devote Alzira to the hand that honoured her in public with an applause so warm and weighty, in her representation on the English theatre.—Here Mr. de Voltaire enjoyed the triumph due to genius; while his heroic characters at the same time made evident the force of nature when it operates upon resembling qualities.—When tragedies are strong in sentiment, they will be touchstones to their hearers' hearts. The narrow and inhumane will be unattentive, or unmoved; while princely spirits, like your Royal Highness's, (impelled by their own conscious tendency) shew us an example in their generous sensibility, how great thoughts should be received by those who can think greatly.

Yet, in one strange circumstance, Alzira suffered by the honour of your approbation; for while the au-

dience hung their eyes upon your Royal Highness's discerning delicacy, their joy to see you warmed by, and applauding most, those sentiments which draw their force from love of pity, and of liberty, became the only passion they would feel; and thereby lessened their attention to the very scenes they owed it to.

Can it be possible, after so important a public declaration in honour of passion and sentiment, that this best use of the poet's art should any longer continue to languish under general neglect, or indifference?—No, surely, sir!—Your Royal Highness, but persisting to keep reason and nature in countenance at the theatres, will universally establish what you so generously and openly avow. For, if where men love they will imitate, your example must be copied by millions; till the influence of your attraction shall have planted your taste, and overspread three kingdoms with laurels.

It may at present, perhaps, be a fruitless, but it can never be an irrational, wish, that a theatre entirely new, (if not rather the old ones new-modelled) professing only what is serious and manly, and sacred to the interests of wisdom and virtue, might arise under some powerful and popular protection, such as that of your Royal Highness's distinguished countenance!—To what probable lengths of improve-

ment would not such a spur provoke genius!—Or, should it fail to do that, it would make manifest, at least, that rather wit is wanting than encouragement; and that these opprobrious excrescencies of our stage, which, under the disguise of entertainments, have defamed and insulted a people, had a meaner derivation, than from the hope of delighting our princes.

It has been a misfortune to poetry, in this nation, that it was too superciliously under-rated; and, to acknowledge truth on both sides, for the most part practised too lightly.—But by those who consider it according to the demands of its character, it will be found entitled, beyond many other arts, to the political affection of princes: being more persuasive in its nature than rhetoric; and more comprehensive and animating than history.—For while history but waits on fortune with a little too servile a restriction, poetry corrects and commands her:—because rectifying the obliquity of natural events, by a more equitable formation of rational ones, the poet, as Lord Bacon very finely and truly observes, instead of constraining the mind to successes, adapts and calls out events to the measures of reason and virtue; maintaining Providence triumphant against the oppositions of nature and accident.

And still more to distinguish his superiority over the gay prose-fabrics of imagination, the poet, as a

reinforcement to his creative vivacity of invention, superadds the attraction of harmony; and then pours through the whole an irresistible fire of enthusiasm, wherewith to raise and to govern the passions.

Dramatic poetry, in this bold purpose, acts with most immediate and manifest consequence; because assembling together all that animates, invites, or enforces, it works with incredible influence upon the spirits and passions of a people, after they have been refined and induced to its relish.—It does this, in so confessed a degree, that our great philosopher abovenamed, undertaking in his De Augmentis Scientiarum professedly to consider its prevalence, beautifully calls it the bow of the mind; as if, to express it more clearly, he had said, the stage is an instrument in the hands of the poet, as capable of giving modulation and tone to the heart, as the bow to the violin in the hands of a musician.

There is another advantage in poetry, which still further entitles it to the protection of princes, who are lovers, like your Royal Highness, of ages, which are only to hear of them. Other arts have some single and limited effect; but the creations of poetry have a power to multiply their species in new and emulative successions of virtue and heroism; the seeds, as

it were, of those passions which produce noble qualities, being sown in all poems of genius.

If such desirable effects are now less common than anciently, it is only because sometimes tuneful emptiness is mistaken for poetry; and sometimes calm, cold sense conveyed in unpassionate metre; whereas poetry has no element but passion: and therefore rhyme, turn, and measure, are but fruitless affectations, where a spirit is not found that conveys the heat and enthusiasm. The poet, to say all in a word, who can be read without excitement of the most passionate emotions in the heart, having been busily losing his pains, like a smith who would fashion cold iron: he has the regular return in the descent of the strokes, the insignificant jingle in the ring of the sound, and the hammering delight in the labour; but he has neither the penetration, the glow, nor the sparkling.

When in some unbending moments your Royal Highness shall reflect, perhaps, on the most likely measures for diminishing our pretences to poetry, yet augmenting its essential growth, how kind would Heaven be to the legitimate friends of the muses, should it, at those times, whisper in your ear, that no art ever flourished in monarchies till the favour of the court made it fashionable!

On my own part, I have little to say, worth the honour of your Royal Highness's notice; being no more than an humble solicitor for an event I have nothing to hope from. Not that I presume to represent myself as too stoical to feel the advantage of distinction. I am only too busy to be disposed for pursuing it: having renounced the world, without quitting it; that, standing aside in an uncrowded corner, I might escape being hurried along in the dust of the show, and quietly see, and consider the whole as it passes; instead of acting a part in it; and that, perhaps, but a poor one.

In a situation so calm and untroubled, there arises a salutary habitude of supposing distinction to be lodged in the mind, and ambition in the use and command of the faculties. Such a choice may be silent, but not inactive: nay, I am afraid, he who makes it, is but a concealed kind of Epicure, notwithstanding his pretences to forbearance and philosophy: for while he partakes, in full relish, all the naked enjoyments of life, he throws nothing of it away, but its false face and its prejudices. He takes care to live at peace in the very centre of malice and faction; for, viewing greatness without hope, he views it also without envy.

Upon the whole, though there may be a suspicion of something too selfish in this personal system of

*liberty, it will free a man in a moment from all those
biassing partialities which hang their dead weight
upon judgment; and leave him as disinterested a
spectator of the virtues or vices of cotemporary great-
ness, as of that which history has transmitted to him
from times he had nothing to do with. I am, there-
fore, sure, it is no flattery, when I congratulate your
Royal Highness on the humane glories of your future
reign, and thank you for a thousand blessings I ex-
pect not to partake of.*

I am,

With a profound respect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient and

Most humble servant,

A. HILL.

ALZIR A.

THIS is a translation from Voltaire, declamatory, turgid and languid, in the general tone of the French theatre. AARON HILL clearly possessed some dramatic talent, and was a valuable man otherways, and yet I know not how it is, but this age discovers no anxiety after the performance of his plays. In the closet they are a suite of fine lessons of high sentiment in swelling diction.

PROLOGUE.

*WHEN some raw padd'ler from the waded shore,
First dares the deep'ning stream, and ventures o'er,
Light on his floating cork the wave he skims,
And, wanton in his safety, thinks he swims.
So shall Alzira's fame our faults protect,
And from your censure screen each fear'd defect.
For should we act, unskill'd, the player's parts,
We act such scenes—as force us to your hearts.
What floods of tears a neighb'ring land saw flow,
When a whole people wept Alzira's woe!
The loveliest eyes of France, in one pleas'd night,
Twice charm'd, renew'd, and lengthen'd out delight;
Twice charm'd, review'd the sad, the melting strain,
Yet, hung insatiate, on the willing pain!
Thrice thirty days, all Paris sigh'd for sense!
Tumblers stood still—and thought—in wit's defence;
Ev'n power despotic felt, how wrongs can move;
And nobly wept for liberty and love.
Can it be fear'd then, that our gen'rous land,
Where justice blooms, and reason holds command;
This soil of science! where bold truth is taught,
This seat of freedom, and this throne of thought;
Can pour applause on foreign song and dance,
Yet leave the praise of solid sense to France? .*

No—That's impossible —'tis Britain's claim,
To hold no second place in taste or fame.
In arts and arms alike victorious known,
Whate'er deserves her choice she makes her own.
Nor let the conscious power of English wit
Less feel the force, because a Frenchman writ.
Reason and sentiment, like air and light,
Wherever found, are Nature's common right.
Since the same sun gives northern climes their day,
After the east has first receiv'd its ray,
Why should our pride repel the muse's smile,
Because it dawn'd not first upon our isle ?
Fraternal art adopts each alien fame ;
The wise and brave are every where the same.
From hostile sentiments let discord flow ;
But they who think like friends, should have no foe.

Dramatis Personar.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Don CARLOS, *governor of Peru, for the Spaniards.*

Don ALVAREZ, *father of Don Carlos, and former governor.*

ZAMOR, *Indian sovereign of one part of the country.*

EZMONT, *Indian sovereign of another part.*

ALZIRA, *daughter of Ezmont.*

EMIRA } *Alzira's women.*

CEPHANIA }

Spanish and American captains and soldiers.

SCENE, in the city of Lima.



ALZIRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Don ALVAREZ and Don CARLOS.

Alvarez.

AT length the council, partial to my prayer,
Has to a son I love, transferr'd my power.
Carlos, rule happy ; be a viceroy long ;
Long for thy prince, and for thy God, maintain
This younger, richer, lovelier, half the globe ;
Too fruitful, heretofore, in wrongs and blood ;
Crimes, the lamented growths of powerful gold !
Safe to thy abler hand devolve, resign'd,
Those sovereign honours which oppress'd my years,
And dimm'd the feeble lamp of wasted age.
Yet had it long, and not unuseful, flam'd.
I first o'er wond'ring Mexico in arms
March'd the new horrors of a world unknown !
I steer'd the floating towers of fearless Spain
Through the plow'd bosom of an untried sea.
Too happy had my labours been so bless'd,

B ij

To change my brave associate's rugged souls,
 And soften stubborn heroes into men.
 Their cruelties, my son, eclips'd their glory :
 And I have wept a conqu'ror's splendid shame,
 Whom Heaven not better made, and yet made great.
 Wearied at length, I reach my life's last verge ;
 Where I shall peaceful veil my eyes in rest ;
 If, ere they close, they but behold my Carlos
 Ruling Potosi's realm by Christian laws,
 And making gold more rich by gifts from Heav'n.

D. Carlos. Taught and supported by your great example,

I learnt beneath your eye to conquer realms,
 Which, by your counsels, I may learn to govern ;
 Giving those laws I first receive from you.

Alv. Not so.—Divided power is power disarm'd.
 Outworn by labour, and decay'd by time,
 Pomp is no more my wish. Enough for me
 That, heard in council, age may temper rashness.
 Trust me, mankind but ill rewards the pains
 Of over-prompt ambition.—'Tis now time
 To give my long-neglected God those hours,
 Which close the languid period of my days.
 One only gift I ask ; refuse not that ;
 As friend I ask it ; and as father claim.
 Pardon those poor Americans, condemn'd
 For wand'ring hither, and this morning seiz'd.
 To my disposal give 'em kindly up,
 That liberty, unhop'd, may charm the more.
 A day like this should merit smiles from all ;
 And mercy, soft'ning justice, mark it bless'd.

D. Carlos. Sir, all that fathers ask, they must command.

Yet condescend to recollect how far
This pity, undeserv'd, might hazard all.
In infant towns like ours, methinks 'twere safe
Not to familiarize these savage spies.
If we accustom foes to look too near,
We teach 'em, at our cost, to slight those swords
They once flew trembling from, whene'er they saw.
Frowning revenge, and awe of distant dread,
Not smiling friendship, tames these sullen souls.
The sour American, unbroke, and wild,
Spurns with indignant rage, and bites his chain,
Humble when punish'd; if regarded, fierce.
Power sickens by forbearance: rigid men,
Who feel not pity's pangs, are best obey'd.
Spaniards, 'tis true, are rul'd by honour's law,
Submit unmurm'ring, and unforc'd go right.
But other nations are impell'd by fear,
And must be rein'd, and spurr'd, with hard control.
The gods themselves in this ferocious clime,
Till they look grim with blood, excite no dread.

Alv. Away, my son, with these detested schemes!
Perish such politic reproach of rule!
Are we made captains in our Maker's cause,
O'er these new Christians call'd to stretch his name,
His peaceful name! and shall we, unprovok'd,
Bear murders, which our holy cheats presume
To mispronounce his injur'd altar's due?
Shall we dispeople realms, and kill to save?

Such if the fruits of Spain's religious care,
 I, from the distant bounds of our old world,
 Have to this new one stretch'd a Saviour's name,
 To make it hateful to one half the globe,
 Because no mercy grac'd the other's zeal.
 No, my misguided Carlos, the broad eye
 Of one Creator takes in all mankind :
 His laws expand the heart ; and we, who thus
 Wou'd by destruction propagate belief,
 And mix with blood and gold religion's growth,
 Stamp in these Indians' honest breasts a scorn
 Of all we teach, from what they see we do.

D. Carlos. Yet the learned props of our unerring
 church,

Whom zeal for saving souls deprives of rest,
 Taught my late youth, committed to their care,
 That ignorance, averse, must be compell'd.

Alv. Our priests are all for vengeance, force, and
 fire :

And only in his thunder act their God.
 Hence we seem thieves ; and what we seem we are.
 Spain has robb'd every growth of this new world,
 Even to its savage nature !—Vain, unjust,
 Proud, cruel, covetous, we, we alone
 Are the barbarians here !—An Indian heart
 Equals, in courage, the most prompt of ours,
 But in simplicity of artless truth,
 And every honest native warmth, excels us.
 Had they, like us, been bloody ; had they not,
 By pity's power been mov'd, and virtue's love,

No son of mine had heard a father, now
Reprove his erring rashness.—You forget,
That when a pris'ner in these people's hands,
Gall'd and provok'd by cruelty and wrongs,
While my brave follow'rs fell on every side,
Till I alone surviv'd, some Indians knew me,
Knew me, and suddenly pronounc'd my name.
At once they threw their weapons to the ground,
And a young savage chief, whom yet I know not,
Graceful approach'd, and, kneeling, press'd my knees.
Alvarez, is it you, he cry'd—Live long !
Ours be your virtue, but not ours your blood !
Live, and instruct oppressors to be lov'd.
Bless'd be those tears, my son !—I think you weep.
Joy to your soft'ning soul ! Humanity
Has power, in nature's right, beyond a father.
But from what motive sprung this late decline
From clemency of heart to new-born rigour ?
Had you been always cruel, with what brow
Cou'd you have hop'd to charm the lov'd Alzira ?
Heiress to realms, dispeopled by your sword !
And though your captive, yet your conqu'ror too.
Trust me,—with women worth the being won,
The softest lover ever best succeeds.

D. Carlos. Sir, I obey : your pleasure breaks their
chains ;
Yet 'tis their duty to embrace our faith :
So runs the king's command.—To merit life,
Quit they their idol worship, and be free.
So thrives religion, and compels the blind ;

So draws our holy altar souls by force,
Till opposition dies, and sleeps in peace;
So links a govern'd world in faith's strong chain;
And but one monarch serves, and but one God.

Alv. Hear me, my son.—That crown'd in this new
world,

Religion may erect her holy throne,
Is what, with ardent zeal, my soul desires;
Let Heaven and Spain find here no future foe!
Yet ne'er did persecution's offspring thrive:
For the forc'd heart, submitting, still resists.
Reason gains all men by compelling none.
Mercy was always Heaven's distinguish'd mark;
And he who bears it not, has no friend there.

D. Carlos. Your reasons, like your arms, are sure to
conquer.

I am instructed and ennobled by them!
Indulgent virtue dwells in all you say,
And softens, while you speak, the list'ning soul!
Since Heaven has bless'd you with this powerful gift
To breathe persuasion and uncharm resolves,
Pronounce me favour'd, and you make me so.
Warm my Alzira's coldness; dry her tears;
And teach her to be mine.—I love that maid,
Spite of my pride! blush at it——but still love her!
Yet will I ne'er, to sooth unyielding scorn,
Unman the soldier in the lover's cause.
I cannot stoop to fan a hopeless flame,
And be in vain her slave.—You, sir, might aid me:
You can do all things with Alzira's father.

Bid him command his daughter to be kind :
Bid him—But whither would my love mislead me !
Forgive the blind presumption of a hope,
That to my int'rest stoops my father's rank ;
And sends him beggar to an Indian's door !

Alv. 'Tis done already. I have urg'd it to him.
Ezmont has mov'd his daughter in your cause.
Wait the prepar'd event. Heaven has been kind ;
Since these illustrious captives both are Christians ;
Ezmont my convert, and his daughter his.
Alzira governs a whole people's minds ;
Each watchful Indian reads her studied eye,
And to her silent heart conforms his own.
Your marriage shall unite two distant worlds :
For when the stern repiner at our law
Sees in your arms the daughter of his king,
With humbler spirit, and with heart less fierce,
His willing neck shall court the yoke he scorn'd.
But look, where Ezmont comes !—Retire, my son ;
And leave me to complete the task begun.

[Exit D. Car.

Enter EZMONT.

Welcome, my friend ; your counsel, or command,
Has left, I hope, Alzira well resolv'd.

Ezm. Great father of the friendless !—Pardon yet,
If one, whose sword seem'd fatal to her race,
Keeps her heart cold, with some remains of horror.
We move with ling'ring steps to those we fear.
But prejudice will fly before your voice,

Whose winning manners consecrate your laws.
 To you who gave us heav'n, our earth is due.
 Yours our new being, our enlighten'd souls ;
 Spain may hold realms by purchase of her sword ;
 And worlds may yield to power—but we to virtue.
 Your bloody nation's unsucceeding pride
 Had made their God disgustful as their crimes !
 We saw him hateful in their murd'rous zeal ;
 But lov'd him in your mercy.—From your heart
 His influence stream'd accepted ; and my crown,
 My daughter, and my soul, became your slaves.
 Father alike of Carlos and of me,
 I gave him my Alzira for your sake ;
 And with her all Potosi and Peru.
 Summon the reverend choir ; prepare the rites ;
 And trust my promise for my daughter's will.

Alv. Bless'd be the long-wish'd sound !—This great
 work past,

I shall go down in peace, and hail my grave.
 Oh, thou great leader ! whose almighty hand
 Drew the dark veil aside that hid new worlds ;
 Smile on this union, which, confirm'd by thee,
 Shall in one empire grasp the circled globe,
 And task the sun's whole round to measure Spain !
 Ezmont, farewell,—I go to greet my son,
 With welcome news, how much he owes my friend.

{Exit.

Ezm. [*Alone.*] Thou, nameless Power, unequal'd
 and alone !

Whose dreadful vengeance overwhelm'd, at once,

My country, and her gods, too weak to save !
 Protect my failing years from new distress.
 Robb'd of my all : but this one daughter left me :
 Oh, guard her heart, and guide her to be bless'd !

Enter ALZIRA.

Daughter, be happy, while good fortune courts thee ;
 And in thy blessing cheer thy country's hope.
 Protect the vanquish'd : rule the victor's will ;
 Seize the bent thunder in his lifted hand ;
 And from despair's low seat, remount a throne.
 Lend the lov'd public thy reluctant heart ;
 And in the joy of millions find thy own.
 Nay, do not weep, Alzira : tears will now
 Seem insults, and reproach thy father's care.

Alz. Sir, my whole soul, devoted, feels your power.
 Yet, if Alzira's peace was ever dear,
 Shut not your ear to my despairing grief ;
 But, in my nuptials, read my certain doom.

Ezm. Urge it no more : it is an ill-tim'd sorrow.
 Away ! I had thy kind consent before.

Alz. No,—you compell'd the frightful sacrifice :
 And, ah, remorseless Heaven !—at what a time !
 When the rais'd sword of this all-murd'ring lover
 Hangs o'er my peoples' heads with threat'ning sway,
 To strike the trembling remnant from my sight,
 And mark my nuptial day a day of death !
 Omens on omens have pronounc'd it curs'd.

Ezm. Quit these vain fears, these superstitious
 dreams

Of unconfiding ignorance ! What day ?
 What omens ?—We ourselves, who choose our acts,
 Make our own days, or happy, or accurs'd.

Alz. 'Twas on this day, the pride of all our state,
 Zamor the great, the warlike Zamor fell ;
 Zamor, my lover, and your purpos'd son.

Ezm. Zamor was brave ; and I have mourn'd his
 fall.

But the cold grave dissolves ev'n lovers' vows.
 Bear to the altar then a heart resolv'd :
 And let thy summon'd virtue check thy weakness.
 Was not thy soul enroll'd a Christian lately ?
 The awful Power that lent those Christians name,
 Speaks in my voice ; commands thee to be won.
 Hear him ; and learn obedience to his will.

Alz. Alas, my father ! spare this dreadful zeal.
 Has not the parent spoke ? Why speaks the God ?
 I know, and I confess, a father's power ;
 At his command to sacrifice the life
 He gave me, is a duty nature taught.
 But my obedience passes nature's bounds ;
 Whate'er I see, is with my father's eyes ;
 Whate'er I love, is for my father's sake ;
 I chang'd my very gods, and took my father's :
 Yet has this father, piously severe,
 Wrong'd my believing weakness, and undone me.
 He told me to compose my troubled heart,
 Peace held her dwelling at the altar's foot.
 He told me, that religion cur'd despair,
 And soften'd every pang that pierc'd the soul :

But, ah, 'twas all deceit! all dear delusion!
 Mix'd with the image of an awful God,
 A human image struggles in my heart,
 And checks my willing virtue in its rising.
 Zamor, though dead to nature, lives to love.
 Zamor still triumphs in Alzira's breast,
 Lord of her soul, and holds back all her wishes.
 You frown.—Alas! you blame a guilt you caus'd.
Quench then this flame, too hard for death and time;
 And force me to be his whom most I hate.
 If my lov'd country bids, I must obey.
 Yet, while by force you join unsocial hands,
 Tremble whene'er you drag me to the altar,
 Tremble to hear my tongue deceive my God :
 To hear me to this hated tyrant vow
 A heart, that beats, unchang'd, another's due.

Ezm. Alas, my child, what unweigh'd words are these!

Pity my age, unfit for length'ning woes :
 Nature asks rest: pity these falling tears.
 By all our fates, that all depend on thee,
 Let me conjure thee to be bless'd thyself,
 Nor close in misery my life's last scene.
 Why do I live, but to redeem thy hopes ?
 For thy own sake, not mine, assist my care.—
 Blast not the ripening prospect of thy peace,
 Hard, and with labour'd patience, slowly grown.
 Now, on thy instant choice, depends thy fate !
 Nor only thine, but a whole people's fate !
 Wilt thou betray them ? Have they other help ?

Have they a hope, but thee?—Think, think, Alzira;
And nobly lose thyself to save a state. [Exit.

Alz. Cruel accomplishment! sublime defect!
So feign we virtues to become a throne,
Till public duty drowns our private truth.

Enter Don CARLOS.

D. Carlos. Princess, you give a lover cause to doubt,
That this long labour of your slow consent
Springs from a heart too cold to feel his flame.
While, for your sake, suspended law forbears
To punish rebels, whom you wish to save,
Ungrateful, you compel a nation's freedom,
And bind, in recompence, my chains more close!
Yet misconceive me not.—I would not owe
A softened sentiment to having serv'd you;
That were to bribe a heart my pride wou'd win.
I shou'd with mingled joy and blushes gain you,
If, as my perquisite of power you fell.
Let me attract, not force you.—I would owe you
All to yourself; nor could I taste a joy,
That, in your giving it, might cost you pain.

Alz. Join, sir, my fruitless prayers to angry Heav'n!
This dreadful day comes charg'd with pains for both.
—No wonder you detect my troubled soul:
It bursts unveil'd from my disclosing eyes,
And glows on every feature's honest air.
Such is the plainness of an Indian heart,
That it disdains to sculk behind the tongue;
But throws out all its wrongs, and all its rage.

She who can hide her purpose, can betray ;
And that's a Christian virtue I've not learnt.

D. Carlos. I love your frankness, but reproach its cause.

Zamor, remember'd Zamor speaks in this.
With hatred stretch'd beyond th' extent of life,
He crosses from the tomb, his conq'ror's will ;
And felt, through death, revenges rival love.
Cease to complain, and you may learn to bear.
My fame, your duty, both require a change ;
And I must wish it were from tears to joy.

Alz. A rival's grave should bury jealousy.

But whence your right to censure sorrow for him ?
I lov'd him ; I proclaim it. Had I not,
I had been blind to sense, and lost to reason.
Zamor was all the prop of our fallen world :
And, but he lov'd me much, confess'd no weakness !
Had I not mourn'd a fate he not deserv'd,
I had deserv'd the fate he felt unjustly.
For you,—be proud no more ; but dare be honest.
Far from presuming to reproach my tears,
Honour my constancy, and praise my virtue :
Cease to regret the dues I pay the dead ;
And merit, if you can, a heart thus faithful. [Exit.]

D. Carlos. [alone.] Spite of my fruitless passion, I confess,

Her pride, thus starting its sincere disdain,
Astonishes my thought, and charms my anger.
—What then shall I resolve ?—Must it cost more
To tame one female heart than all Peru !

Nature, adapting her to suit her climate,
 Left her all savage, yet all shining too !
 But 'tis my duty to be master here ;
 Where, she alone excepted, all obey.
 Since then too faintly I her heart incline,
 I'll force her stubborn hand, and fix her mine. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ZAMOR, and Four Indian Captains, in Chains.

Zamor.

FRIENDS, who have dar'd beyond the strength of mortals ;
 Whose courage scorn'd restraint, and grew in danger ;
 Associates in my hopes and my misfortunes !
 Since we have lost our vengeance, let death find us !
 Why should we longer be condemn'd to life,
 Defenceless to our country and Alzira ?
 Yet why should Spanish Carlos 'scape our swords ?
 Why thrive beneath a weight of uncheck'd crimes ?
 And why has Heaven forsaken us and virtue ?
 Ye strengthless powers ! whose altars smok'd in vain !
 Gods of a faithful, yet a cheated people !
 Why have you thus betray'd us to the foe ?
 Why had six hundred Spanish vagrants power
 To crush my throne, your temples, rites, and you ?
 Where are your altars ? where my glories now ?

Where is Alzira ? more herself a god,
 Than your collected queens of fancied heaven !
 Helpless once more thou seest me,—lost Peru !
 O'er shifting sands, through deserts, cross'd in vain !
 From forest wilds, impervious to the sun ;
 From the world's wastes, beneath the burning zone,
 I brought thee unhop'd aid ! the wond'ring stars
 Beheld me gath'ring from remotest wilds,
 New strength, new prospects, and new means to die !
 Your arms, your furtherance, your vast support,
 New-furnish'd my desires, and wing'd my hope.
 Vengeance and love once more had man'd my heart.
 But, ah, how vain that hope ! how lost that vengeance !

The slaves of avarice are honour's masters !

Ind. Capt. Why left we in the neighb'ring woods
 our forces ?

Why dar'd we pass too bold their guarded gates,
 Alone, and unsupported,—rash discoverers ?

Zam. Seiz'd but this morning from our dungeon's
 depth,

Th' infernal murderers have hither brought us,
 Unknowing to what death, though sure to die.
 Yet it o'erjoys me, we have met once more.

But where ? what place is this ? Has none yet heard
 Who governs here ? what fate Alzira found ?
 Whether her father is, like us, their slave ?
 Dear, wretched friends, who share a death, my due,
 Can none instruct me what I wish to know ?

Ind. Capt. From sep'rate prisons hither led, like you,
 C iij

Through diff'rent streets we came, the cause not known :

All uninform'd of what you seek to learn.
 Great, but unhappy prince ! deserving long
 A nobler fate ! our silent souls lament
 Our want of power to save so lov'd a leader.
 Now to die with you is our noblest claim,
 Since to die for you was a choice denied us.

Zam. Next the wish'd glory of success in war,
 The greatest is to die, and die renown'd.
 But to die noteless, in the shameful dark,
 To die, and leave in chains our suff'ring country !
 To fall, undignified, by villains' hands ;
 The sacrifice of Europe's outcast bloodhounds !
 Horrid with others wounds, and poorly rich,
 With others plunder'd treasure ; die by butchers !
 Blood-stain'd insulters of a yielded world !
 Riflers, who gave me up to tire their tortures,
 But for discovery of the gold I scorn'd,
 As dross, less valued, and less wish'd than they !
 To be in death the cause of my friend's dying !
 To die, and leave Alzira to my murderers !
 This is a death of horror, not of fame !
 This is the body's death—but shakes the soul !

Enter ALVAREZ, with a Guard of Spaniards.

Alv. Live, and be frée.

[*Spanish Soldiers unfetter the Indians.*

Zam. Ye gods of lost Peru !
 What do I hear ?—said he, Be free, and live !

What vast mysterious accident of virtue ?
Some power divine, in sport, deceives my wonder !
Thou seem'st a Spaniard !—and—but thou forgiv'st,
I cou'd have sworn thee Christian !—Who ? what art
thou ?

Art thou some god ? or this new city's king ?

Alv. Christian I am ; and Spaniard : but no king.
Yet serves my power to save the weak, distress'd.

Zam. What thy distinction then ? thou gen'rous
wonder !

Alv. The love of pity, when the wretched want it.

Zam. Pity ! and Christian !—what inspir'd thy
greatness !

Alv. My memory, my duty, and my God.

Zam. Thy God ?—perhaps then, these insatiate
wasters,

These human seemers, with but forms of men ;
These thirsters after only gold and blood :
From some coarse, lawless part of Europe came ;
And serve some bloodier God that wars with thine ?

Alv. Their faith the same with mine, but not their
nature :

Christians by birth, by error, made unchristian,
In power grown giddy, they disgrace command.
Thou know'st their faults too well : now, know my
duty.

Twice has the sun's broad traverse girt the globe,
Twice wheel'd the summer round your world and ours,
Since a brave Indian, native of your land,
To whom surprise in ambush made me captive,

Gave me the forfeit life his sword had won.
 The unexpected mercy forc'd my blushes :
 For, I perceiv'd, compassion of your woes,
 Was but a duty, when I thought 'twas virtue.
 Thenceforth, your countrymen became my brothers ;
 And I have now but one complaint against them ;
 —That I must never know his name who sav'd me.

Zam. He has Alvarez' voice ! He has his features !
 His age the same too ; and the same his story !
 'Tis he !—there is no other honest Christian.
 Look on us all ; and recollect his face,
 Who wisely spar'd thy life to spread thy virtues.

Alv. Come nearer, noble youth.—By Heaven,
 'tis he !

Now, my dim eyes, you teach me my decay,
 That cou'd not let me see my wish indulg'd,
 But clouded ev'n my gratitude !—My son !
 My benefactor ! Saviour of my age !
 What can I do ? Instruct me to deserve thee.
 Dwell in my sight ; and I will be thy father.
 Thou wilt have lost the merit of thy gift,
 If, from the power it gave, thou claim'st no payment.

Zam. Trust me, my father, had thy Spanish sons
 Shewn but a glimm'ring of thy awful virtue,
 Grateful Peru, now desolately theirs,
 Had been a peopled world of willing slaves.
 But cruelty and pride, and plunder claim them.
 Rather than live among that felon race,
 Hide, hide me, silent death ; and screen my soul
 From the relentless rage of unfelt curses.

All I wou'd ask, all I will take from Spain,
Is but to be inform'd, if Ezmont lives ?
Or, has his blood new-stain'd their hands with mur-
der ?

Ezmont?—perhaps you knew him not?—That Ez-
mont,

Who was Alzira's father?—I must stop,
And weep—before I dare go on, to ask—
Whether—that father—and that daughter—live?

Alv. Hide not thy tears: weep boldly—and be
proud

To give the flowing virtue manly way;
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt,
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.

But be thou comforted; for both thy friends
Live, and are happy here.

Zam. And shall I see 'em?

Alv. Ezmont, within this hour, shall teach his
friend

To live, and hope—and be as bless'd as he.

Zam. Alzira's Ezmont?

Alv. From his mouth, not mine,

Thou shalt, this moment, learn whate'er thou seek'st.
He shall instruct thee in a smiling charge,
That has united Spain with sav'd Peru.

I have a son to bless with this new joy:
He will partake my happiness, and love thee.
—I quit thee—but will instantly return
To charm thee with this union's happy story,

That nothing now on earth has power to sever—
Yet which, once clos'd, shall quiet warring worlds.

[Exit, with Guards.

Zam. At length th' awak'ning gods remember Za-
mor,

And to atone my wrongs by working wonders,
Have made a Spaniard honest to reward me !
Alvarez is himself the Christians' God ;
Who long provok'd, and blushing at their crimes,
In his own right descends, to veil their shame.
He says, he has a son ; that son shall be
My brother, if, at least, he does but prove
Worthy, (cou'd man be so) of such a father !
Oh, day ! oh, dawn of hope, on my sad heart !
Ezmont, now, after three long years of woe,
Ezmont, Alzira's father, is restor'd me !
Alzira too, the dear, the gen'rous maid,
She, whom my sighing soul has been at work for ?
She, who has made me brave, and left me wretched !
Alzira too is here ! and lives to thank me.

Enter EZMONT.

Oh, ye profuse rewarders of my pain !
He comes ! my Ezmont comes !—Spring of my hopes,
Thou father of my lab'ring mind's inspirer !
Hard let me press thee to a heart that loves thee.
Escap'd from death, behold returning Zamor.
He will not, cannot die, while there is hope,
'That he may live to serve a suff'ring friend.

Speak, speak ; and be thy first soft word Alzira !
Say, she is here ; and bless'd, as Heaven can make her.

Ezm. Unhappy prince !—She lives ; nor lives remote.

Words cannot reach description of her grief,
Since first the news of thy sad death was brought her.
Long dwelt she, sorrowing, o'er an empty tomb,
Which, for thy fancied form, she rais'd to weep on.
But thou still liv'st !—amazing chance !—thou liv'st !
Heav'n grant some doubtful means to bless thee long,
And make thy life as happy—as 'tis strange !

—What brought thee hither, Zamor ?

Zam. Cruel question !

Colder than all the deaths I have escap'd from !
Why dost thou ask ? Where else cou'd I have hop'd
To find, and to redeem thyself and daughter ?

Ezm. Say that no more—'tis misery to hear thee.

Zam. Bethink thee of the black, the direful day,
When that vile Spaniard, Carlos, curse the name !
Invulnerable, or to sword or shame,
O'erturn'd those walls, which time, when young, saw
built,

By earth attracted, children of the sun.

Perish his name ! and, oh, be curs'd my fate,
Who yet no nearer brought him than to thought,
In horror of his murders ! 'Twas the wretch,
Who bears that name of Carlos, blasted all.

'Twas in that name, pillage and slaughter spread !
'Twas in that name, they dragg'd Alzira from me ;
Buried in dust the temples of our gods ;

And stain'd with the surrounding off'r'r's blood,
 Their violated altars ! The shock'd pow'r,
 That smil'd expectant on our marriage vow,
 Rush'd back, and press'd in vain his brother gods,
 To vindicate their empire. — Spain's dark power
 Prevail'd ; and I was captive led to Carlos.

I will not terrify thy pitying breast,
 I will not tell thee, to what tort'ring pain,
 That villain Spaniard's avarice condemn'd me.
 Condemn'd me, Ezmont, for the sake of gold !
 Gold, the divinity of beggar Spain ;
 And our neglected refuse ! — 'Tis enough,
 To tell thee, that amidst their tortures left,
 And seeming dead, they, tir'd, not satisfied,
 Forbore, because I felt not. — I reviv'd,
 To feel, once more, but never to forget,
 The grindings of their insult. Three long years
 Have lent me friends, and hopes, and arms, for ven-
 geance.

Close ambush'd in the neighb'ring woods they lie,
 Sworn the revengers of their bleeding country.

Ezm. Alas, my heart compassionates thy wrongs :
 But do not seek a ruin that wou'd shun thee.
 What can thy flint-arm'd Indians' courage do ?
 What their weak arrows, spoils of fishes' bones ?
 How can thy naked, untrain'd warriors conquer ?
 Unequally oppos'd to iron-men :
 To woundless bosoms coated o'er with safety !
 And arm'd with missive thunders in their hand,
 That stream deaths on us, swifter than the winds !

No—since the world, they say, has yielded to 'em,
Yield Zamor and Peru, and let 'em reign.

Zam. Let the world yield—Zamor will always find
Some gen'rous corner in it, fit for freedom.
Had I been born to serve, obedience claims
Returns of benefit and due protection :
Outrage and wrongs require correction only.
These lightnings and these thunders ; these safe
shells,

Cases for fear, which guard their iron war ;
These fiery steeds, that tear the trampled earth,
And hurl their headlong riders on the foe ;
These outward forms of death, that fright the world,
I can look stedfast on ; and dare despise.
The novelty once lost, the force will fail.
Curse on our feeble gold ! it calls in foes,
Yet helps not to repel the wrongs it draws !
Oh, had but steel been ours !—but partial Heaven
Has, with that manly wealth enrich'd our foe !
Yet, not to leave our vengeance quite disarm'd,
Depriving us of steel, it gave us virtue.

Ezm. Virtue was bless'd of old :—but times are
chang'd.

Zam. No matter—let us keep our hearts the same.
Alzira cannot change—Alzira's just.
Alzira's faithful to her vows and me.
Save me, ye gods ! from a friend's downcast eye !
Whence are those sighs and tears ?

Ezm. Too wretched Zamor !

Zam. I thought myself Alzira's father's son ;

But find these tyrants have unking'd thy soul ;
And taught thee, on the grave's last edge, to wrong
 me.

Ezm. They cannot. 'Tis an art I will not learn.
Nor are our conqu'rors all unjust ;—for, know,
'Twas Heaven induc'd these Christians to our clime,
Less to subdue, and rule us, than instruct.
Know, they brought with them virtues, here unfound :
Secrets, immortal, that preserve the soul !
The science of salvation by belief !
The art of living bless'd, and dying safe !

Zam. Or I am deaf : or, wou'd to Heaven, I were !
But, if I heard thee right, thou seem'st to praise
These pilfering zealots, who usurp thy throne,
And wou'd convert thy daughter to a slave !

Ezm. Alzira is no slave.

Zam. Ah ! — Royal Ezmont !
Pardon some transport which despair inflam'd ;
And, to great woes, indulge a little warmth.
Remember, she was mine by solemn vow :
By thy own oath, before our altars sworn ;
Honour and perjury can never meet.

Ezm. What are our altars ? what our idol gods ?
Phantoms of human coinage, fear'd no more !
I would not wish to hear thee cite their name.

Zam. What ! was our father's altars vain deceit ?

Ezm. It was ; and I have happily disdain'd it.
May the great single Power, that rules whole heaven,
Lend thy dark heart one ray of truth divine !
May'st thou, unhappy Zamor, learn to know,

And, knowing, to confess, in Europe's right,
Her god should be ador'd, her sons obey'd !

Zam. Obey'd ! Hell blast 'em !—What ! these sons
of rapine ?

They have not robb'd thee of thy faith alone,
But pilfer'd even thy reason !——Yet, 'twas wise,
When thou wouldst keep no vows, to own no gods.
But, tell me ;——is Alzira too forsown ?
True to her father's weakness has she fallen ?
Serves she the gods of Christians ?

Ezm. Hapless youth !

Though bless'd in my own change, I weep for thine.

Zam. He who betrays his friend has cause for
weeping.

Yet tears, they say, shew pity :—if they do,
Pity this torment, which thy shame has cost me.
Pity my heart, at once alarm'd, for heaven,
For heav'n betray'd, like me ; and torn at once,
By love, and zeal, and vengeance. Take me, Carlos ;
Drag me to die at my Alzira's feet ;
And I will sigh away a soul, she saves not.
But have a care——be cautious, ere I fall,
Of urging me, too rashly, to despair.
Resume a human heart ! and feel some virtue.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. My lord, the ceremonies wait your presence.

Ezm. Farewell——I follow thee.

Zam. No, by my wrongs !

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I will not quit this hold, till I have learnt
What ceremony, what black purpose, waits thee ?

Ezm. Away—be counsell'd—fly this fatal city.

Zam. Not though the Christian power that blasts
my love,

Shou'd rain down lightnings on my destin'd head,
And my own gods cry'd, Stay, I still would follow
thee.

Ezm. Forgive the force of an unwish'd refusal.—
Guards, to your care I must commit this madman.
Restrain him—He wou'd violate our altar.
These Pagans, obstinate in idol zeal,
Malign our holy myst'ries ; and profane
The church's solemn service.—Guard the doors.
'Tis not in right of my own power I speak ;
But, Carlos, in my voice, commands your care.

[*Exit with Guards, after they have freed him
from Zamor.*]

Zam. Did I not hear him, friends!—or am I mad ?
Did I not hear him use the name of Carlos ?
Oh, treachery ! Oh, baseness ! Oh, my wrongs !
Oh, last, uncredited, reproach of nature !
Ezmont commands for Carlos ?—'Twas not Ezmont :
'Twas that black devil, that scares the Christian
cowards,
Lied, in his shape, to scandalize Peru !
Oh, virtue ! thou art banish'd from mankind :
Even from Alzira's heart, thou now art fled.
—These villain bart'rers rob us not of gold,
They pay its fatal price, in morals ruin'd.

Detested Carlos then is here!—Oh, friends!
What counsel? what resource? to stop despair.

Ind. Capt. Let not my prince condemn the faithful
zeal,

That wou'd advise his sorrows.—Old Alvarez
Will strait return, and bring, perhaps, that son,
With whom, to share his joy, the good man hasten'd.
Urge him to see you safe without their gates:
Then suddenly rejoin your ambush'd friends,
And march, more equal, to your purpos'd vengeance.
Let us not spare a life, but good Alvarez,
And this lov'd son! I, near the wall, remark'd
Their arts, and modes of structure: mark'd their
angles,
Deep ditch, broad bulwarks, and their sleeping thun-
ders.

I saw, and weigh'd it all: and found hope strongest.
Our groaning fathers, brothers, sons, and friends,
In fetter'd labour toil, to house their spoilers.
These, when we march to their unhop'd relief,
Will rise, within the town, behind their masters:
While you, meanwhile, without, advance against
them:

And, o'er our dying bodies, proudly heap'd,
Bridge a bold entrance o'er their bloody rampart.
There, may we turn, against their tyrant heads,
Those fiery mouths of death, those storms of murder,
Those forms, that frightning honest, artless bravery,
Build, on our ignorance, a throne for wrongs.

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Zam. Illustrious wretchedness! by Heaven, it charms me,
 To see those soaring souls out-tower their fortune.
 Shall we—yes, still we shall!—recover empire;
 Carlos shall feel Peru, despis'd Peru,
 Knock at his trembling heart, and claim atonement.
 Come, dire revenge! thou melancholy god!
 That comfort'st the distress'd with shadowy hopings!
 Strengthen our willing hands: let Carlos die!
 Let but that Spanish murderer, Carlos, die,
 And I am half repaid my kingdom's losses!
 But we are wretches, indolently brave:
 We talk of vengeance; and we sleep in chains!
 Alvarez has forgot me: Ezmont slighted me:
 And she I love is theirs, whom most I hate.
 All the poor comfort of my heart is doubting.
 Hark! what surprising noise! [Shout.] It rises louder,
 And sudden fires, high-flaming, double day!
 Hark!—from their iron throats, [Guns.] yon roaring
 mischiefs
 Pour their triumphant insult. [Trumpets, &c.] What
 new feast,
 Or what new crime, demands this swell of joy?
 Now, in their heedless mirth, descend some god;
 And teach us to be free; or, failing, die.
'Tis liberty alone that makes life dear:
He does not live at all, who lives to fear. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.*ALZIRA alone.*

SHADE of my murder'd lover! shun to view me :
Rise to the stars, and make their brightness sweeter ;
But shed no gleam of lustre on Alzira.
She has betray'd her faith, and married Carlos !
The sea, that roll'd its wat'ry world betwixt us,
Fail'd to divide our hands—and he has reach'd me !
The altar trembled at th' unhallow'd touch ;
And Heaven drew back, reluctant, at our meeting.
Oh, thou soft-hovering ghost, that haunt'st my fancy !
Thou dear and bloody form, that skims before me !
Thou never-dying, yet thou buried Zamor !
If sighs and tears have power to pierce the grave ;
If death, that knows no pity, will but hear me ;
If still thy gentle spirit loves Alzira :
Pardon, that even in death she dar'd forsake thee !
Pardon her rigid sense of nature's duties :
A parent's will !——a pleading country's safety !
At these strong calls, she sacrific'd her love ;
To joyless glory, and to tasteless peace :
And to an empty world, in which thou art not !
Oh, Zamor ! Zamor ! follow me no longer.
Drop some dark veil, snatch some kind cloud before
thee,
Cover that conscious face, and let death hide thee !

Leave me to suffer wrongs that Heaven allots me :
And teach my busy fancy to forget thee.

Enter EMIRA.

Where are those captives ? Are they free, Emira ?
Where those sad children of my mournful country ?
Will they not suffer me to see, to hear them ?
To sit and weep, and mingle with their mournings ?

Emi. Ah, rather dread the rage of angry Carlos,
Who threatens 'em with some new stroke of horror.
Some cruel purpose hangs this moment o'er 'em !
For, through this window look, and see display'd,
The broad red standard, that betokens blood ;
Loud bursts of death roar from their iron prisons,
And answer, dreadful, to each other's call ! [Guns.
The council hastes, alarm'd, and meets in uproar.

[*Shouts.*

All I have heard besides is, that the prinee,
Your father, has been summon'd to attend.

Alz. Immortal guardian of th' endanger'd just !
Have I for this, in vain, betray'd my peace ?
Dares the dire husband, recent from the altar,
New to my forc'd consent,—and scarce yet lord
Of my repenting hand ; so soon let loose
His recommission'd murders ! Must my nuptials
Serve as the prelude to my people's blood !
Oh, marriage ! marriage ! what a curse is thine,
Where hands alone consent, and hearts abhor !

Enter CEPHANIA.

Ceph. One of the captive Indians, just set free,
In honour of the joy that crowns this day,
Prays your permission, madam, to be heard,
And at your princely feet disclose some secret.

Alz. Let him, with firmness, and with freedom
enter.

For him, and for his friends, he knows I live.
Dear to my eyes, I mark 'em with delight,
And love, alas, in them, their poor lost country.

— But why alone? — Why one?

Ceph. It is that captain,
To whose victorious hand, I heard, but now,
Alvarez, your new lord's illustrious father,
Ow'd his remitted life, from Indians sav'd.

Emi. With earnest pressure he has sought your
presence:

He met me entering, and with trembling haste,
Implor'd me to befriend th' important prayer.
He told me, further, that the prince your father,
For some strange cause, this Indian seems to know,
Had charg'd the guards he 'scap'd from to prevent
His access to your ear — Methinks, there sits
A kind of sullen greatness on his brow,
As if it veil'd, in grief, some awful purpose.

Ceph. I watch'd him — and he walks, and turns, and
weeps:
Then starts, and looks at Heaven; and to the gods
Pours up an ardent sigh, that breathes your name!

I pitied him—but gather'd, from this freedom,
That he's a stranger to your rank and greatness.

Alz. What rank? What greatness?—Perish all distinction,

That, from the wrong'd unhappy, bars the great!
Who knows, but this was once some gen'rous friend,
Some brave companion of my Zamor's arms!
Who knows but he was near him when he fell;
And brings some message from his parting soul?
How dare I then receive him?—Can my heart
Be proof against the last kind words of Zamor?
Will not the half-lull'd pain, rekindling fresh,
Burn with increase of smart, and wring my soul?
—No matter—let him enter.— [Exit Cephania.

—Ha, what means

This sudden chillness, sadd'ning round my heart,
In short, faint flutt'rings never felt before!

Ah, fatal residence!—From the first hour
These hated walls became Alzira's prison,
Each diff'rent moment brought some diff'rent pain.

Enter ZAMOR.

Zam. Art thou, at length, restor'd me?—Cruel! tell me!

Art thou, indeed, Alzira?

Alz. —Gentle spirit!—

Forgive me.—Do not come to chide th' unhappy!
I have been wrong'd; but— [Faints into his arms.

Zam. Thine, she wou'd have said;
And her imperfect purpose fully bless'd me.

Revive, thou dearest, loveliest, lost Alzira !
 Zamor will live no longer, shou'dst thou die.

Alz. The kind, forgiving shade, is still before me !
 It wak'd me, by a sound, that seem'd his name.

Zam. I am no shadow, if Alzira's mine ;
 I am thy living lover, at thy feet [Kneeling.]

Reclaiming thee, thou noblest half himself !

Alz. Can it be possible, thou shouldst be Zamor ?

Zam. Thy Zamor—thine.

Alz. But,—art thou sure thou liv'st ?

Zam. 'Tis in thy power
 To make that truth undoubted.—Do but say
 Thou wouldst not have me die,—and I will live
 To thank thee ; thus with everlasting love.

[Rises, and catches her in his arms.]

Alz. Oh, days of softness !—Oh, remembered years
 Of ever-vanish'd happiness !—Oh, Zamor !
 Why has the grave been bountiful too late ?
 Why sent thee back in vain ? to make joy bitter ;
 By mix'd ideas of distracting horror !
 Ah, Zamor !—What a time is this,—to charm in !
 Thy every word, and look, shoots daggers through me.

Zam. Then mourn'st thou my return ?

Alz. I do—I do.

Because,—it was no sooner.

Zam. Generous tenderness !

Alz. Where hast thou been, thus long, unknown,
 till now ?

Zam. A wand'ring vagabond, that trod the world,
 In fruitless search of means to save Alzira.

Not all the tort'ring racks of villain Carlos,
 Cou'd from my panting heart expel Alzira.
 The bloody spoiler tir'd his rage in vain :
 I brav'd his wounds and insults.—Life had yet
 No leisure to forsake me. Thou requir'st me.
 The groans of suff'ring nations reach'd my soul,
 And bad it struggle to revenge mankind.
 Alas, thou tremblest ! Thy soft nature shrinks,
 At bare recital of these Spanish virtues.
 Doubtless, the guardian god that smiles on love,
 Knew thy kind wish ;—and, for thy sake, sustain'd me.
 And thou wilt thank, I know, his gentle goodness.
 Thy pious heart disdains to quit thy gods.
 Because they suffer with thee ; and have fail'd
 To stem th' invading host of Spain's new Heav'n !
 Thou hast too little falsehood for a Spaniard.
 —Hast thou e'er heard of a base wretch call'd Carlos ?
 A birth that blackens nature ! a taught monster !
 Sent, in our shape, from some far distant world,
 To humble ours, with sense of human baseness !
 They tell me, he is here.—Grant heav'n thou know'st
 him !

Thou then shalt guide my vengeance,—to this first,
 And vilest of its victims.

Alz. Find him, here——

Black in my breast, he lives : strike, strike, and reach
 him !

Zam. Hold, heart——and break not yet——This
 may be——pity.

Alz. Strike—for—I merit neither life,—nor thee..

Zam. Ezmont, I feel thee ; and believe thee all !

Alz. Did he then tell thee ?—Had my father power
To dwell so sadly on my hopeless woes,
As to describe 'em to thee ?—Did he name
The dreadful husband—his lost daughter owes him ?

Zam. No—but thou may'st : for that will harden
Zamor,

That he shall never be astonish'd more !

Alz. Yes—I will tell it thee—Prepare to tremble :
Not for thyself to tremble,—but for me.
I will lay open the vast horror to thee :
Then thou wilt weep and live :—and bid me—die.

Zam. Alzira!—Oh !—

Alz. This Carlos—

Zam. Carlos!

Alz. He.—

I was this morning sworn for ever—his !

Zam. Sworn whose ?—not Carlos ?

Alz. I have been betray'd.

I was too weak alone,—against my country.

—Even on this fatal, this foreboding day,
Almost within thy sight, Christian Alzira
Plighted, in presence of the Christian God,
Her hapless hand to Carlos.—'Tis a crime,
That hopes no pardon !—All my gods renounc'd !
My lover wrong'd ! my country's fame betray'd !
All, all, demand revenge.—Do thou then kill me :
Thou wilt strike tenderly— and my glad blood
Shall meet thy dear-lov'd hand, and that way join thee.

Zam. Carlos, Alzira's husband!—'tis impossible !

Alz. Were I dispos'd to mitigate my crime,
 I cou'd allege a father's awful power;
 I cou'd remind thee of our ruin'd state:
 And plead my tears, my struggles, and distraction:
 Till three long wretched years confirm'd thee dead.
 I cou'd, with justice, charge my faith renounc'd
 On hatred of those gods, who sav'd not Zamor.
 But I disclaim excuse,—to shun remission.
 Love finds me guilty; and that guilt condemns me.
 Since thou art safe, no matter what I suffer.
 When life has lost the joys that make it bless'd,
 —The shortest liver is the happiest always.
 Why dost thou view me with so kind an eye?
 Thou shouldst look sternly, and retract all pity.

Zam. No—if I still am lov'd, thou art not guilty.
 —Wishing me bless'd, methinks thou mak'st me
 so.

Alz. When by my father urg'd, and by Alvarez,
 And inly too impell'd, perhaps, to fate,
 By some forsaken god, who meant revenge;
 When by the Christian fears, and my touch'd heart,
 At once beset, they dragg'd me to the temple,
 Even in the moment when advancing Carlos
 Sought my escaping hand, though I then thought thee
 Dead, and for ever lost to my fond hopes:
 Yet then beneath the altar's sacred gloom,
 I bow'd my soul to Zamor: memory,
 Reliev'd me with thy image.—Indians, Spaniards,
 All, all have heard, how ardently I lov'd thee,
 'Twas my heart's pride to boast it to the world!

To earth, to heav'n,—to Carlos, I proclaim'd it !
 And now, e'en now, in this distressful moment,
 For the last time,—I tell thyself, I love thee.

Zam. For the last time ! Avert the menace, Heav'n !
 Art thou at once restor'd——and lost again !
 'Tis not love's language, this !——Alas, Alzira !

Az. Oh, Heaven !—Alvarez comes, and with him
 Carlos.

Enter Don ALVAREZ, followed by Don CARLOS.

Alv. See ! with Alzira there,' my life's restorer !
 Approach, young hero ! 'tis my son who seeks thee ;
 Spain's delegate, who here holds power supreme :
 My Carlos bids thee share his bridal joy.

—Meet, and embrace : divide your father's love :
 My son, of nature, one——and one of choice.

Zam. Nam'd he not Carlos ?—Perish such a son
 As the detested Carlos !

Alz. Heaven avert
 The rising tempest that o'erwhelms my soul !

Alv. What means this wonder ?

Zam. 'Tis not possible !——
 No——I wou'd disbelieve attesting gods,
 Shou'd they, from Heaven, assert this shock to nature ;
 That such a father——can——have such a son !

D. Carlos. [To Zamor.] Slave !—from what spring
 does thy blind fury rise ?

Know'st thou not who I am ?

Zam. Thou art—a villain.

My country's horror—and whole nature's shame !

Among the scourges whom just Heaven has left thee,
Know me for Zamor.

D. Carlos. Thou, Zamor?

Alv. Zamor!

Zam. Yes—the tortur'd Zamor.

Blush to be told it; and remember, with it,
The bloody rage of thy remorseless cruelty;
That basely dar'd insult a yielded captive!
Now he returns—triumphant in distress,
To look thee into shame: to see those eyes
Fall their stretch'd fierceness, and decline before him.
Thou waster of the world! Thou licens'd robber!
Thou, whose last spoil was my Alzira's glory!
Win her against this sword: [*Draws.*]—the sole good
gain,

Zamor can boast he owes thy haughty country!
Now the same hand, that gave the father life,
Claims, in return, the son's devoted blood:
And, so reveng'd, atones a dying realm.

Alv. Confounded and amaz'd, I hear him speak;
And every word grows stronger!—Carlos cannot
Be guilty—or, if guilty, cannot answer.

D. Carlos. To answer, is a poorness I despise.
Where rebels dare accuse, should power reply,
'Twou'd but forget to punish.—With this sword
I might, but that I know the reverence due
To your protecting presence, well have answer'd.
—Madam, [*To Alzira.*] your heart shou'd have in-
structed you,
Why you offend me, while I see you here.

If not my peace, at least your fame, demands
 That you now drive this outlaw from your thoughts.
 You weep then! and insult me with your tears?
 And yet I love, and can be jealous of you!

Alez. Cruel! [To Carlos.] and you, [To Alvarez.]
 my father, and protector!
 And thou! [To Zamor.] my soul's past hope, in hap-
 pier times!

Mark—and condole my fate.—Mix your due pity:
 And tremble at the horror of my woes.
 Behold this lover, which my father chose me,
 Before I knew there was a world but ours.
 With his reported death our empire fell:
 And I have liv'd to see my father's throne
 O'erturn'd; and all things chang'd in earth, and
 heav'n!

By every human help, alas, forsaken,
 At length, my father, from the Christians' God
 Sought help, and screen'd a state, behind his name.
 Compell'd before this unknown power, to kneel,
 A dreadful oath has bound my backward soul,
 To love the murd'rer of my real lover!
 In my new faith, I own myself unskill'd,
 But all that virtue taught me, that I know.
 Zamor, I love thee justly:—I confess it.
 What duty calls for, can deserve no shame.
 Yet, where my soul is bound, my heart obeys:
 And I can now be thine, alas, no more.
 Let me be wretched, rather than un:ust.
 Carlos, for you—I am your wife, and victim:

Yet, in abhorrence of your cruel heart,
 I hold my hand divorc'd ;—and hence abjure you.
 One way to either, I submit, with joy :
 If your swords claim me, I am due to both.
 Which will reward me with the death I wish ?
 Carlos, thou hast a hand already stain'd :
 Thy practis'd poignard need not start at blood.
 Strike then, for due revenge of slighted love ;
 And, punishing the guilty,—once be just.

D. Carlos. I find then, madam, you wou'd brave my
 weakness !

Proud of offending one who must forgive.
 But you invoke my vengeance, and it comes.
 Your fate is ready——for, your minion dies.
 Who waits ?——a guard there.

Enter Soldiers.

Alz. Cruel Christian insult !

Alv. My son ! what mean you ? What rash trans-
 port this ?

Think whom you sentence.—Is his person hateful,
 Yet reverence his virtue and his name.
 He who is helpless, in his hater's hands,
 Claims safety from his weakness.—Why, why, Carlos,
 Must I, a second time, remind your mercy ?
 I gave you life :—but Zamor gave it me.
 Be warn'd—nor forfeit honour to revenge.

Enter Don ALONZO, with Spanish Soldiers.

Alon. Pardon an entrance, sir, thus unprepar'd.

The woods, that border on the neighb'ring plain,
 Pour out a sudden swarm of Indian foes.
 Arm'd they advance, as if to scale our walls :
 And Zamor's name, resounded, rings to heaven.
 Gleamings, from golden bucklers, meet the sun ;
 And in firm line, and close compacted march,
 The stretch'd battalions move, in martial justness.
 They hold such discipline, such order'd motion,
 As ne'er was known before to savage foes.
 As if from us they caught the lights of war,
 And turn'd the burning lessons on their teachers.

D. Carlos. Away then : let us think 'em worth our meeting.

—Heroes of Spain ! ye fav'rite sons of war !
 All corners of the world are yours to shine in.
 Help me to teach these slaves to know their masters.
 Bring him along by force.

Zam. Tyrant, they dare not.

Or, are they gods, who cannot be repell'd ?
 And proof against the wounds they seek to give ?

D. Carlos. Surround him.

Alz. Spare him, save him !

Alv. Son, be cool ;
 And still remember what your father owes him.

D. Carlos. Sir, I remember, 'tis a soldier's duty
 To bear down opposition : so you taught me.

[Alonzo, and Spanish Soldiers, surround and seize
 Zamor.]

Your pardon, sir—I go, where honour calls me.

[Exit with Zamor, and all the Spanish Soldiers.]

Alz. [To Alv.] Low, at your feet I fall; your virtue's claim.

'Tis the first homage fortune yet has taught me.
Grant me the wish'd release of death's kind hand,
From miseries, I cannot live to see.

But, dying, let me leave this witness with you,
That, true to my first vows, I change not lightly.
Two different claimers cannot both possess
One faithful heart, that can but once be given.
Zamor is mine; and I am only Zamor's.

Zamor is virtuous, as a fancied angel.

*Twas Zamor gave his life to good Alvarez!

Alv. I feel the pity of a father for thee.
I mourn afflicted Zamor: I will guard him:
I will protect you both, unhappy lovers!
Yet, ah, be mindful of the marriage tie,
That, but this morning, bound thy days to Carlos.
Thou art no longer thine, my mournful daughter.
Carlos has been too cruel; but repents it:
And this once-cruel Carlos is thy husband.
He is my son too; and he loves us both.
Pity soon softens hearts, where love has enter'd.

Alz. Ah, why did Heav'n not make you Zamor's
father?

Greatness with sweetness join'd, like fire with light,
Each aiding other, mingle warm with bright.
What the kind wants, th' associate strong supplies,
And from the gentle, peace and calmness rise.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Don ALVAREZ and Don CARLOS. Shouts, Trumpets,
a long and lofty flourish.*

Alvarez.

DESERVE, my son, this triumph of your arms,
Your numbers, and your courage, have prevail'd ;
And of this last best effort of the foe,
Half are no more ; and half are yours, in chains.
Disgrace not due success, by undue cruelties :
But call in mercy to support your fame.
I will go visit the afflicted captives,
And pour compassion on their aching wounds.
Mean while, remember, you are man and Christian.
Bravely, at once, resolve to pardon Zamor.
— Fain wou'd I soften this indocil fierceness,
And teach your courage how to conquer hearts.

D. Carlos. Your words pierce mine,—freely devote
my life,
But leave at liberty my just revenge.
Pardon him,—Why ? the savage brute is lov'd !

Alv. Th' unhappily belov'd most merit pity.

D. Carlos. Pity !—Cou'd I be sure of such reward,
I wou'd die pleas'd,— and she shou'd pity me.

Alv. How much to be lamented is a heart,
At once by rage of headlong will oppress'd,
And by strong jealousies and doubtings torn !

D. Carlos. When jealousy becomes a crime—Guard,
Heaven,

That husband's honour, whom his wife not loves !
Your pity takes in all the world—but me.

Alo. Mix not the bitterness of distant fear
With your arriv'd misfortunes.—Since Alzira
Has virtue, it will prove a wiser care
To soften her, for change, by patient tenderness,
Than, by reproach, confirm a willing hate.
Her heart is, like her country, rudely sweet ;—
Repelling force, but gentle to be kind.
Softness will soonest bend the stubborn will.

D. Carlos. Softness!—by all the wrongs of woman's
hate,

Too much of softness but invites disdain.
Flatter'd too long, beauty at length grows wanton,
And, insolently scornful, slight its praiser.
Oh, rather, sir, be jealous for my glory ;
And urge my doubting anger to resolve.
Too low already, condescension bow'd,
Nor blush'd, to match the conqu'ror with the slave !
But, when this slave, unconscious what she owes,
Proudly repays humility with scorn,
And braves, and hates the unaspiring love,
Such love is weakness :—and submission, there,
Gives sanction to contempt, and rivets pain.

Alo. Thus, youth is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.
Do not repent, but regulate your passion :
Though love is reason, its excess is rage.

Give me, at least, your promise, to reflect,
In cool, impartial solitude : and still,
No last decision, till we meet again.

D. Carlos. It is my father asks—and, had I will,
Nature denies me pow'r to answer, No.
I will, in wisdom's right, suspend my anger.
—Yet—Spare my loaded heart : nor add more weight ;
Lest my strength fail beneath th' unequal pressure.

Alv. Grant yourself time, and all you want comes
with it. [Exit.

D. Carlos. [Alone.] And—must I coldly then, to
pensive piety,

Give up the livelier joys of wish'd revenge ?
Must I repel the guardian cares of jealousy,
And slacken every rein, to rival love ?
Must I reduce my hopes beneath a savage,
And poorly envy such a wretch as Zamor ?
A coarse luxuriance of spontaneous virtue ;
A shoot of rambling, fierce, offensive freedom ;
Nature's wild growth,—strong, but unprun'd, in dar-
ing ;
A rough, raw woodman, of this rugged clime ;
Illit'rate in the arts of polish'd life ;
And who, in Europe, where the fair can judge,
Wou'd hardly, in our courts, be call'd a man !
—She comes!—Alzira comes!—unwish'd—yet charm-
ing.

Enter ALZIRA.

Alz. You turn, and shun me!—So, I have been told,

Spaniards, by custom, meet submissive wives.

—But, hear me, sir:—hear, even a suppliant wife;
Hear this unguilty object of your anger,
One, who can rev'rence, though she cannot love you:
One, who is wrong'd herself, not injures you:
One, who indeed is weak,—and wants your pity.

I cannot wear disguise : be it th' effect
Of greatness, or of weakness, in my mind,
My tongue cou'd ne'er be mov'd, but by my heart :
And that—was vow'd another's.—If he dies,
The honest plainness of my soul destroys him.
—You look surpris'd :—I will, still more, surprise
you.

I come to try you deeply—for I mean
To move the husband, in the lover's favour !

—I had half flatter'd my unpractis'd hope,
That you, who govern others, shou'd yourself
Be temp'rare in the use of your own passions.
Nay, I persuaded my unchristian ign'rance,
That an ambitious warrior's infelt pride
Shou'd plead in pardon of that pride in others.

—This I am sure of—that, forgiving mercy
Wou'd stamp more influence on our Indian hearts,
Than all our gold on those of men like you.

Who knows, did such a change endear your breast,
How far the pleasing force might soften mine ?

Your right secures you my respect and faith;

—Strive for my love :—strive for whatever else
May charm :—if aught there is can charm like love
—Forgive me : I shall be betray'd by fear,

To promise, till I overcharge my power.—
Yet—try what changes gratitude can make.
A Spanish wife, perhaps, wou'd promise more :
Profuse in charms, and prodigal of tears,
Wou'd promise all things—and forget 'em all.
But I have weaker charms, and simpler arts.
Guileless of soul, and left as nature form'd me,
I err, in honest innocence of aim,
And, seeking to compose, inflame you more.
All I can add, is this :—Unlovely force
Shall never bow me to reward constraint :
But—to what lengths I may be led, by benefits,
'Tis in your pow'r to try : not mine to tell.

D. Carlos. 'Tis well.—Since justice has such pow'r
to guide you,
That you may follow duty, know it first.
Count modesty among your country's virtues ;
And copy, not condemn, the wives of Spain.
'Tis your first lesson, madam, to forget.
—Become more delicate, if not more kind,
And never let me hear the name I hate.
—You shou'd learn, next, to blush away your haste,
And wait in silence, till my will resolves
What punishment, or pity, suits his crimes.
—Know, last, that (thus provok'd) a husband's clemency
Out-stretches nature, if it pardons you.
Learn thence, ungrateful ! that I want not pity :
And be the last to dare believe me cruel.

[*Exit Don Carlos.*

Emi. Madam, be comforted ;—I mark'd him well ;
I see, he loves ; and love will make him softer.

Alz. Love has no pow'r to act, when curb'd by jealousy.

Zamor must die :—for I have ask'd his life.

Why did not I foresee the likely danger ?

—But has thy care been happier ? Canst thou save him ?

Far, far, divided from me, may he live !

—Hast thou made trial of his keeper's faith ?

Emi. Gold, that with Spaniards can outweigh their God,

Has bought his hand :—and so his faith's your own.

Alz. Then Heav'n be bless'd, this metal, form'd
for crimes,

Sometimes atones the wrongs 'tis dug to cause !

—But, we lose time :—Why dost thou seem to pause ?

Emi. I cannot think they purpose Zamor's death.

Alvarez has not lost his pow'r so far,

Nor can the council——

Alz. They are Spaniards all.

Mark the proud, partial guilt of these vain men :

Ours, but a country held to yield them slaves :

Who reign our kings, by right of diff'rent clime.

Zamor, meanwhile, by birth, true sovereign here,

Weighs but a rebel in their righteous scale.

Oh, civiliz'd assent of social murder !——

But why, Emira, should this soldier stay ?

Emi. We may expect him instantly. The night,
Methinks, grown darker, veils your bold design.

Wearied by slaughter, and unwash'd from blood,
The world's proud spoilers all lie hush'd in sleep.

Alz. Away, and find this Spaniard. Guilt's bought
hand

Opening the prison, innocence goes free.

Emi. See! by Cephania led, he comes with Zamor.
Be cautious, madam, at so dark an hour,
Lest, met, suspected honour should be lost ;
And modesty, mistaken, suffer shame.

Alz. What does thy ill-taught fear mistake for
shame?

Virtue, at midnight, walks as safe within,
As in the conscious glare of flaming day.
She who in forms finds virtue, has no virtue.
All the shame lies in hiding honest love.
Honour, the alien phantom, here unknown,
Lends but a length'ning shade to setting virtue.
Honour's not love of innocence, but praise ;
The fear of censure, not the scorn of sin.
But I was taught, in a sincerer clime,
That virtue, tho' it shines not, still is virtue ;
And inbred honour grows not, but at home.
This my heart knows ; and, knowing, bids me dare,
Should Heav'n forsake the just, be bold and save him.

*Enter ZAMOR, with CEPHANIA, and a Spanish
Soldier.*

Ah, fly! thy hopes are lost ; thy torturer's ready.
Escape this moment, or thou stay'st to die.
Haste—lose no time---begone : this guardian Spaniard

Will teach thee to deceive the murderer's hope.
 Reply not ; judge thy fate from my despair ;
 Save, by thy flight, the man I love from death ;
 The man whom I have sworn t' obey, from blood ;
 And a lost world, that knows thy worth, from tears.
 Thy country calls thee ; night conceals thy steps.
 Pity thy fate, and leave me to my own.

Zam. Thou robber's property ! Thou Christian's wife !

Thou, who dar'st love me, yet dar'st bid me live !
 If I must live, come thou, to make life tempting.
 But 'twas a cruel wish—How could I shield thee,
 Stript of my power and friends, and nothing left me,
 But wrongs and misery ?—I have no dower
 To tempt reluctant love. All thou canst share
 With me, will be—my desert—and my heart.
 When I had more, I laid it at thy feet.

A/z. Ah, what are crowns that must no more be thine ?

I lov'd not power, but thee : thyself once lost,
 What has an empty world to tempt my stay ?
 Far in the depth of thy sad deserts, trac'd,
 My heart will seek thee ; fancy, there, misleads
 My weary, wand'ring steps ; there horror finds,
 And preys upon my solitude ; there leaves me,
 To languish life out in unheard complaints ;
 To waste and wither in the tearless winds ;
 And die with shame at breach of plighted faith,
 For being only thine—and yet another's.
 Go, carry with thee both my peace and life,

And leave—Ah, would thou couldst!—thy sorrows
here.

I have my lover and my fame to guard,
And I will save them both—Begone—for ever.

Zam. I hate this fame, false avarice of fancy;
The sickly shade of an unsolid greatness;
The lying lure of pride, that Europe cheats by;
Perish the groundless seemings of their virtue!
But shall forc'd oaths at hated Christians' altars,
Shall gods, who rob the gods of our forefathers,
Shall these obtrude a lord, and blast a lover?

Alz. Since it was sworn, or to your gods or theirs,
What help is left me?

Zam. None—Adieu—for ever.

Alz. Stay—What a farewell this?—Return, [Going.]

I charge thee.

Zam. Carlos, perhaps, will hear thee.

Alz. [Returning.] Ah, pity, rather
Than thus upbraid my wretchedness!

Zam. Think, then,
On our past vows.

Alz. I think of nothing now,
But of thy danger.

Zam. Oh, thou hast undone
The tend'rest, fondest lover!

Alz. Still I love;
Crime as it is, I love thee. Leave me, Zamor,
Leave me alone to die—Ha! cruel! tell me,
What horrible despair, revolving wildly,
Bursts from thy eyes, with purpose more than mortal?

Zam. It shall be so.

[Going-]

Alz. What wouldest thou ? Whither go'st thou ?

[Holding him.]

Zam. To make a proper use of unhop'd freedom.

Alz. By Heav'n, if 'tis to death, I'll follow thee.

Zam. Horrors, unmix'd with love, demand me now.

Leave me—Time flies—Night blackens—Duty calls.

Soldier, attend my steps.

[Exit hastily.]

Alz. Alas, Emira !

I faint—I die—in what ungovern'd start
Of some rash thought he left me ?—Haste, Emira,
Watch his fear'd meaning ; trace his fatal footsteps ;
And, if thou seest him safe, return, and bless me.

[Exit Emira.]

A black, presaging sorrow swells my heart !
What could a day like this produce, but woe ?
Oh, thou dark, awful, vast, mysterious Power,
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend !
If, ignorant of thy new laws, I stray,
Shed from thy distant heav'n, where'er it shines,
One ray of guardian light, to clear my way :
And teach me, first to find, then act thy will.
But, if my only crime is love of Zamor,
If that offends thy sight, and claims thy anger,
Pour thy due vengeance on my hopeless head ;
For I am then a wretch too lost for mercy.
Yet, be the wanderer's guide amidst his deserts !
Greatly dispense thy good with equal hand ;
Nor, partial to the partial, give Spain all.
'Thou canst not be confin'd to care of parts ;

Heedless of one world, and the other's father :
Vanquish'd and victors are alike to thee ;
And all our vain distinctions mix before thee.
Ah, what foreboding shriek !—Again ! and louder !
Oh, Heav'n ! amidst the wildness of that sound,
I heard the name of Zamor !—Zamor's lost—
Hark !—a third time !—And now the mingled cries
Come quick'ning on my ear !

Enter EMIRA, frightened.

Emira, save me !

What has he done ?—In pity of my fears,
Speak, and bestow some comfort.

Emi. Comfort is lost :
And all the rage of death has sure possess'd him.
First, he chang'd habits with the trembling soldier :
Then snatch'd his weapon from him—The robb'd
wretch

Flew, frightened, toward the gate—while furious Zamor,
Wild, as the fighting rage of wint'ry winds,
Rush'd to the public hall, where sits the council.
Following, I saw him pass the sleeping guards ;
But lost him when he enter'd. In a moment,
I heard the sound of voices cry, He's dead.
Then, clam'rous calls from ev'ry way at once,
To arms, To arms !—Ah, madam, stay not here !
Fly to the ialmost rooms, and shun the danger.

Alz. No, dear Emira ; rather let us try,
Whether our weakness may not find some means,

Late and unlikely as it is, to save him.

I, too, dare die.

Emi. They come—Protect us, Heaven!

Enter Don ALONZO.

Alon. Madam, you stir no farther—I have orders
To seize your person. 'Tis a charge unwish'd.

Alz. Whence dost thou come? What fury sent
thee hither?

What is become of Zamor?

Alon. At a time

So full of danger, my respect gives way
To duty—You must please to follow me.

Alz. Oh, fortune, fortune!—This is too severe!
Zamor is dead, and I am only captive!
Why dost thou weep? What have a Spaniard's tears
To do with woes, which none but Spaniards cause?
Come; if to death thou lead'st me, 'twill be kind:
There only, weakness wrong'd, can refuge find.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ALZIRA, guarded.

Alzira.

AM I to die? Answer, ye dumb destroyers!
Ye wretches, who provoke, yet mock at Heaven;
And when you mean to murder, say you judge!

Why does your brutal silence leave my soul
 Flutt'ring, 'twixt hope and fear, in torturing doubt ?
 Why am I not inform'd of Zamor's fate ?
 They will not speak—No matter—She who hopes
 To hear no good, why should she hear at all ?
 The conduct of these watchful mutes is strange.
 They seize me, guard me, and confine me here ;
 Yet answer nothing, but with looks of hate.
 Chancing, but now, to sigh my Zamor's name,
 Ev'n these low monsters, struck with Spanish envy,
 Started, turn'd pale, and trembled at the sound.

Enter EZMONT.

Alas ! my father, too !

Ezm. To what dark depth

Of sad despair hast thou reduc'd us all ?
 See now, the fruits of thy unlist'ning love !
 Even in the instant, while, with growing hope,
 We pleaded earnest for the life of Zamor ;
 While we yet hung on the half-granted prayer ;
 An ent'ring soldier drew our notice toward him.
 'Twas Zamor—dreadful, in a borrow'd dress !
 At once he hurl'd his furious eyes amongst us,
 And his more furious person. Scarce I saw,
 So rapid was his motion, that his hand
 Held a drawn sword. To enter, reach our seats,
 And, lion-like, spring to the breast of Carlos ;
 Th' assault, the wound, the death, was all one mo-
 ment.
 Out gush'd your husband's blood, to stain your father,

As if 'twould lend me blushes for a daughter.
 Zamor, meanwhile, the dreadful action done,
 Soft'ning to sudden calmness, at the feet
 Of sad Alvarez fell, and to his hand
 Resign'd the sword, which his son's blood made
 horrid.

The father started into back'ning terror !
 The murd'rer dash'd his bosom to the ground ;
 I but reveng'd (he cry'd) my wrongs and shaine ;
 I but my duty knew—Know you your own.
 Nature your motive, and oppression mine.
 He said no more ; but, prostrate, hop'd his doom.
 Th' afflicted father sunk upon my bosom ;
 The silent night grew frightful with our cries.
 From ev'ry side at once in broke the swarms ;
 A flow of fruitless help surrounded Carlos,
 To stop th' outwelling blood, and hold back life.
 But what most shakes me, theo 'tis told thee last,
 Is, that they think thee guilty of his death ;
 And, insolently loud, demand thy own.

Alz. Ah!—can you—

Ezm. No. Impossible. I cannot.

I know thy heart too well to wrong thee so.
 I know thee too, too capable of weakness ;
 But not of purpos'd blood. I saw this danger ;
 But thy own eyes, even on the brink of fate,
 Were blinded by thy love, and thou art fall'n.
 Thy husband murder'd by thy lover's hand ;
 The council that accuses, will condemn thee,
 And ignominious death becomes thy doon.

I came to warn thee, and prepare thy spirit.
 Now, hast'ning back, try every hope for pardon ;
 Or, failing to redeem thee, share thy death.

Alz. My pardon !—Pardon at these wretches hands !
 The prince, my father, stoop his prayers to them !
 Death, if it hides me from that thought, is rapture.
 Ah, sir, live on ! hope still some happier day,
 To pay back all these pangs, and bless Peru ;
 Wait that due day, and love the lost Alzira :
 'Tis all the prayer she makes, and all she wishes.
 I pity dying Carlos ; for I find
 His fate too cruel : and I mourn it deeper,
 Thro' fear he has deserv'd it. As for Zamor,
 Whose rashness has reveng'd a country's wrongs,
 Urg'd by too keen remembrance of his own,
 I neither censure nor excuse his deed.
 I would have staid him ; but he rush'd to die ;
 And 'tis not in my choice to live without him.

Ezm. Shed thy wish'd mercy here, all-powerful
 Heaven ! [Exit.

Alz. My weeping father call'd on Heav'n to save me.
 I will not task the grace of Heav'n so far :
 Let me no longer be, and I'm not wretched.
 The Almighty Christian Power, that knows me in-
 nocent,
 Exacts (they say) long life, in fix'd distress ;
 And suffers not the brave to shorten woe.
 If so, the gods, once mine, were less severe :
 Why should the wretch, who hopes not, struggle on,
 Thro' viewless lengths of circling miseries,

And dread the hand of death, that points to refuge ?
 Sure Christians, in this tale, belie their God.
 His conqu'ring favourites, whom he arms with
 thunder,
 Can they have right, from him, to waste the world,
 To drive whole millions into death's cold arms ?
 And shall not I, for safety, claim that power
 Which he permits to them for martial rage ?
 Ah, Zamor comes ! They lead him out to die.

Enter ZAMOR in Chains, guarded by Spaniards.

Zam. Kind in their purpos'd insult, they have
 brought me

Where my expiring soul shall mix with thine.
 Yes, my Alzira, we are doom'd together.
 Their black tribunal has condemn'd us both.
 But Carlos is not dead—that wounds me deepest.
 Carlos survives, to boast short triumph o'er us ;
 And dies so slowly, that our fate comes first.
 Yet, he must die ; my hand not err'd so far,
 But he must die : and when he does, my soul
 Shall snatch th' expected moment, hovering, watch-
 ful,

And hunt him, in revenge, from star to star.
 Pious Alvarez, mournful comes behind,
 Charg'd with our bloody sentence, sign'd in council,
 That murder may be sanctified by form.
 My only grief is, that thou diest for me.

Alz. That, that should leave thy grief without a
 cause.

Since I am thus below'd, to die with Zamor,
 Is happiness unhop'd. Bless, bless my fate,
 For this sole blow, that could have broke my chain.
 Think that this period of suppos'd distress,
 This moment, that unites us, tho' in death,
 Is the first time my love was free from woe.
 The smiling fate restores me to myself ;
 And I can give a heart, now all my own.
 If there's a cause for tears, Alvarez claims 'em :
 I, while he speaks our doom, shall feel but his.
Zam. See where the mourner comes, and weeps
 his errand.

Enter ALVAREZ.

Alv. Which of us three does fortune most distress ?
 What an assemblage ours of mingled woes ?
Zam. Since Heaven will have it so, that, from thy
 tongue,
 I should receive death's summons, let it come :
 'Twill have one power to please—for I shall hear thee.
 Do not then pity, but condemn me boldly ;
 And if thy heart, tho' Spanish, bends beneath it,
 Think thou but doom'st an unsubmitting savage,
 Who kill'd thy son, because unlike his father.
 But what has poor Alzira done against thee ?
 Why must she die in whom a people lives ;
 In whom alone glows that collected soul,
 That, in past ages, brighten'd all Peru ?
 Is innocence a crime where Spaniards judge ?
 Known, and assum'd by us, for all thy virtues,

The jealous envy of thy land reclaims thee,
And crops thy Indian growth, to creep like Spain.

Alz. Wondrous old virtue! obstinately kind!
Thou, singly just, amidst a race of thieves!
'Twere to be base as they are, could I stoop
To deprecate a vengeance duly thine.
For thy son's blood be mine the willing sacrifice.
All I require is but escape from slander;
From poor suspicion of a guilt I scorn.
Carlos, tho' hated, was a hated husband;
Whence, even my hatred ow'd his life defence.
He was Alvarez' son too; and, as such,
Call'd for that rev'rence which himself deserv'd not.
As for thy nation, let them praise or blame me;
Thy witness only can be worth my claim.
As for my death, 'tis joy to die with Zamor:
And all the pain I suffer—is for thee.

Alv. Words will have way; or grief, suppress'd in vain,
Would burst its passage with th' out-rushing soul.
Whose sorrows ever match'd this mingled scene
Of tenderness with horror? My son's murderer
Is Zamor: he who guarded me from murder,
Is also Zamor. Hold that image fast,
Afflicted nature. Life, unwish'd by me
Is due to Zamor. Young, belov'd, untry'd
In hope's false failings, life might make him happy.
My taste of time is gone; and life, to me,
Is but an evening's walk in rain and darkness.
Father I am (at least I was a father);

But every father first was form'd a man :
And, spite of nature's call, that cries for vengeance,
The voice of gratitude must still be heard.
Oh, thou, so late my daughter ! thou, whom yet,
Spite of these tears, I call by that lov'd name !
Mistake not my pursuit. I cannot taste
Those horrible reliefs that rise from blood.
It shocks me thro' a soul that feels for three.
Hard stroke of justice ! thus to lose at once,
My daughter, my deliverer, and my son. *X*
The council, with misguided view to sooth me,
Ill chose my tongue to tell their dreadful will.
True, I receiv'd the charge ; for I had weigh'd it.
'Twere not impossible, perhaps, to save you :
Zamor might make it easy.

Zam. Can I do it ?
Can Zamor save Alzira ? Quickly tell me
How, by what length of torments, and 'tis done ?
Alv. Cast off thy idol gods, and be a Christian :
That single change reverses all our fates.
Kind to the courted souls of Pagan converts,
We have a law remits their body's doom.
This latent law, by Heaven's peculiar mercy,
Points out a road, and gives a right to pardon.
Religion can disarm a Christian's anger.
Thy blood becomes a brother's, so converted,
And with a living son repays a dead.
Prevented vengeance, seiz'd in her descent,
So rests suspended, and forgets to fall.
From thy new faith, Alzira draws new life ;

And both are happy here, and sav'd hereafter.
 Why art thou silent ? Is the task so hard,
 To add eternal life to life below ?
 Speak——from thy choice, determine my relief,
 Fain wou'd I owe thee yet a second being.
 Yes——to restore the life thou robb'st me of,
 A childless father wishes thee to live.
 Alzira is a Christian ; be thou so.
 'Tis all the recompence my wrongs will urge.

Zam. [To Alzira.] Shall we, thou fairest, noblest
 boast of beauty !

Shall we so far indulge our fear to die ?
 Shall the soul's baseness bid the body live ?
 Shall Zamor's gods bow to the gods of Carlos ?
 Why wou'd Alvarez bend me down to shame ?
 Why wou'd he thus become the spirit's tyrant ?
 Into how strange a snare am I impell'd !
 Either Alzira dies, or lives to scorn me !
 Tell me——When fortune gave thee to my power,
 Had I, at such a purchase, held thy life,
 Tell me, with honest truth—wou'd thou have bought
 it ?

Alv. I shou'd have pray'd the power, I now im-
 plore,

To widen, for his truth, a heart like thine :
 Dark as it is, yet worthy to be Christian.

Zam. [To Alzira.] Death has no pain, but what I
 feel for thee.

Life has no power to charm, but what thou giv'st it.
 Thou, then, art my soul, vouchsafe to guide it.

But, think!—remember, ere thou bid'st me choose!
 'Tis on a matter of more weight than life;
 'Tis on a subject that concerns my gods:
 And all those gods in one—my dear Alzira!
 I trust it to thy honour—Speak—and fix me.
 If thou conceiv'st it shame, thou wilt disdain it.

Alx. Then, hear me, Zamor.—My unhappy fa-
 ther

Dispos'd my willing heart, 'twixt heaven and thee:
 The God, he chose, was mine:—thou may'st, per-
 haps,

Accuse it, as the weakness of my youth:
 But, 'twas not so. My soul, enlarg'd and clear,
 Took in the solemn light of Christian truth.
 I saw—at least, I thought I saw, conviction.
 And, when my lips abjur'd my country's gods,
 My secret heart confirm'd the change within.
 But had I wanted that directive zeal,
 Had I renounc'd my gods, yet still believ'd 'em;
 That—had not been error, but a crime:
 That had been mocking Heaven's whole host, at
 once;

The powers I quitted and the power I chose.
 A change like that, had err'd, beyond the tongue:
 And taught the silent, servile soul, to lie.
 I cou'd have wish'd, that Heaven had lent thee light,
 But since it did not—let thy virtue guide thee.

Zam. I knew thy gen'rous choice, before I heard it.
 Who, that can die with thee, would shun such death,
 And live to his own infamy?—Not Zamor.

Alv. Inhuman slighters of yourselves and me!
Whom honour renders blind, and virtue cruel!

[*A dead march.*

Hark!—the time presses.—These are sounds of sorrow.

Enter Don ALONZO, followed by a mixed Crowd of Spaniards and Americans, mournful.

Alon. We bring obedience to his last command,
Our dying captain, your unhappy son,
Who lives no longer, than to reach your bosom.
A furious crowd of his lamenting friends
Press, to attend him, and revenge his blood.

Enter Don CARLOS, brought in by Spanish Soldiers, and surrounded by a number of followers, some of whom advance to seize Alzira.

Zam. [Interposing.] Wretches! keep distance.—
Let Alzira live;
Mine was the single guilt—be mine the vengeance.

Alz. Be feasted, ye officious hounds of blood:
Guiltless or guilty, 'tis my choice to die.

Alv. My son! my dying son!—this silent pale-
ness,

This look, speaks for thee, and forbids all hope.

Zam. [To Don Carlos.] Even to the last then, thou
maintain'st thy hate?
Come—see me suffer; mark my eye; and scorn me,
If my expiring soul confesses fear.
Look—and be taught, at least, to die—by Zamor.

D. Carlos. [To Zamor.] I have no time to copy out
thy virtues :

But, there are some of mine, I come to teach thee.

I shou'd, in life, have given thy pride example :

Take it, too late, in death ; and mark it well.

[To Alv.] Sir, my departing spirit staid its journey,
First, 'till my eyes might leave their beams in yours ;
And their dim lights expire, amidst your blessing.

Next, what you taught me, 'tis my task to show,
And die the son of your paternal virtue.

—Eager in life's warm race, I never stopp'd
To look behind me, and review my way.

But, at the goal, before I judg'd it near,

I start—and recollect forgotten slidings.

On the grave's serious verge, I turn—and see
Humanity oppress'd, to cherish pride :

Heaven has reveng'd the earth :—and Heav'n is
just !

Cou'd my own blood but expiate what I shed,
All my rash sword has drawn from suff'ring inno-
cence,

I shou'd lie down in dust—and rest in peace.

Cheated by prosp'rous fortune, death deals plainly ;
But—I have learnt to live, when life forsakes me.

Safe and forgiven, be the hand I fall by.

Power is yet mine ; and it absolves my murder.

Live, my proud enemy ; and live in freedom.

Live—and observe, tho' Christians oft act ill,
They must forgive ill actions in another.

—Esmont, my friend! and you, ye friendless Indians!

Subjects, not slaves! be rul'd henceforth by law.

Be grateful to my pity, though 'twas late;

And teach your country's kings to fear no longer.

—Rival, learn hence the diff'rence 'twixt our gods;
Thine have inspir'd thee to pursue revenge:

But mine, when that revenge had reach'd my life,
Command me to esteem, and give thee pardon.

Alv. Virtues like these, my son, secure thy peace:
But double the distress of us who lose thee.

Alz. Of all the painful wonders thou hast caus'd
me,

This change, this language, will afflict me most!

Zam. Die soon, or live for ever.—If thou thus
Go'st on, to charm my anger into envy,
I shall repent, I was not born a Christian,
And hate the justice that compell'd my blow!

D. Carlos. I will go farther yet;—I will not leave
thee,

Till I have soften'd envy into friendship.

—Mournful Alzira has been too unhappy:

Lov'd to distress and married to misfortune!

I wou'd do something to atone her wrongs;
And with a softer sense, imprint her pity.

Take her—and owe her to the hand she hates.

Live—and remember me without a curse.

Resume lost empire, o'er your conquer'd states:
Be friends to Spain:—nor enemies to me.

[To Alvarez.]—Vouchsafe my claim, sir, to this son,
this daughter :

And be both father and protector too.

May Heaven and you be kind! and they be Chris-
tians!

Zam. I stand immoveable—confus'd—astonish'd!
If these are Christian virtues, I am Christian.
The faith that can inspire this gen'rous change,
Must be divine—and glows with all its God!
—Friendship, and constancy, and right, and pity,
All these were lessons I had learnt before.
But this unnatural grandeur of the soul
Is more than mortal ; and out-reaches virtue.
It draws—it charms—it binds me to be Christian.
It bids me blush at my remember'd rashness :
Curse my revenge—and pay thee all my love.

[Throws himself at his feet.]

Alz. A widow'd wife, blushing to be thus late,
In her acknowledgment of tender pity ;
Low, at your injur'd feet, with prostrate heart,
[Kneels with Zamor.]
Weeps your untimely death ; and thanks your good-
ness.

—Torn by contending passions, I want power
To speak a thousand truths, I see you merit :
But honour and confess your greatness wrong'd.

D. Carlos. Weep not, Alzira—I forgive again.
—For the last time, my father, lend your bosom.
Live to be bless'd!—and make Alzira so!
Remember, Zamor—that a Christian—Oh! *[Dies.]*

Alv. [To Ezmont.] I see the hand of Heaven in
our misfortune.
But justice strikes ; and suff'rs must submit.

*Woes are good counsellors ; and kindly show,
What prosp'rous error never lets us know.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ALZIRA.

THE fifth act pass'd, you'll think it strange to find
My scene of deep distress is yet behind.
Task'd for the epilogue, I fear you'll blame
My want—of what you love, behind that name.
But, for my soul, I can't from such high scening
Descend, plum down at once—to double-meaning.
Judges! protect me—and pronounce it fit,
That solemn sense should end with serious wit.
When the full heart o'erflows with pleasing pain,
Why should we wish to make th' impression vain?
Why, when two thinking hours have fix'd the play,
Should two light minutes laugh its use away?
'Twere to proclaim our virtues but a jest,
Should they who ridicule 'em, please us best.
No—rather, at your actor's hands require
Off'rings more apt; and a sublimer fire!
Thoughts that may rivet, not efface, the scene:
Aids to the mind; not flatt'ries for the spleen.
When love, hate, pity—doubt, hope, grief, and rage,
With clashing influence, fire the glowing stage;
When the touch'd heart, relenting into woe,
From others' fate does its own danger know;

*When soft'ning tenderness unlocks the mind,
And the stretch'd bosom takes in all mankind :
Sure, 'tis no time for the bold hand of wit
To snatch back virtues from the plunder'd pit.
Still be it ours to give you scenes thus strong,
And yours to cherish and retain 'em long !
Then shall the stage its general use endear ;
And every virtue gather firmness here.
Pow'r be to pardon—wealth to pity mov'd :
And truth be taugt the art, to grow belov'd :
Women to charm with fast and sure effect ;
And men to love 'em with a soft respect :
Till all alike, some diff'rent motive rouses ;
And tragedy, unfarc'd, invites full houses.*



THE
GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

A

TRAGEDY,

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

**THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.**

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

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M DCC XCII.



PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WESTON.

He peeps in at the Stage Door.

*HIP! music! music!—Have you more to play?
Somewhat I'd offer—stop your cat-gut, pray.
Will you permit, and not pronounce me rude,
A bookseller one moment to intrude?
My name is Foolscap:—all my troubles past,
Fortune hath given me a rare helping cast.
To all my toils a wife hath put a stop:
A devil first; but now I keep a shop.
My master died, poor man! he's out of print!
His widow, she had eyes and took my hint.
A prey to grief, she could not bear to be,
And so turn'd over a new leaf with me.*

*I drive a trade; have authors in my pay,
Men of all work, per week, per sheet, per day.
TRAV'LLERS, who not one foreign country know:
And PAST'RAL POETS, in the sound of Bow.
TRANSLATORS, from the Greek they never read;
CANTABS and SOPHS, in Covent-Garden bred.
HISTORIANS, who cann't write; who only take
Scissars and paste; cut, vamp; a book they make.*

*I've treated for this play ; can buy it too,
If I could learn what you intend to do.
If for nine nights you'll bear this tragic stuff ;
I have a newspaper, and there can puff.*

*A newspaper does wonders ! none can be
In debt, in love, dependent, or quite free,
Ugly or handsome, well, or ill in bed,
Single or married, or alive or dead,
But we give life, death, virtue, vice with ease ;
In short a newspaper does what we please.
There jealous authors at each other bark ;
'Till Truth leaves not one glimpse, no, not one spark ;
But lies meet lies, and jostle in the dark.
Our Bard within has often felt the dart
Sent from our quiver, levell'd at his heart.
I've press'd him, ere he plays this desp'rare game,
To answer all, and vindicate his name.
But he, convinc'd that all but truth must die,
Leaves to its own mortality the lie.
Would any know, while parties fight pell-mell,
How he employs his pen ?—his play will tell.
To that he trusts ; that he submits to you,
Aim'd at your tend'rest feelings, moral, new.
The scenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear ;
Scenes that come home to ev'ry bosom here.*

*If this will do, I'll run and buy it straight ;
Stay ; let me see ; I think I'd better wait :
Yes ; I'll lie snug, till you have fix'd its fate.*

B

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

DIONYSIUS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
EVANDER,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bensley.
PHILOTAS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Whitfield.
MELANTHON,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Packer.
PHOCION,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Barrymore.
ARCAS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Caulfield.
Greek Herald,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Benson.
CALIPPUS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bland.
Greek Soldier,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Phillimore.

Women.

EUPHRASIA,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Siddons.
ERIXENE,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Tidswell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

DIONYSIUS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
EVANDER,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
PHILOTAS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Holman.
MELANTHON,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hull.
PHOCION,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Macready.
ARCAS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Powel.
Greek Herald,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Davies.
CALIPPUS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
Greek Soldier,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Gardner.
Officer,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Evatt.

Women.

EUPHRASIA,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Merry.
ERIXENE,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Platt.

SCENE, Syracuse.



THE
GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter MELANTHON, and PHILOTAS.

Melanthon.

YET, a moment ; hear, Philotas, hear me.

Phil. No more ; it must not be.

Melan. Obdurate man ;

Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a king distress'd,

A good, a virtuous, venerable king,

The father of his people, from a throne,

Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,

Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,

Groans in captivity ? In his own palace

Lives a sequestered prisoner ? Oh ! Philotas,

If thou hast not renounc'd humanity,

Let me behold my sovereign ; once again

Admit me to his presence ; let me see

My royal master.

Phil. Urge thy suit no further;
 Thy words are fruitless ; Dionysius' orders
 Forbid access ; he is our sov'reign now ;
 'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

Melan. Thou canst not mean it : his to give the
 law !

Detested spoiler!—his ! a vile usurper !
 Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,
 Surnam'd the Tyrant ? To Sicilia's throne
 The monster waded thro' whole seas of blood.
 Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod,
 Till rous'd at length Evander came from Greece,
 Like Freedom's Genius came, and sent the tyrant,
 Stript of the crown, and to his humble rank
 Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile subsistence,
 A wandering sophist thro' the realms of Greece.

Phil. Melanthon, yes ; full clearly I remember
 The splendid day, when all rejoicing Sicily
 Hail'd her deliverer.

Melan. Shall the tyrant's son
 Deduce a title from the father's guilt ?
 Philotas, thou wert once the friend of goodness ;
 Thou art a Greek ; fair Corinth gave thee birth ;
 I mark'd thy growing youth ; I need not tell,
 With what an equal sway Evander reign'd,
 How just, how upright, generous and good !
 From ev'ry region bards and sages came ;
 Whate'er of science Egypt stor'd ;
 All that the East had treasur'd ; all that Greece
 Of mortal wisdom taught, and Plato's voice,

Was heard in Sicily. Shall Dionysius
Extinguish every virtue from the land,
Bow to his yoke the necks of freeborn men,
And here perpetuate a tyrant's reign ?

Phil. Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuse
All bend the knee ; his the supreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his sovereign nod.

Melan. But soon that pow'r shall cease : behold his
walls

Now close encircled by the Grecian bands ;
Timoleon leads them on ; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne usurp'd,
And bid all Sicily resume her rights.

Phil. Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon ;
now,

Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid schemes which Dionysius plans.
Know then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow ; and, ere yonder sun,
That now declining seeks the western wave,
Shall to the shades of night resign the world,
Thou'l see the Punic sails in yonder bay,
Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse.

Melan. Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name ?
Intent to plan, and circumspect to see
All possible events, he rushes on
Resistless in his course ! Your boasted master
Scarce stands at bay ; each hour the strong blockade

Hems him in closer, and ere long thou'lt view
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shiver'd !

The good Evander then—

Phil. Alas, Evander

Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for !

Melan. How ! not behold it ! Say, Philotas, speak ;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderer—

Phil. As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

Melan. And yet

Thy dark half-hinted purpose—lead me to him ;
If thou hast murder'd him—

Phil. By Heav'n, he lives.

Melan. Then bless me with one tender interview.
Thrice has the sun gone down, since last these eyes
Have seen the good old king ; say, why is this ?
Wherefore debar'd his presence ? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey, that guard the royal pris'ner ;
Each avenue to thee is open ; thou
Canst grant admittance ; let me, let me see him.

Phil. Entreat no more ; the soul of Dionysius
Is ever wakeful ; rent with all the pangs
That wait on conscious guilt.

Melan. But when dun night—

Phil. Alas ! it cannot be : but mark my words.
Let Greece urge on her general assault.
Dispatch some friend, who may o'erleap the walls,
And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
Has liv'd three days, by Dionysius order,
Lock'd up from every sustenance of nature,
And life, now wearied out, almost expires.

Melan. If any spark of virtue dwells within thee,
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.

Phil. The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him
thence.

Melan. Ha! mov'd him, say'st thou?

Phil. At the midnight hour,
Silent convey'd him up the steep ascent,
To where the elder Dionysius form'd,
On the sharp summit of the pointed rock,
Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear :
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,
Unseen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguish,
And died obscure, unpitied, and unknown.

Melan. Clandestine murderer! Yes, there's the
scene

Of horrid massacre. Full oft I've walk'd,
When all things lay in sleep and darkness hush'd.
Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely sullen beach,
And heard the mournful sound of many a corse
Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,
That murmurs on the shore. And means he thus
To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my pray'r;
My timely succour may protect his days ;
The guard is yours——

Phil. Forbear; thou plead'st in vain;
And though I feel soft pity throbbing here,
Though each emotion prompts the gen'rous deed,
I must not yield; it were assur'd destruction.

Farewell, dispatch a message to the Greeks ;
I'll to my station ; now thou know'st the worst.

[Exit.]

Melan. Oh, lost Evander ! Lost Euphrasia too !
How will her gentle nature bear the shock
Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs
A prey to famine, like the verriest wretch
Whom the hard hand of misery hath grip'd !
In vain she'll rave with impotence of sorrow ;
Perhaps provoke her fate : Greece arms in vain ;
All's lost ; Evander dies !

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. Where is the king ?
Our troops, that sallied to attack the foe,
Retire disordered ; to the eastern gate
The Greeks pursue ; Timoleon rides in blood !
Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

Melan. To the citadel
Direct thy footsteps ; Dionysius there
Marshals a chosen band.

Cal. Do thou call forth
Thy hardy veterans ; haste, or all is lost ! [Exit.]

[Warlike music.]

Melan. Now, ye just gods, now look propitious
down ;
Now give the Grecian sabre tenfold edge,
And save a virtuous king ! [Warlike music.]

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. War on, ye heroes,
Ye great assertors of a monarch's cause !
Let the wild tempest rage. Melanthon, ha !
Didst thou not hear the vast tremendous roar ?
Down tumbling from its base the eastern tow'r
Burst on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain
Lies an extended ruin.

Melan. Still new horrors
Increase each hour, and gather round our heads.

Euph. The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring soul.
Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

Melan. Alas ! that hour
Would come with joy to ev'ry honest heart,
Would shed divinest blessings from its wing ;
But no such hour in all the round of time,
I fear, the fates averse will e'er lead on.

Euph. And still, Melanthon, still does pale despair
Depress thy spirit ? Lo ! Timoleon comes,
Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece ; the brave, the just,
God-like Timoleon ! ardent to redress,
He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.
A little interval shall set the victor
Within our gates triumphant.

Melan. Still my fears
Forbode for thee. Would thou hadst left this place,
When hence your husband, the brave Phocion, fled,
Fled with your infant son !

Euph. In duty fix'd,
Here I remain'd, while my brave gen'rous Phocion
Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms
Bore my sweet little one. Full well thou know'st
The pangs I suffer'd in that trying moment.
Did I not weep? Did I not rave and shriek,
And by the roots tear my dishevell'd hair?
Did I not follow to the sea-beat shore,
Resolv'd with him, and with my blooming boy,
To trust the winds and waves?

Melan. Deem not, Euphrasia,
I e'er can doubt thy constancy and love.

Euph. Melanthon, how I loved, the gods who saw
Each secret image that my fancy form'd,
The gods can witness how I lov'd my Phocion.
And yet I went not with him. Could I do it?
Could I desert my father? Could I leave
The venerable man, who gave me being,
A victim here in Syracuse, nor stay
To watch his fate, to visit his affliction,
To cheer his prison hours, and with the tear
Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage smile?

Melan. The pious act, whate'er the fates intend,
Shall merit heart-felt praise.

Euph. Yes, Phocion, go,
Go with my child, torn from this matron breast,
This breast that still should yield its nurture to him,
Fly with my infant to some happier shore.
If he be safe, Euphrasia dies content.
Till that sad close of all, the task be mine

To tend a father with delighted care,
To smooth the pillow of declining age,
See him sink gradual into mere decay,
On the last verge of life watch ev'ry look,
Explore each fond unutterable wish,
Catch his last breath, and close his eyes in peace.

Melan. I would not add to my afflictions ; yet
My heart misgives ; Evander's fatal period—

Euph. Still is far off ; the Gods have sent relief,
And once again I shall behold him king.

Melan. Alas ! those glitt'ring hopes but lend a ray
To gild the clouds, that hover o'er your head,
Soon to rain sorrow down, and plunge you deeper
In black despair.

Euph. The spirit-stirring virtue,
That glows within me, ne'er shall know despair.
No, I will trust the Gods. Desponding man !
Hast thou not heard with what resistless ardour
Timoleon drives the tumult of the war ?
Hast thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates ?
The tyrant's pent up in his last retreat ;
Anon thou'l see his battlements in dust,
His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin ;
Destruction pouring in on ev'ry side,
Pride and oppression at their utmost need,
And nought to save him in his hopeless hour.

[A flourish of trumpets.]

Melan. Ha ! the fell tyrant comes—Beguile his rage,
And o'er your sorrows cast a dawn of gladness.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, Officers, &c.

Dion. The vain presumptuous Greek ! his hopes of conquest,

Like a gay dream, are vanish'd into air.

Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph

O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse

He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm

Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train

To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

Euph. O Dionysius, if distracting fears

Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon

A frail and tender sex. Should ruthless war

Roam through our streets, and riot here in blood,

Where shall the lost Euphrasia find a shelter ?

In vain she'll kneel, and clasp the sacred altar.

O let me then, in mercy let me seek

The gloomy mansion, where my father dwells ;

I die content, if in his arms I perish.

Dion. Thou lovely trembler, hush thy fears to rest.

The Greek recoils ; like the impetuous surge

That dashes on the rock, there breaks, and foams,

And backward rolls into the sea again.

All shall be well in Syracuse : a fleet

Appears in view, and brings the chosen sons

Of Carthage. From the hill that fronts the main,

I saw their canvas swelling with the wind,

While on the purple wave the western sun

Glanc'd the remains of day.

Euph. Yet till the fury
Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval
In safety let me sooth to dear delight
In a lov'd father's presence : from his sight,
For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse
Your guards debarr'd me. Oh ! while yet he lives,
Indulge a daughter's love ; worn out with age
Soon must he seal his eyes in endless night,
And with his converse charm my ear no more.

Dion. Why thus anticipate misfortune ? Still
Evander mocks the injuries of time.
Calippus, thou survey the city round ;
Station the centinels, that no surprise
Invade the unguarded works, while drowsy night
Weighs down the soldier's eye. Afflicted fair,
Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er,
Thou'l see Evander with redoubled joy.
Though now unequal to the cares of empire
His age sequester him, yet honours high
Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.

Euph. For this benignity accept my thanks.
They gush in tears, and my heart pours its tribute.

Dion. Perdiccas, e'er the morn's revolving light
Unveil the face of things, do thou dispatch
A well-oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet ;
At the north point of yonder promontory
Let some selected officer instruct him
To moor his ships, and issue on the land.
Then may Timoleon tremble : vengeance then

Shall overwhelm his camp, pursue his bands
 With fatal havock to the ocean's margin,
 And cast their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
 In mangled heaps upon the naked shore.

[*Exit Dionysius.*

Euph. What do I hear? Melaathon, can it be?
 If Carthage comes, if her perfidious sons
 List in his cause, the dawn of freedom's gone.

Melan. Wo, bitt'rest wo impends; thou wouldest
 not think——

Euph. How?—Speak! unfold.

Melan. My tongue denies its office.

Euph. How is my father? Say, Melaathon——

Melan. He,
 I fear to shock thee with the tale of horror!
 Perhaps he dies this moment.—Since Timoleon
 First form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,
 No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.
 In the deep caverns of the rock imprison'd
 He pines in bitterest want.

Euph. To that abode
 Of wo and horror, that last stage of life,
 Has the fell tyrant mov'd him?

Melan. There sequester'd,
 Alas! he soon must perish.

Euph. Well, say heart,
 Well do your vital drops forget to flow.

Melan. Enough his sword has reek'd with public
 slaughter;
 Now dark insidious deeds must thin mankind.

Euph. Oh! night, that oft hast heard my piercing
shrieks

Disturb thy awful silence ; oft has heard
Each stroke these hands in frantic sorrow gave
From this sad breast resounding, now no more
I mean to vent complaints ; I mean not now
With busy mem'ry to retrace the wrongs
The tyrant heap'd on our devoted race.
I bear it all; with calmest patience bear it :
Resign'd and wretched, desperate and lost.

Melan. Despair, alas ! is all the sad resource
Our fate allows us now.

Euph. Yet why despair ?
Is that the tribute to a father due ?
Blood is his due, Melanthon ; yes, the blood,
The vile, black blood, that fills the tyrant's veins,
Would graceful look upon my dagger's point.
Come, vengeance, come, shake off this feeble sex,
Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart.
And thou, O filial piety, that rul'st
My woman's breast, turn to vindictive rage ;
Assume the port of justice ; shew mankind
Tyrannic guilt had never dar'd in Syracuse,
Beyond the reach of virtue.

Melan. Yet beware ;
Control this frenzy that bears down your reason.
Surrounded by his guards, the tyrant mocks
Your utmost fury ; moderate your zeal,
Nor let him hear these transports of the soul,
These wild upbraiding.

Euph. Shall Euphrasia's voice
 Be hush'd to silence, when a father dies ?
 Shall not the monster hear his deeds accurst ?
 Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,
 Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs,
 Fierce in despair, all nature in her cause
 Alarm'd and rous'd with horror ? Yes, Melanthon,
 The man of blood shall hear me ; yes, my voice
 Shall mount aloft upon the whirlwind's wing,
 Pierce yon blue vault, and at the throne of Heav'n
 Call down red vengeance on the murd'rer's head.
 Melanthon, come ; my wrongs will lend me force ;
 The weakness of my sex is gone ; this arm
 Feels tenfold strength ; this arm shall do a deed
 For heay'n and earth, for men and gods to wonder at !
 This arm shall vindicate a father's cause. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A wild romantic Scene amidst overhanging Rocks ; a Cavern on one Side.

ARCAS. [*With a spear in his hand.*]
 THE gloom of night sits heavy on the world ;
 And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reigns,
 As 'twere a pause of nature ; on the beach
 No murmur'ring billow breaks ; the Grecian tents
 Lie sunk in sleep ; no gleaming fires are seen ;

All Syracuse is hush'd : no stir abroad,
Save ever and anon the dashing oar,
That beats the sullen wave. And hark !—Was that
The groan of anguish from Evander's cell,
Piercing the midnight gloom ?—It is the sound
Of bustling prow's, that cleave the briny deep.
Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet
Rides in the bay.

Enter PHILOTAS, from the cavern.

Phil. What ho ! brave Arcas ! ho !

Arc. Why thus desert thy couch ?

Phil. Methought the sound
Of distant uproar chas'd affrighted sleep.

Arc. At intervals the oar's resounding stroke
Comes echoing from the main. Save that report,
A death-like silence through the wide expanse
Broods o'er the dreary coast.

Phil. Do thou retire,
And seek repose ; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd ; I take thy post.

Arc. How fares
Your royal pris'ner ?

Phil. Arcas, shall I own
A secret weakness ? My heart inward melts
To see that suffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies ;
And while pale famine drinks his vital spirit,
He welcomes death, and smiles himself to rest.

Oh! would I could relieve him! Thou withdraw;
Thy wearied nature claims repose; and now
The watch is mine.

Arc. May no alarm disturb thee. [Exit.

Phil. Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.

At close of day the sullen sky held forth
Unerring signals. With disastrous glare
The moon's full orb rose crimson'd o'er with blood;
And lo! athwart the gloom a falling star
Trails a long tract of fire!—What daring step
Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand there; what ho!
Speak, ere thou dar'st adyance, Unfold thy purpose;
Who and what art thou?

Enter EUPHRASIA, with a lanthorn in her hand,

Euph. Mine no hostile step;
I bring no valour to alarm thy fears:
It is a friend approaches.

Phil. Ha! what mean
Those plaintive notes?

Euph. Here is no ambush'd Greek,
No warrior to surprise thee on the watch.
An humble suppliant comes—Alas my strength
Exhausted quite forsakes this weary frame.

Phil. What voice thus piercing thro' the gleam of
night—

What art thou? what thy errand? quickly say
What wretch, with what intent, at this dead hour—
Wherfore alarm'st thou thus our peaceful watch?

Euph. Let no mistrust affright thee—Lo! a wretch,

The veriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish,
Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,
To tell her sad, sad tale, implore thy aid,
For sure the pow'r is thine, thou canst relieve
My bleeding heart, and soften all my woes.

Phil. Ha! sure those accents—

[*Takes the light from her.*

Euph. Deign to listen to me.

Phil. Euphrasia!—

Euph. Yes; the lost, undone Euphrasia;
Supreme in wretchedness; to th' inmost sense,
Here in the quickest fibre of the heart,
Wounded, transfix'd, and tortur'd to distraction.

Phil. Why, princess, thus anticipate the dawn?
Still sleep and silence wrap the weary world;
The stars in mid career usurp the pole;
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are hush'd;
All things are mute around us; all but you
Rest in oblivious slumber from their cares.

Euph. Yes, all; all rest: the very murd'rer sleeps;
Guilt is at rest: I only wake to misery.

Phil. How didst thou gain the summit of the rock?

Euph. Give me my father; here you hold him set-
ter'd;

Oh! give him to me;—in the fond pursuit
All pain and peril vanish; love and duty
Inspir'd the thought; despair itself gave courage;
I climb'd the hard ascent; with painful toil
Surmounted craggy cliffs, and pointed rocks;

Euph. Talk'st thou of pity ?
 Yield to the gen'rous instinct ; grant my pray'r ;
 Let my eyes view him, gaze their last upon him,
 And shew you have some sense of human wo.

Phil. Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.
 My honest heart condemns the barb'rous deed,
 And if I dare—

Euph. And if you dare !—Is that
 The voice of manhood ? Honest, if you dare !
 'Tis the slave's virtue ! 'tis the utmost limit
 Of the base coward's honour.—Not a wretch,
 There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,
 But, silence interest, extinguish fear,
 And he will prove benevolent to man.
 The gen'rous heart does more : will dare to all
 That honour prompts.—How dost thou dare to
 murder ?—

Respect the gods, and know no other fear.

Phil. No other fear assails this warlike breast,
 I pity your misfortunes ; yes, by Heav'n,
 My heart bleeds for you. Gods ! you've touch'd my
 soul !

The gen'rous impulse is not giv'n in vain.
 I feel thee, Nature, and I dare obey.
 Oh ! thou hast conquer'd.—Go, Euphrasia, go,
 Behold thy father.

Euph. Raise me, raise me up ;
 I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous man !

Phil. Yet mark my words ; if aught of nourish-
 ment

Thou wouldst convey, my partners of the watch
Will ne'er consent.

Euph. I will observe your orders :
On any terms, oh ! let me, let me see him.

Phil. Yon lamp will guide thee thro' the cavern'd
way.

Euph. My heart runs o'er in thanks ; the pious act
Timoleon shall reward ; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue, shall reward the deed.

[Goes into the cave.

Phil. Prevailing, pow'rful virtue !—Thou subduest
The stubborn heart, and mould'st it to thy purpose.
Would I could save them !—But tho' not for me
The glorious pow'r to shelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to assuage its woes,
Is the best sympathy, the purest joy
Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus she gave the social gen'rous tear. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*The Inside of the Cavern. Enter ARCAS and EU-
PHASIA.*

Arc. No ; on my life I dare not.

Euph. But a small,
A wretched pittance ; one poor cordial drop
To renovate exhausted drooping age,
I ask no more.

Arc. Not the smallest store
Of scanty nourishment must pass these walls.
Our lives were forfeit else : a moment's parley
Is all I grant ; in yonder cave he lies.

Evan. [Within the cell.] Oh, struggling nature ! let
thy conflict end.

Oh ! give me, give me rest.

Euph. My father's voice !
It pierces here ! it cleaves my very heart.
I shall expire, and never see him more.

Arc. Repose thee, princess; here, [Draws a couch.]
here rest thy limbs,
Till the returning blood shall lend thee firmness.

Euph. The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans !
And is there no relief ?

Arc. All I can grant
You shall command. I will unbar the dungeon,
Unloose the chain that binds him to the rock,
And leave your interview without restraint.

[Opens a cell in the back scene.]

Euph. Hold, hold my heart ! Oh ! how shall I sus-
tain

The agonizing scene ? [Rises.] I must behold him;
Nature that drives me on, will lend me force.
Is that my father ?

Arc. Take your last farewell.
His vigour seems not yet exhausted quite.
You must be brief, or ruin will ensue. [Exit.]

Evan. [Raising himself.] Oh ! when shall I get free ?
—These ling'ring pangs —

Euph. Behold, ye pow'rs, that spectacle of woe !

Evan. Dispatch me, pitying gods, and save my child !

I burn, I burn ; alas ! no place of rest :

[*Rises and comes out.*

A little air ; once more a breath of air ;

Alas ! I faint ; I die.

Euph. Heart-piercing sight !

Let me support you, sir.

Evan. Oh ! lend your arm.

Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee : that kind breeze

Comes gently o'er my senses—lead me forward :

And is there left one charitable hand

To reach its succours to a wretch like me ?

Euph. Well may'st thou ask it. Oh, my breaking heart !

The hand of death is on him.

Evan. Still a little,

A little onward to the air conduct me ;

'Tis well ;—I thank thee ; thou art kind and good,

And much I wonder at this gen'r'ous pity.

Euph. Do thou not know me, sir ?

Evan. Methinks I know

That voice : art thou—alas ! my eyes are dim !

Each object swims before me—No, in truth

I do not know thee.

Euph. Not your own Euphrasia ?

Evan. Art thou my daughter ?

Euph. Oh, my honour'd sire !

Evan. My daughter, my Euphrasia ? come to close

A father's eyes ! Giv'n to my last embrace!
Gods ! do I hold her once again ? Your mercies
Are without number. [Falls on the couch.

This excess of bliss
O'erpow'rs ; it kills ; Euphrasia—could I hope it ?
I die content—Art thou indeed my daughter ?
Thou art ; my hand is moisten'd with thy tears :
I pray you do not weep—thou art my child :
I thank you, gods ! in my last dying moments
You have not left me—I would pour my praise ;
But, oh, your goodness overcomes me quite !
You read my heart ; you see what passes there.

Euph. Alas, he faints ; the gushing tide of trans-
port

Bears down each feeble sense : restore him, Heav'n !

Evan. All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well.
Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,
Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,
Will seem a speck in the great void of space.
Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age !
Nay, dry those tears.

Euph. I will, my father.

Evan. Where,
I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion ?

Euph. Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.

Evan. And left thee here
Expos'd and helpless ?

Euph. He is all truth and honour :
He fled to save my child.

Evan. My young Evander !

Your boy is safe, Euphrasia?—Oh, my heart!
Alas! quite gone; worn out with misery;
Oh, weak, decay'd old man!

Euph. Inhuman wretches!

Will none relieve his want? A drop of water
Might save his life; and ev'n that's deny'd him.

Evan. These strong emotions—Oh! that eager air—
It is too much—assist me; bear me hence;
And lay me down in peace.

Euph. His eyes are fix'd!
And those pale quiv'ring lips! He clasps my hand:
What, no assistance! Monsters, will you thus
Let him expire in these weak feeble arms?

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Those wild, those piercing shrieks will give
th' alarm.

Euph. Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I ask.

Evan. [As he is carried off.] O, Death! where art
thou? Death, thou dread of guilt.

Thou wish of innocence, affliction's friend,
Tir'd Nature calls thee; come, in mercy come,
And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.
My child—where art thou? give me; reach thy hand,
Why dost thou weep?—My eyes are dry—Alas!
Quite parch'd, my lips—quite parch'd, they cleave
together.

Euph. Now judge, ye Pow'rs, in the whole round
of time,
If e'er you view'd a scene of wo like this. [Exit.

D ij

Enter Arcas.

Arc. The grey of morn breaks thro' yon eastern clouds.

'Twere time this interview should end : the hour
Now warns Euphrasia hence : what man could dare,
I have indulg'd—Philotas !—ha ! the cell
Left void !—Evander gone !—What may this mean ?
Philotas, speak.

Enter Philotas.

Phil. Oh ! vile, detested lot,
Here to obey the savage tyrant's will,
And murder virtue, that can thus behold
Its executioner, and smile upon him.
That piteous sight !

Arc. She must withdraw, Philotas ;
Delay undoes us both. The restless main
Glows with the blush of day. Timoleon's fleet,
That pass'd the night in busy preparation,
Makes from the shore. On the high craggy point
Of yonder jutting eminence I mark'd
Their haughty streamers curling to the wind.
He seeks Hamilcar's fleet. The briny deep
Shall soon be dy'd with blood. The fierce alarm
Will rouse our slumb'ring troops. The time re-
quires,
Without or further pause, or vain excuse,
That she depart this moment.

Phil. Arcas, yes ;

My voice shall warn her of th' approaching danger. [Exit.

Arc. Would she had ne'er adventur'd to our guard.
I dread th' event; and hark!—the wind conveys
In clearer sound the uproar of the main.
The fates prepare new havock; on th' event
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus
Delays Euphrasia?—Ha! what means, Philotas,
That sudden haste, that pale disorder'd look?

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. O! I can hold no more; at such a sight
Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt
To infant softness. Arcas, go, behold
The pious fraud of charity and love;
Behold that unexampled goodness;
See th' expedient sharp necessity has taught her;
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view
A child like her.

Arc. Ha!—Say what mystery
Wakes these emotions?

Phil. Wonder-working virtue!
The father foster'd at his daughter's breast!
O, filial piety!—The milk design'd
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever.

Arc. That device
Has she then form'd, eluding all our care,
To minister relief?

Phil. On the bare earth
Evander lies; and as his languid pow'rs
Imbibe with eager thirst the kind refreshment,
And his looks speak unutterable thanks,
Euphrasia views him with the tend'rest glance,
Ev'n as a mother doating on her child;
And, ever and anon, amidst the smiles
Of pure delight, of exquisite sensation,
A silent tear steals down; the tear of virtue,
That sweetens grief to rapture. All her laws
Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs still.

Arc. The tale unmans my soul.

Phil. Ye tyrants hear it,
And learn, that, while your cruelty prepares
Unheard of torture, virtue can keep pace
With your worst efforts, and can try new modes
To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

Arc. Philotas, for Euphrasia, in her cause
I now can hazard all. Let us preserve
Her father for her.

Phil. Oh! her lovely daring
Transcends all praise. By Heav'n he shall not die.

Arc. And yet we must be wary; I'll go forth,
And first explore each avenue around,
Lest the fix'd sentinel obstruct your purpose. [Exit.

Phil. I thank thee, Arcas; we will act like men
Who feel for others woes—She leads him forth,
And tremblingly supports his drooping age.

[Goes to assist him.]

Enter EUPHRASIA, and EVANDER.

Evan. Euphrasia, oh, my child! returning life
Glowes here about my heart. Conduct me forward:
At the last gasp preserv'd! Hail dawning light!
Let me behold; in faith I see thee now;
I do indeed: the father sees his child.

Euph. I have reliev'd him—Oh! the joy's too
great;

*Tis speechless rapture!

Evan. Blessings, blessings on thee!

Euph. My father still shall live. Alas! Philotas,
Could I abandon that white hoary head,
That venerable form?—Abandon him
To perish here in misery and famine?

Phil. Thy tears, thou miracle of goodness!
Have triumph'd o'er me; these round gushing drops
Attest your conquest. Take him, take your father;
Convey him hence; I do release him to you.

Evan. What said Philotas! Do I fondly dream?
Indeed my senses are imperfect; yet
Methought I heard him! Did he say release me?

Phil. Thou art my king, and now no more my
pris'ner;
Go with your daughter, with that wondrous pattern
Of filial piety to after times.
Yes, princess, lead him forth; I'll point the path,
Whose soft declivity will guide your steps
To the deep vale, which these o'er-hanging rocks
Encompass round. You may convey him thence

To some safe shelter. Yet a moment's pause ;
I must conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.
Yes, I will save 'em—Oh, returning virtue !
How big with joy one moment in thy service !
That wretched pair ! I'll perish in their cause. [Exit.]

Evan. Whither, oh ! whither shall Evander go ?
I'm at the goal of life ; if in the race
Honour has follow'd with no ling'ring step,
But there sits smiling with her laurel'd wreath
To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,
And not inglorious lay me down to rest.

Euph. And will you then refuse, when thus the
gods

Afford a refuge to thee ?

Evan. Oh ! my child,
There is no refuge for me.

Euph. Pardon, sir :
Euphrasia's care has form'd a safe retreat ;
There may'st thou dwell ; it will not long be wanted.
Soon shall Timoleon, with resistless force,
Burst yon devoted walls.

Evan. Timoleon !

Euph. Yes,
The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece ;
Another day shall make the city his.

Evan. Timoleon come to vindicate my rights !
Oh ! thou shalt reign in Sicily ! my child
Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent Heav'n !
Pour down your blessings on this best of daughters ;
To her and Phocion give Evander's crown ;

Let them, oh! let them both in virtue wear it,
And in due time transmit it to their boy !

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. All things are apt ; the drowsy sentinel
Lies hush'd in sleep ; I'll marshal thee the way
Down the steep rock.

Euph. Oh! let us quickly hence.

Evan. The blood but loiters in these frozen veins.
Do you, whose youthful spirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpse.

To me had Heav'n decreed a longer date,
It ne'er had suffer'd a fell monster's reign,
Nor let me see the carnage of my people.
Farewell, Euphrasia ; in one lov'd embrace
To these remains pay the last obsequies,
And leave me here to sink to silent dust.

Euph. And will you then, on self-destruction bent,
Reject my pray'r, nor trust your fate with me ?

Evan. Trust thee ! Euphrasia ? Trust in thee, my
child ?
Though life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, since bestow'd by thee.
Oh ! thou art good ; thy virtue soars a flight
For the wide world to wonder at ; in thee,
Hear it all nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Rampart near the Harbour. Enter MELANTHON and PHILOTAS.

Melanthon.

And lives he still?

Phil. He does; and kindly aliment
Renews the springs of life.

Melan. And doth he know
The glorious work the destinies prepare?

Phil. He is inform'd of all.

Melan. That Greek Timoleon
Comes his deliverer, and the fell usurper
Pants in the last extreme?

Phil. The glorious tidings
Have reach'd his ear.

Melan. Lead on, propitious Pow'rs!
Your great design; second the Grecian arms,
And whelm the sons of Carthage in the deep.

Phil. This hour decides their doom; and lo! Eu-
phrasia
Stands on the jutting rock, that rock, where oft
Whole days she sat in pensive sorrow fix'd,
And swell'd with streaming tears the restless deep.
There, now with other sentiments elate,
She views Timoleon with victorious prow
Glide thro' the waves, and sees the scatter'd navy
Of Carthage fly before him.

Melan. Blest event!

Evander, if thou mock'st me not, shall live
Once more to see the justice of the gods.
But wilt thou still protect my royal master?
Wilt thou admit me to his wish'd-for presence?

Phil. Let it suffice that no assassin's aim
Can now assault him: I must hence, Melanthon;
I now must mingle with the tyrant's train,
And, with a semblance of obsequious duty,
Delude suspicion's eye: My friend, farewell. [Exit.]

Melan. If he deceive me not with specious hopes,
I shall behold the sov'reign, in whose service
These temples felt the iron casque of war,
And these white hairs have silver'd o'er my head.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. See there; behold 'em; lo! the fierce encounter;
He rushes on; the ocean flames around
With the bright flash of arms; the echoin' hills
Rebelow to the roar.

Melan. The gods are with us,
And victory is ours.

Euph. High on the stern
The Grecian leaders stand: they stem the surge;
Launch'd from their arm the missive lightnings fly,
And the Barbaric fleet is wrapt in fire.
And lo! yon bark, down in the roaring gulph;
And there, more, more are perishing---Behold!
They plunge for ever lost.

Melan. So perish all,
Who from yon continent unfurl their sails,
To shake the freedom of this sea-girt isle!

Euph. Did I not say, Melanthon, did I not
Presage the glories of Timoleon's triumph!
Where now are Afric's sons? The vanquish'd tyrant
Shall look aghast; his heart shall shrink appall'd,
And dread his malefactions! Worse than famine,
Despair shall fasten on him!

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, &c.

Dion. Base deserters! Curse on their Punic faith! Did they once dare To grapple with the Greek? Ere yet the main Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ships averse. May storms and tempests follow in their rear, And dash their fleet upon the Libyan shore!

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. My liege, Timoleon where the harbour opens Has storm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet Pursues its course, and steers athwart the bay.

Dion. Ruin impends; and yet, if fall it must, I bear a mind to meet it, undismay'd, Unconquer'd ev'n by fate.

Cal. Through ev'ry street Despair and terror fly. A panic spreads From man to man, and superstition sees. Jove arm'd with thunder, and the gods against us.

Dion. With sacred rites, their wrath must be appeas'd.

Let instant victims at the altar bleed ;
 Let incense roll its fragrant clouds to Heav'n,
 And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
 In slow procession to the temple bear
 The image of their gods.

Euph. Ha !—Does the tyrant
 Dare with unhallow'd step, with crimes and guilt,
 Approach the sacred fane ?—Alas ! my father,
 Where now thy sanctuary ? What place shall hide
 Thy persecuted virtue ? [Aside.]

Dion. Thou, Euphrasia,
 Lead forth the pious band. This very moment.
 Issue our orders.

Euph. With consenting heart
 Euphrasia goes to waft her pray'rs to Heav'n. [Exit.]

Dion. The solemn sacrifice, the virgin throng,
 Will gain the popular belief, and kindle
 In the fierce soldiery religious rage.
 Away, my friends, prepare the sacred rites.

[Exit Calippus, &c.]
 Philotas, thou draw near : how fares your prisoner ?
 Has he yet breath'd his last ?

Phil. Life ebbs apace ;
 To-morrow's sun sees him a breathless corse.

Dion. Curse on his ling'ring pangs ! Sicilia's crown
 No more shall deck his brow ; and if the sand
 Still loiter in the glass, thy hand, my friend,
 May shake it thence.

Phil. It shall, dread sir ; that task
Leave to thy faithful servant.

Dion. Oh ! Philotas,
Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of empire.
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns
A conqueror's breast, but serves, my friend, to hide
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorse.
Each object round me wakens horrid doubts ;
The flatt'ring train, the sentinel that guards me,
The slave that waits, all give some new alarm,
And from the means of safety dangers rise.
Ev'n victory itself plants anguish here,
And round my laurels the fell serpent twines.

Phil. Would Dionysius abdicate his crown,
And sue for terms of peace ?

Dion. Detested thought !
No, though ambition teem with countless ills,
It still has charms of pow'r to fire the soul.
Tho' horrors multiply around my head,
I will oppose them all. The pomp of sacrifice
But now ordain'd, is mockery to Heav'n.
'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless ; then let daring guilt
Be my inspirer, and consummate all.
Where are those Greeks, the captives of my sword,
Whose desp'rate valour rush'd within our walls,
Fought near our person, and the pointed lance
Aim'd at my breast ?

Phil. In chains they wait their doom.

Dion. Give me to see 'em ; bring the slaves be-
fore me.

Phil. What, ho! Melanthon, this way lead your prisoners.

Enter MELANTHON, with Greek Officers and Soldiers.

Dion. Assassins and not warriors I do ye come,
When the wide range of battle claims your sword,
Thus do you come against a single life
To wage the war? Did not our buckler ring
With all your darts in one collected volley
Shower'd on my head? Did not your swords at once
Point at my breast, and thirst for regal blood?

Greek Off. We sought thy life. I am by birth a Greek.

An open foe in arms I meant to slay
The foe of human kind. With rival ardour
We took the field; one voice, one mind, one heart;
All leagu'd, all covenanted: in yon camp
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall scale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like assault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

Dion. Thus then I warn them of my great revenge.
Whoe'er in battle shall become our pris'ner,
In torment meets his doom.

Greek Off. Then wilt thou see
How vile the body to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have sworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks;

Ours the first lot ; we've fail'd ; on yonder plain
Appear in arms, the faithful band will meet thee.

Dion. Vile slave, no more. Melanthon, drag 'em
hence
To die in misery. Impal'd alive;
The winds shall parch them on the craggy cliff.
Selected from the rest let one depart
A messenger to Greece, to tell the fate
Her chosen sons, her first adventurers met. [Exit.]

Melan. Unhappy men ! how shall my care protect
Your forfeit lives ? Philotas, thou conduct them
To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that recess,
Midst the wild tumult of eventful war,
We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell :
That officer will guide your steps.

[All follow Philotas, except Phocion.]

Pho. Disguis'd
Thus in a soldier's garb he knows me not.
Melanthon !

Melan. Ha !—Those accents !—Phocion here ?

Pho. Yes, Phocion here ! Speak, quickly tell me,
say

How fares Euphrasia ?

Melan. Ha ! beware ;—Philotas,
Conduct those pris'ners hence ; this soldier here
Shall bear the tidings to Timoleon's camp.

Pho. Oh ! satisfy my doubts ; how fares Euphrasia ?

Melan. Euphrasia lives, and fills the anxious mo-
ments

With ev'ry virtue. Wherefore venture hither?

Why with rash valour penetrate our gates?

Pho. Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait
Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count
The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuse
The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?
For her dear sake, all danger sinks before me;
For her I burst the barriers of the gate,

Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a passage.

A hundred chosen Greeks pursu'd my steps,
We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard
Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment
Down from the walls superior numbers came.
The tyrant led them on. We rush'd upon him,
If we could reach his heart, to end the war.
But Heav'n thought otherwise. Melanthon, say,
I fear to ask it, lives Evander still?

Melan. Alas! he lives imprison'd in the rock.
Thou must withdraw thee hence; regain once more
Timoleon's camp; alarm his slumb'ring rage;
Assail the walls; thou with thy phalanx seek
The subterraneous path; that way at night
The Greeks may enter, and let in destruction
To the great work of vengeance.

Pho. Wouldst thou have me
Basely retreat, while my Euphrasia trembles
Here on the ridge of peril? She perhaps
May fall unknown, unpitied, undistinguish'd,
Amidst the gen'ral carnage. Shall I leave her
To add that beauty to the purple heap?

No ; I will seek her in these walls accurst,
 Ev'n in the tyrant's palace ; save that life,
 My only source of joy, that life, whose loss
 Would make all Greece compoter in a murder,
 And damn a righteous cause.

- Melan.* Yet hear the voice
 Of sober age. Should Dionysius' spies
 Detect thee here, ruin involves us all :
 'Twere best retire, and seek Timoleon's tents ;
 Tell him, dismay and terror fill the city ;
- Ev'n now in Syracuse the tyrant's will
 Ordains with pomp oblations to the gods.
 His deadly hand still hot with recent blood,
 The monster dares approach the sacred altar :
 Thy voice may rouse Timoleon to th' assault,
 And bid him storm the works.

Pho. By Heav'n I will ;
 My breath shall wake his rage ; this very night,
 When sleep sits heavy on the slumb'ring city,
 Then Greece unsheathes her sword, and great revenge
 Shall stalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
 Of slaughter'd troops, a sacrifice to freedom !
 But first let me behold Euphrasia.

Melan. Hush
 Thy pent-up valour : to a secret haunt
 I'll guide thy steps : there dwell, and in apt time
 I'll bring Euphrasia to thy longing arms.

Pho. Wilt thou ?
Melan. By Heav'n I will ; another act
 Of desperate fury might endanger all.

The tyrant's busy guards are posted round ;
In silence follow ; thou shalt see Euphrasia.

Pho. Oh ! lead me to her ; that exalted virtue
With firmer nerve shall bid me grasp the javelin,
Shall bid my sword with more than lightning's swift-
ness

Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage
With blow repeated in the tyrant's veins. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*A Temple, with a Monument in the Middle. Enter EU-
PHASIA, ERIXENE, and other Female Attendants.*

Euph. This way, my virgins, this way bend your
steps.

Lo ! the sad sepulchre where, hears'd in death,
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,
And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof resounds,
There let me pay the tribute of a tear,
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's ashes.

Erix. Forbear, Euphrasia, to renew your sorrows.

Euph. My tears have dry'd their source ; then let
me here

Pay this sad visit to the honour'd clay
That moulders in the tomb. These sacred viands
I'll burn an off'ring to a parent's shade,
And sprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.

That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.

[She goes into the tomb.

Erix. Look down, propitious pow'rs! behold that virtue,
And heal the pangs that desolate her soul.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your scatter'd garments;
Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.
In vain the tyrant would appease with sacrifice
Th' impending wrath of ill-requited Heav'n.
Ill omens hover o'er us: at the altar
The victim dropt, ere the divining seer
Had gor'd his knife. The brazen statues tremble,
And from the marble, drops of blood distill.

Erix. Now, ye just gods, if vengeance you prepare,

Now find the guilty head.

Phil. Amidst the throng
A matron labours with th' inspiring god;
She stares, she raves, and with no mortal sound
Proclaims around, "Where Phœbus am I borne?
"I see their glittering spears; I see them charge;
"Bellona wades in blood; that mangled body,
"Deform'd with wounds and welt'ring in its gore,
"I know it well; Oh! close the dreadful scene;
"Relieve me, Phœbus, I have seen too much."

Erix. Alas! I tremble for Evander's fate:
Avert the omen, gods, and guard his life.

Enter EUPHRASIA from the Tomb.

Euph. Virgins, I thank you—Oh! more lightly now
My heart expands; the pious act is done,
And I have paid my tribute to a parent.
Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend his way?

Phil. He flies the altar; leaves th' unfinish'd rites.
No god there smiles propitious on his cause.
Fate lifts the awful balance; weighs his life,
The lives of numbers, in the trembling scale.

Euph. Despair and horror mark his haggard looks,
His wild, disorder'd step—He rushes forth;
Some new alarm demands him!—Ev'n now
He issues at yon portal!—Lo! see there,
The suppliant crowd disperses; wild with fear,
Distraction in each look, the wretched throng
Pours thro' the brazen gates—Do you retire,
Retire Philotas; let me here remain,
And give the moments of suspended fate
To pious worship and to filial love.

Phil. Alas! I fear to yield:—awhile I'll leave thee,
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming. [*Exit.*]

Euph. Now then, Euphrasia, now thou mayst
indulge
The purest ecstasy of soul. Come forth,
Thou man of wo, thou man of every virtue.

Enter EVANDER from the Monument.

Evan. And does the grave thus cast me up again
With a fond father's love to view thee ? Thus
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms ?

Euph. How fares my father now ?

Evan. Thy aid, Euphrasia,
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital stream
Deriv'st thy being ; with unheard-of duty
Thou hast repaid it to thy native source.

Euph. Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
Of all his goodness dwell within my heart,
Thou wilt not wonder.

Evan. Joy and wonder rise
In mix'd emotions !—Though departing hence,
After the storms of a tempestuous life,
Tho' I was entering the wish'd-for port,
Where all is peace, all bliss, and endless joy,
Yet here contented I can linger still
To view thy goodness, and applaud thy deeds,
Thou author of my life !—Did ever parent
Thus call his child before ?—My heart's too full,
My old fond heart runs o'er ; it aches with joy.

Euph. Alas, too much you over-rate your daughter ;
Nature and duty call'd me—Oh ! my father,
How didst thou bear thy long, long suff'rings ? How
Endure their barbarous rage.

Evan. My foes but did
To this old frame, what Nature's hand must do.

In the worst hour of pain, a voice still whisper'd me,
'Rouse thee, Evander; self-acquitting conscience
'Declares thee blameless, and the gods behold
thee.'

I was but going hence by mere decay
To that futurity which Plato taught,
Where the immortal spirit views the planets
Roll round the mighty year, and, wrapt in bliss,
Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.
Thither, oh! thither was Evander going,
But thou recall'st me; thou!

Euph. Timoleon too
Invites thee back to life.

Evan. And does he still
Urge on the siege?

Euph. His active genius comes
To scourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet
Half lost is swallow'd by the roaring sea.
The shatter'd refuse seek the Libyan shore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

Evan. These are thy wonders, Heaven! Abroad thy
spirit

Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are vanish'd.

Euph. Ha!—hark!—what noise is that! It comes
this way.

Some busy footstep beats the hallow'd pavement.
Oh! sir, retire—Ye pow'rs!—Philotas!—ha!

Enter PHILOTAS.

Phil. For thee, Euphrasia, Dionysius calls.

Some new suspicion goads him. At yon gate
I stopt Calippus, as with eager haste
He bent this way to seek thee.—Oh! my sovereign,
My king, my injur'd master, will you pardon
The wrongs I've done thee? [Kneels to Evander.]

Euan. Virtue such as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added lustre.

Phil. Oh! forgive
My ardent zeal; there is no time to waste.
You must withdraw, trust to your faithful friends.
Pass but another day, and Dionysius
Falls from a throne usurp'd.

Euan. But ere he pays
The forfeit of his crimes, what streams of blood
Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks I might
Prevent this waste of nature—I'll go forth,
And to my people shew their rightful king.

Euph. Banish that thought; forbear; the rash at-
.tempt

Were fatal to our hopes; oppress'd, dismay'd,
The people look aghast, and wan with fear
None will espouse your cause.

Euan. Yes all will dare.
To act like men;—their king, I gave myself
To a whole people. I made no reserve;
My life was theirs; each drop about my heart
Pledg'd to the public cause; devoted to it;
That was my compact; is the subject's less?
If they are all debas'd, and willing slaves,

The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
And the old sinking to ignoble graves,
Of such a race no matter who is king.
And yet I will not think it; no! my people
Are brave and gen'rous; I will trust their valour.

Euph. Yet stay; yet be advis'd.

Phil. As yet, my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted measure.
The fates are busy: wait the vast event.
Trust to my truth and honour. Witness, gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove
Philotas swears—

Evan. Forbear: the man like thee,
Who feels the best emotions of the heart,
Truth, reason, justice, honour's fine excitements,
Acts by those laws, and wants no other sanction.

Euph. Again, th' alarm approaches; sure destruction
To thee, to all will follow:—hark! a sound
Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted aisle.
It gains upon the ear. Withdraw, my father;
All's lost if thou art seen.

Phil. And, lo! Calippus
Darts with the lightning's speed across the aisle.

Evan. Thou at the senate-house convene my friends.
Melanthon, Dion, and their brave associates,
Will shew that liberty has leaders still.
Anon I'll meet 'em there: my child, farewell;
Thou shalt direct me now.

Euph. Too cruel fate!

The tomb is all the mansion I can give;
My mother's tomb! [Evander enters the tomb.

Phil. You must be brief; th' alarm
Each moment nearer comes. In ev'ry sound
Destruction threatens. Hail by Heaven this way
Calippus comes—Let me retard his speed. [Exit.

Euph. [Coming forward.] How my distracted heart
throbs wild with fear!
What brings Calippus? wherefore? save the Heaven!

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. This sullen musing in these drear abodes
Alarms suspicion: the king knows thy plottings,
Thy rooted hatred to the state and him.
His sov'reign will commands thee to repair
This moment to his presence.

**Euph.* Hail what means
The tyrant?—I obey [Exit Calippus.] and, oh! ye
pow'rs;
Ye ministers of Heaven! defend my father;
Support his drooping age; and when anon
Avenging justice shakes her crimson steel,
Oh! be the grave at least a place of rest;
That from his covert in the hour of peace
Forth he may come to bless a willing people,
And be your own just image here on earth. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter MELANTHON and PHILOTAS.

Melanthon.

Away; no more; pernicious, vile dissembler!

Phil. Wherefore this frantic rage?

Melan. Thou canst not varnish
With thy perfidious arts a crime like this,
I climb'd the rugged cliff; but, oh! thou traitor,
Where is Evander? Thro' each dungeon's gloom
I sought the good old king: the guilt is thine;
May vengeance wait thee for it.

Phil. Still, Melanthon,
Let prudence guide thee.

Melan. Thou hast plung'd thee down
Far as the lowest depth of hell-born crimes;
Thou hast out-gone all registers of guilt;
Beyond all fable hast thou sinn'd, Philotas.

Phil. By Heav'n thou wrong'st me: didst thou
know, old man——

Melan. Could not his rev'rend age, could not his
virtue,
His woes unnumber'd, soften thee to pity?
Thou hast destroy'd my king.

Phil. Yet wilt thou hear me?
Your king still lives.

Melan. Thou vile deceiver! — Lives!
But where? Away; no more. I charge thee, leave me.

Phil. We have remov'd him to a sure asylum.

Melan. Remov'd !—Thou traitor ! what dark privacy—

Why move him thence ? The vile assassin's stab
Has clos'd his days—calm unrelenting villain !
I know it all.

Phil. By ev'ry pow'r above
Evander lives ; in safety lives. Last night,
When in his dark embrace sleep wrapt the world,
Euphrasia came, a spectacle of wo ;
Dar'd to approach our guard, and with her tears,
With vehemence of grief, she touch'd my heart.
I gave her father to her.

Melan. How, Philotas !
If thou dost not deceive me——

Phil. No, by Heaven !
By ev'ry pow'r above—But hark ! those notes
Speak Dionysius near : anon, my friend,
I'll tell thee each particular ; thy king
Mean while is safe—but lo ! the tyrant comes ;
With guilt like his I must equivocate,
And teach ev'n truth and honour to dissemble.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, &c.

Dion. Away each vain alarm ; the sun goes down.
Nor yet Timoleon issues from his fleet.
There let him linger on the wave-worn beach ;
Here the vain Greek shall find another Troy,
A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,
Ourselves, still Dionysius here remains.

And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace ?
By Heav'n, this panting bosom hop'd to meet
His boisted phalanx on the embattled plain.
And doth he now, on peaceful counsils bent,
Dispatch his herald ?—Let the slave approach.

Enter the Herald.

Dion. Now speak thy purpose; what doth Greece
impart ?

Her. Timoleon, sir, whose great renown in arms
Is equall'd only by the softer virtues
Of mild humanity that sway his heart,
Sends me his delegate to offer terms,
On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which
The fiercest nature, though it spurn at justice,
May sympathize with his.

Dion. Unfold thy mystery;
Thou shalt be heard.

Her. The gen'rous leader sees,
With pity sees, the wild destructive havoc
Of ruthless war; he hath survey'd around
The heaps of slain that cover yonder field,
And, touch'd with gen'rous sense of human woe,
Weeps o'er his victories.

Dion. Your leader weeps !
Then let the author of those ills thou speak'st of,
Let the ambitious factor of destruction,
Timely retreat, and close the scene of blood,
Why doth affrighted peace behold his standard

Uprear'd in Sicily ; and wherefore here
 The iron ranks of war, from which the shepherd
 Retires appall'd, and leaves the blasted hopes
 Of half the year, while closer to her breast
 The mother clasps her infant ?

Her. 'Tis not mine

To plead Timoleon's cause ; not mine the office
 To justify the strong, the righteous motives
 That urge him to the war : the only scope
 My deputation aims at, is to fix
 An interval of peace, a pause of horror,
 That they, whose bodies on the naked shore
 Lie weltering in their blood, from either host
 May meet the last sad rites to nature due,
 And decent lie in honourable graves.

Dion. Go tell your leader, his pretexts are vain.
 Let him, with those that live, embark for Greece,
 And leave our peaceful plains ; the mangled limbs
 Of those he murder'd, from my tender care,
 Shall meet due obsequies.

Her. The hero, sir,

Wages no war with those, who bravely die.
 'Tis for the dead I supplicate ; for them
 We sue for peace : and to the living too
 Timoleon would extend it, but the groans
 Of a whole people have unsheathe'd his sword.
 A single day will pay the funeral rites.
 To-morrow's sun may see both armies meet
 Without hostility, and all in honour ;
 You to inter the troops, who bravely fell ;

We, on our part, to give an humble sod
To those, who gain'd a footing on the isle,
And by their death have conquer'd.

Dion. Be it so ;
I grant thy suit : soon as to-morrow's dawn
Illume the world, the rage of wasting war
In vain shall thirst for blood : but mark my words ;
If the next orient sun behold you here,
That hour shall see me terrible in arms
Deluge yon plain, and let destruction loose.
Thou know'st my last resolve, and now farewell.
Some careful officer conduct him forth.

[*Exit Herald.*]

By Heav'n the Greek hath offer'd to my sword
An easy prey ; a sacrifice to glut
My great revenge. Calippus, let each soldier
This night resign his wearied limbs to rest,
That ere the dawn, with renovated strength,
On the unguarded, unsuspecting foe,
Disarm'd, and bent on superstitious rites,
From ev'ry quarter we may rush undaunted,
Give the invaders to the deathful steel,
And by one carnage bury all in ruin.
My valiant friends haste to your several posts,
And let this night a calm unruffled spirit
Lie hush'd in sleep : away, my friends, disperse.
Philotas, waits Euphrasia as we order'd ?

Phil. She's here at hand.

Dion. Admit her to our presence.

Rage and despair, a thousand warring passions,
All rise by turns, and piecemeal rend my heart.
Yet ev'ry means, all measures must be tried,
To sweep the Grecian spoiler from the land,
And fix the crown unshaken on my brow.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. What sudden cause requires Euphrasia's presence?

Dion. Approach, fair mourner, and dispel thy fears.
Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat,
Respect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care
To sooth affliction, and extend his life,
Evander has commanded.

Euph. Vile dissembler!
Detested homicide! [Aside.]—And has thy heart
Felt for the wretched?

Dion. Urgencies of state
Abridg'd his liberty; but to his person
All honour hath been paid.

Euph. The righteous gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay
Just retribution.

Dion. If to see your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,
Will calm thy breast, and dry those beauteous tears,
A moment more shall bring him to your presence.

Euph. Ha! lead him hither! Sir, to move him now,

Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years—
No, let me seek him rather—if soft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh! send me, send me to him.

Dion. Control this wild alarm; with prudent care
Philotas shall conduct him; here I grant
The tender interview.

Euph. Disastrous fate!
Ruin impends!—This will discover all;
I'll perish first; provoke his utmost rage. [Aside.
Tho' much I languish to behold my father,
Yet now it were not fit—the sun goes down;
Night falls apace; soon as returning day—

Dion. This night, this very hour, you both must
meet.

Together you may serve the state and me.
Thou see'st the havock of wide wasting war;
And more, full well you know, are still to bleed.
Thou may'st prevent their fate.

Euph. Oh! give the means,
And I will bless thee for it.

Dion. From a Greek,
Torments have wrung the truth. Thy husband,
Phocion—

Euph. Oh! say, speak of my Phocion.

Dion. He; 'tis he
Hath kindled up this war; with treacherous arts
Inflam'd the states of Greece, and now the traitor
Comes with a foreign aid to wrest my crown.

Euph. And does my Phocion share Timoleon's
glory?

Dion. - With him invests our walls, and bids rebel-lion

Erect her standard here.

Euph. Oh ! bless him, Gods !

Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
List on his side ; against the hostile javelin
Upear his mighty buckler ; to his sword
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
With wreaths of triumph, and with conquest crown'd ;
And his Euphrasia spring with rapture to him,
Melt in his arms, and a whole nation's voice
Applaud my hero with a love like mine !

Dion. Ungrateful fair ! Has not our sovereign will
On thy descendants fix'd Sicilia's crown ?
Have I not vow'd protection to your boy ?

Euph. From thee the crown ! From thee ! Eu-phrasia's children
Shall on a nobler basis found their rights,
On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

Dion. Misguided woman !

Euph. Ask of thee protection !
The father's valour shall protect his boy.

Dion. Rush not on sure destruction ; ere too late
Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are these :
Instant send forth a message to your husband ;
Bid him draw off his Greeks, unmoor his fleet,
And measure back his way. Full well he knows
You and your father are my hostages ;
And for his treason both may answer.

Euph. Think'st thou then

So meanly of my Phocion!—Dost thou deem him
Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
To melt away in a weak woman's tear?
Oh! thou dost little know him; know'st but little
Of his exalted soul. With gen'rous ardour
Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,
And gain the ever honour'd, bright reward
Which fame intwines around the patriot's brow,
And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,
For nations free'd and tyrants laid in dust.

Dion. By Heav'n, this night Evander breathes his
last.

Euph. Better for him to sink at once to rest,
Than linger thus beneath the gripe of famine,
In a vile dungeon scoop'd with barb'rous skill
Deep in the flinty rock; a monument
Of that fell malice and that black suspicion
That mark'd your father's reign; a dungeon drear
Prepar'd for innocence!—Vice liv'd secure,
It flourish'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart;
'Twas virtue only could give umbrage; then,
In that black period, to be great and good
Was a state crime; the pow'rs of genius then
Were a constructive treason.

Dion. Ha! beware,
Nor with vile calumny provoke my rage.

Euph. Whate'er was laudable, whate'er was wor-
thy,
Sunk under foul oppression; freeborn men
Were torn in private from their household gods,

Shut from the light of Heaven in cavern'd cells,
 Chain'd to the grunsel edge, and left to pine
 In bitterness of soul ; while in the vaulted roof
 The tyrant sat, and through a secret channel
 Collected ev'ry sound ; heard each complaint
 Of martyr'd virtue ; kept a register
 Of sighs and groans by cruelty extorted ;
 Noted the honest language of the heart ;
 Then on the victims wreak'd his murd'rous rage,
 For yielding to the feelings of their nature.

Dion. Obdurate woman ! obstinate in ill !
 Here ends all parley. Now your father's doom
 Is fix'd ; irrevocably fix'd.

Euph. Thy doom, perhaps,
 May first be fix'd : the doom that ever waits
 The fell oppressor, from a throne usurp'd
 Hurl'd headlong down. Think of thy father's fate
 At Corinth, Dionysius !

Dion. Ha ! this night
 Evander dies ; and thou, detested fair !
 Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
 Pursues his wearied life through every nerve.
 I scorn all dull delay. This very night
 Shall sate my great revenge.

[Exit.]

Euph. This night perhaps
 Shall whelm thee down, no more to blast creation.
 My father, who inhabit'st with the dead,
 Now let me seek thee in the lonely tomb,
 And tremble there with anxious hope and fear.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Inside of the Temple. Enter PHOCION and MELANTHON.

Pho. Each step I move, a grateful terror shakes
My frame to dissolution.

Melan. Summon all
Thy wonted firmness; in that dreary vault
A living king is number'd with the dead.
I'll take my post, near where the pillar'd aisle
Supports the central dome, that no alarm
Surprise you in the pious act.

[Exit.]

Pho. If here
They both are found; if in Evander's arms
Euphrasia meets my search, the fates atone
For all my suff'rings, all afflictions past.
Yes, I will seek them—ha!—the gaping tomb
Invites my steps—now be propitious, Heaven!

[He enters the tomb.]

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euph. All hail ye caves of horror!—In this gloom
Divine content can dwell, the heartfelt tear,
Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
Will catch, and wipe the sorrows from my eye.
Thou Pow'r supreme, whose all-pervading mind

G

Guides this great frame of things ; who now behold'st
me,

Who in that cave of death art full as perfect
As in the gorgeous palace, now, while night
Broods o'er the world, I'll to thy sacred shrine,
And supplicate thy mercies to my father.
Who's there ?—Evander ?—Answer—tell me—
speak—

Enter PHOCION, from the Tomb.

Pho. What voice is that !—Melantho !

Euph. Ha ! those sounds—

Speak of Evander ; tell me that he lives,
Or lost Euphrasia dies.

Pho. Heart-swelling transport !
Art thou Euphrasia ? 'tis thy Phocion, love ;
Thy husband comes.

Euph. Support me ; reach thy hand.

Pho. Once more I clasp her in this fond embrace !

Euph. What miracle has brought thee to me ?

Pho. Love

Inspir'd my heart, and guided all my ways.

Euph. Oh ! thou dear wanderer ! But wherefore
here ?

Why in this place of woe ? my tender little one,
Say, is he safe ? oh ! satisfy a mother ;
Speak of my child, or I grow wild at once.
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own.

Pho. Your boy is safe, Euphrasia ; lives to reign
In Sicily ; Timoleon's gen'rous care

Protects him in his camp ; dispel thy fears ;
The gods once more will give him to thy arms.

Euph. My father lives sepulchred ere his time
Here in Eudocia's tomb ; let me conduct thee.

Pho. I came this moment thence.

Euph. And saw Evander ?

Pho. Alas ! I found him not.

Euph. Not found him there ?
And have they then—have the fell murderers—Oh !

[*Faints away.*]

Pho. I've been too rash ; revive, my love, revive ;
Thy Phocion calls ; the gods will guard Evander,
And save him to reward thy matchless virtue.

Enter EVANDER and MELANTHON.

Evan. Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged steps ;
Where is he ? Let me see him.

Pho. My Euphrasia ;
Thy father lives ;—thou venerable man !
Behold—I cannot fly to thy embrace.

Euph. These agonies must end me ; ah, my father !
Again I have him ; gracious Pow'rs ! again
I clasp his hand, and bathe it with my tears.

Evan. Euphrasia ! Phocion too ! Yes, both are
here ;

Oh ! let me thus, thus strain you to my heart.

Pho. Protected by a daughter's tender care,
By my Euphrasia sav'd ! That sweet reflection
Exalts the bliss to rapture,

G ij.

Euph. Why, my father,
Why thus adventure forth ? The strong alarm
O'erwhelm'd my spirits.

Evan. I went forth, my child,
When all was dark, and awful silence round,
To throw me prostrate at the altar's foot,
And crave the care of Heav'n for thee and thine.
Melanthon there——

Enter PHILOTAS.

Euph. Philotas ! ha ! what means——

Phil. Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you :
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze ;
Unsated yet with blood, he calls aloud
For thee, Evander ; thee his rage hath ordered
This moment to his presence.

Evan. Lead me to him :
His presence hath no terror for Evander.

Euph. Horror ! it must not be.

Phil. No ; never, never :
I'll perish rather. But the time demands
Our utmost vigour ; with the lightning's speed
Decisive, rapid. With the scorpion stings
Of conscience lash'd, despair and horror seize him,
And guilt but serves to goad his tortur'd mind
To blacker crimes. His policy has granted
A day's suspense from arms ; yet even now
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
With base surprise, to storm Timoleon's camp.

Evan. And doth he grant a false insidious truce,
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror ?

Euph. I know the monster well : when specious
seeming

Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within
Teems with destruction. Like our own mount *Aetna*,
When the deep snows invest his hoary head,
And a whole winter gathers on his brow,
Looking tranquillity ; ev'n then beneath
The fuel'd entrails summon all their rage,
Till the affrighted shepherd round him sees
The sudden ruin, the vulcano's burst,
Mountains hurl'd up in air, and moulten rocks,
And all the land with desolation cover'd.

Melan. Now, Phocion, now, on thee our hope de-
penda.

Fly to Timoleon ; I can grant a passport :
Rouze him to vengeance ; on the tyrant turn
His own insidious arts, or all is lost.

Pho. Evander thou, and thou, my best Euphrasia,
Both shall attend my flight.

Melan. It were in vain ;
Th' attempt would hazard all.

Euph. Together here
We will remain, safe in the cave of death ;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

Evan. Oh ! would the gods roll back the stream of
time,
And give this arm the sinew that it boasted
At Tauromenium, when its force resistless

Mow'd down the ranks of war ; I then might guide
The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add still another laurel to my brow.

Euph. Enough of laurell'd victory your sword
Hath reap'd in earlier days.

Evan. And shall my sword,
When the great cause of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite ?
Youth, second youth rekindles in my veins :
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know its office ;
Will shew that victory has not forgot
Acquaintance with this hand.—And yet—O shame !
It will not be : the momentary blaze
Sinks, and expires : I have surviv'd it all ;
Surviv'd my reign, my people, and myself.

Euph. Fly, Phocion, fly ; Melanthon will conduct
thee.

Melan. And when th' assault begins, my faithful
cohorts
Shall form their ranks around this sacred dome.

Pho. And my poor captive friends, my brave com-
panions
Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives ?

Melan. Trust to my care : no danger shall assail
them.

Pho. By Heav'n, the glorious expectation swells
This panting bosom ! Yes, Euphrasia, yes ;
Awhile I leave you to the care of Heaven.
Fell Dionysius tremble ; ere the dawn
Timoleon thunders at your gates ; the rage,

The pent-up rage of twenty thousand Greeks,
Shall burst at once ; and the tumultuous roar
Alarm th' astonish'd world. The brazen gates
Asunder shall be rent ; the tow'rs, the ramparts,
Shall yield to Grecian valour ; death and rage
Thro' the wide city's round shall wade in gore,
And guilty men awake to gasp their last.

Melanthon, come.

Evan. Yet, ere thou go'st, young man,
Attend my words : tho' guilt may oft provoke,
As now it does, just vengeance on its head,
In mercy punish it. The rage of slaughter
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph ;
Bid him not shed unnecessary blood.
Conquest is proud, inexorable, fierce ;
It is humanity ennobles all.
So thinks Evander, and so tell Timoleon.

Pho. Farewell ; the midnight hour shall give you
freedom. [Exit with Melanthon and Phil.

Euph. Ye guardian deities, watch all his ways.

Evan. Come, my Euphrasia, in this interval
Together we will seek the sacred altar,
And thank the God, whose presence fills the dome,
For the best gift his bounty could bestow,
The virtue he has giv'n thee ; there we'll pour
Our hearts in praise, in tears of adoration,
For all the wondrous goodness lavish'd on us.

[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS.

Dionysius.

ERB the day clos'd, while yet the busy eye
Might view their camp, their stations, and their
guards,

Their preparations for approaching night,
Didst thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

Cal. From the watch-tow'r I saw them: all things
spoke

A foe secure, and discipline relax'd.

Their arms thrown idly by, the soldiers stray'd

To one another's tents; their steeds no more

Stood near at hand caparison'd for war;

And from the lines numbers pour'd out, to see

The spot where the besieg'd had sallied forth,

And the fieroe battle rag'd; to view the slain

That lie in heaps upon the crimson beach.

There the fond brother, the afflicted father,

And the friend, sought some vestige of the face

Of him who dy'd in battle; night came on;

Some slowly gain'd their tents: dispers'd around

Whole parties loiter'd, touch'd with deep regret;

War, and its train of duties, all forgot.

Dion. Their folly gives them to my sword: are all
My orders issued?

Cal. All.

Dion. The troops retir'd
To gain recruited vigour from repose ?

Cal. The city round lies hush'd in sleep.

Dion. Anon

Let each brave officer, of chosen valour,
Forsake his couch, and with delib'rate spirit,
Meet at the citadel. An hour at farthest
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to storm their camp ;
And whelm their men, their arms, and steeds and
tents,

In one prodigious ruin. Haste, Calippus,
Fly to thy post, and bid Euphrasia enter.

[Exit Calippus.

Evander dies this night : Euphrasia too
Shall be dispos'd of. Curse on Phocion's fraud,
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy.
In him the seed of future kings were crush'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguish'd.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Dion. Once more approach and hear me ; 'tis not
now

A time to waste in the vain war of words.

A crisis big with horror is at hand.

I meant to spare the stream of blood, that soon
Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair proposals
Thy haughty spirit has with scorn rejected.

And now, by Heav'n, here in thy very sight,
Evander breathes his last.

Euph. The truce you've granted

Suspends the rage of war: mean time send forth
 The orators of peace with olive crown'd,
 Timoleon, good and just, and ever willing
 To conquer rather by persuasive truth,
 Than by devouring slaughter, will agree
 In friendly parley to assert his rights,
 And compromise the war.

Dion. And must I sue
 For terms of peace?—To an invader sue?
 Since you, the fiend of Syracuse and Greece,
 Since you thus urge me on to deep-rate daring,
 Your father first—of him I'll be assur'd—
 Your father meets his fate.

Euph. If yet there's wanting
 A crime to fill the measure of thy guilt,
 Add that black murder to the dreadful list;
 With that complete the horrors of thy reign.

Dion. Woman, beware: Philotas is at hand,
 And to our presence leads Evander. All
 Thy dark complottings, and thy treach'rous arts,
 Have prov'd abortive.

Euph. Ha!—What new event?
 And is Philotas false?—Has he betray'd him? [*Aside.*]

Dion. Evander's doom is seal'd—What, ho! Phi-
 lotas;
 Now shalt thou see him die in pangs before thee.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Euph. How my heart sinks within me!

Dion. Where's your pris'ner?

Phil. Evander is no more.

Dion. Ha!—Death has robb'd me
Of half my great revenge.

Phil. Worn out with anguish,
I saw life ebb apace. With studied art
We gave each cordial drop, alas! in vain;
He heav'd a sigh; invok'd his daughter's name,
Smil'd and expir'd.

Dion. Bring me his heavy head.

Phil. You'll pardon, sir, my over-hasty zeal.
I gave the body to the foaming surge
Down the steep rock despis'd.

Dion. Now rave and shriek,
And rend your scatter'd hair. No more Evander
Shall sway Sicilia's sceptre.

Euph. Mighty gods!
The harden'd heart, the man elate with pride
View with compassion! To the bad extend
Some portion of your mercy; crimes and blood
Have made their souls a seat of desolation,
Of wo, despair, and horror! Turn to them
An eye of pity: whom your bounty form'd
To truth, to goodness, and to gen'rous deeds,
On them no more from your bright stores of bliss
You need dispense: their virtue will support them.

Dion. Now then thou feel'st my vengeance.

Euph. Glory in it;
Exult and triumph. Thy worst shaft is sped.
Yet still th' unconquer'd mind with scorn can view
thee;

With the calm sunshine of the breast can see
 Thy pow'r unequal to subdue the soul,
 Which virtue form'd, and which the gods protect.

Dion. Philotas, bear her hence ; she shall not live ;
 This moment bear her hence ; you know the rest ;
 Go, see our will obey'd ; that done, with all
 A warrior's speed attend me at the citadel ;
 There meet the heroes, whom this night shall lead
 To freedom, victory, to glorious havoc,
 And the destruction of the Grecian name. [Exit.

Euph. Accept my thanks, Philotas ; generous man !
 These tears attest th' emotions of my heart.
 But oh ! should Greece defer—

Phil. Dispel thy fears ;
 Phocion will bring relief ; or should the tyrant
 Assault their camp, he'll meet a marshall'd foe.
 Let me conduct thee to the silent tomb.

Euph. Ah ! there Evander, naked and disarm'd,
 Defenceless quite, may meet some ruffian stroke.

Phil. Lo ! here a weapon ; bear this dagger to him.
 In the drear monument should hostile steps
 Dare to approach him, they must enter singly ;
 This guards the passage ; man by man they die.
 There may'st thou dwell amidst the wild commotion.

Euph. Ye pitying gods, protect my father there !

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The Citadel. CALIPPUS and several Officers.

1st Offi. What new event thus summons us together ?
Cal. 'Tis great occasion calls ; Timoleon's ardour
 Comes rushing on ; his works rise high in air,
 Advance each day, and tow'r above our walls.
 One brave exploit may free us—Lo ! the king.

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Dion. Ye brave associates, who so oft have shar'd
 Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
 My fellow-warriors, what no god could promise,
 Fortune hath giv'n us. In his dark embrace
 Lo ! sleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.
 Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,
 Freebooters roving in pursuit of prey,
 Success by war, or covert stratagem,
 Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
 What need of words ? The gen'rous call of freedom,
 Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
 All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,
 Expands and rouses in the swelling heart.
 Follow th' impulsive ardour ; follow me,
 Your king, your leader ; in the friendly gloom
 Of night assault their camp ; your country's love,
 And fame eternal, shall attend the men
 Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem
 From the invader's pow'r their native land.

H

Cal. Lead to the onset; Greece shall find we bear
Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls,
Resolv'd to conquer or to die in freedom.

Dion. Thus I've resolv'd: when the declining
moon

Has veil'd her orb, our silent march begins.
The order thus:—Calippus, thou lead forth
Iberia's sons with the Numidian bands,
And line the shore.—Perdiccas, be it thine
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,
Where the wood skirts the valley; there make halt
Till brave Amyntor stretch along the vale.
Ourself, with the embodied cavalry
Clad in their mail'd cuirass, will circle round
To where their camp extends its furthest line;
Unnumber'd torches there shall blaze at once,
The signal of the charge; then, oh! my friends,
On every side let the wild uproar loose,
Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,
Unsparing, unrelenting; drench your swords
In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

Enter an Officer.

Ha! speak; unfold thy purpose.

Off. Instant arm;
To arms, my liege; the foe breaks in upon us;
The subterraneous path is theirs; that way
Their band invades the city sunk in sleep.

Dion. Treason's at work; detested, treach'rous
villains!

Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends,
Rouse all the war; fly to your sev'ral posts,
And instant bring all Syracuse in arms.

[*Exeunt. Warlike music.*

Enter MELANTHON.

Cal. Melanthon, now collect your faithful bands.

Melan. Do thou pursue the king; attend his steps:
Timoleon lords it in the captive city. [*Exit Calippus.*

Enter PHILOTAS.

Melan. Philotas, vengeance has begun its work.

Phil. The gods have sent relief; dismay, and terror,
And wild amaze, and death in ev'ry shape,
Fill the affrighted city.

Melan. Tyrant, now
Th' inevitable hour of fate is come.
Philotas, round the dome that holds Evander
We will arrange our men; there fix our post,
And guard that spot, till, like some god, Timoleon
Still the wild uproar, and bid slaughter cease. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Dion. Why sleep the coward slaves? All things
conspire;
The gods are leagu'd; I see them raze my tow'rs;
My walls and bulwarks fall, and Neptune's trident
From its foundation heaves the solid rock.
Pallas directs the storm; her gorgon shield
Glares in my view, and from the fleet she calls

Her Greeks enrag'd.—In arms I'll meet 'em all.
What, ho! my guards; arise, or wake no more.

Enter CALIPPUS.

Cal. This way, my liege; our friends, a valiant band,

Assemble here.

Dion. Give me to meet the Greek.

Our only safety lies in brave despair.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Inside of the Temple. A Monument in the Middle.
Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, and Female Attendants.

Euph. Which way, Erixene, which way, my virgins,
Shall we direct our steps? What sacred altar
Clasp on our knees?

Erix. Alas! the horrid tumult
Spreads the destruction wide. On ev'ry side
The victor's shouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,
In wild confusion rise. Once more descend
Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'st find a shelter.

Euph. Anon, Erixene, I mean to visit,
Perhaps for the last time, a mother's urn.
This dagger there, this instrument of death,
Should fortune prosper the fell tyrant's arms,
This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,
And that drear vault intomb us all in peace.

[*Puts up the dagger.*]

Hark! how the uproar swells! Alas! what numbers
 In Dionysius' cause shall yield their throats
 To the destructive sword!—Aloft I climb'd
 The temple's vaulted roof; the scene beneath
 Is horrible to sight; the domes and palaces
 Blaze to the sky; and where the flames forbear,
 The Greeks enrag'd brandish the gleaming sword.
 From the high roofs, to shun the raging fire,
 Wretches precipitate their fall. But oh!
 No pause, no mercy; to the edge o' th' sword
 They give their bodies; butcher'd, gash'd with
 wounds
 They die in mangled heaps, and with their limbs
 Cover the sanguine pavement.

Erix. Hark!

Euph. The din

Of arms with clearer sound advances. Hark!
 That sudden burst! Again! They rush upon us!
 The portal opens; lo! see there; behold!
 War, horrid war invades the sacred fane;
 No altar gives a sanctuary now. [Warlike music.

Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS, with several Soldiers.

Dion. Here will I mock their siege; here stand at
 bay,

And brave 'em to the last.

Cal. Our weary foes
 Desist from the pursuit.

Dion. Tho' all betray me,
 Tho' ev'ry god conspire, I will not yield.

If I must fall, the temple's pond'rous roof,
 The mansion of the gods combin'd against me
 Shall first be crush'd, and lie in ruin with me.
 Euphrasia here ! Detested, treach'rous woman !
 For my revenge preserv'd ! By Heav'n 'tis well ;
 Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good sword
 Thus sends thee to atone the bleeding victims
 This night has massacred.

Cal. [Holding Dionysius's arm.] My liege, forbear ;
 Her life preserv'd may plead your cause with Greece,
 And mitigate your fate.

Dion. Presumptuous slave !
 My rage is up in arms ; by Heav'n she dies.

Enter EVANDER from the Tomb.

Evan. Horror ! forbear ! Thou murd'rer hold thy
 hand !
 The gods behold thee, horrible assassin !
 Restraine the blow ; it were a stab to Heav'n ;
 All nature shudders at it ! Will no friend
 Arm in a cause like this a father's hand ?
 Strike at this bosom rather. Lo ! Evander
 Prostrate and groveling on the earth before thee ;
 He begs to die ; exhaust the scanty drops
 That lag about his heart ; but spare my child.

Dion. Evander !—Do my eyes once more behold
 him ?
 May the fiends seize Philotas ! Treach'rous slave !
 'Tis well thou liv'st ; thy death were poor revenge
 From any hand but mine. [Offers to strike.]

Euph. No, tyrant, no; [Rushing before Evander.
I have provok'd your vengeance; through this bosom
Open a passage; first on me, on me
Exhaust your fury; ev'ry Pow'r above
Commands thee to respect that aged head;
His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage;
Strike here; these veins are full; here's blood
enough;
The purple tide will gush to glad thy sight.

Dion. Amazement blasts and freezes ev'ry pow'r!
They shall not live. Hal! the fierce tide of war

[A flourish of trumpets.
This way comes rushing on. [Goes to the top of the stage.

Euph. [Embracing Evander.] Oh! thus, my father,
We'll perish thus together.

Dion. Bar the gates;
Close ev'ry passage, and repel their force.

Evan. And must I see thee bleed? Oh! for a
sword!

Bring, bring me daggers!

Euph. Hal!

Dion. [Advancing.] Guards, seize the slave,
And give him to my rage.

Evan. [Seiz'd by the guards.] Oh! spare her, spare
her.

Inhuman villains!

Euph. Now, one glorious effort!

Dion. Let me dispatch; thou traitor, thus my
arm—

Euph. A daughter's arm, fell monster, strikes the blow.

Yes, first she strikes; an injur'd daughter's arm
Sends thee devoted to th' infernal gods. {*He falls.*

Dion. Detested fiend! Thus by a woman's hand!

Euph. Yes, tyrant, yes; in a dear father's cause,
A woman's vengeance tow'rds above her sex.

Dion. May curses blast thy arm! May *Aetna*'s fires
Convulse the land; to its foundation shake
The groaning isle! May civil discord bear
Her flaming brand through all the realms of Greece;
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine. [Dies.

Euph. Behold, all Sicily behold!—The point
Glowes with the tyrant's blood. Ye slaves, [to the
guards.] look there;
Kneel to your rightful king: the blow for freedom
Gives you the rights of men! And, oh! my father,
My ever honour'd sire, it gives thee life.

Evan. My child; my daughter; sav'd again by
thee! [Embraces her.

A flourish of Trumpets. Enter PHOCION, MELAN-
THON, PHILOTAS, &c.

Pho. Now let the monster yield! My best Euphra-
sia!

Euph. My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my heart.
Lo! there the wonders of Euphrasia's arm!

Pho. And is the proud one fall'n! The dawn shall
see him

A spectacle for public view. Euphrasia!
Evander too! Thus to behold you both—

Evan. To her direct thy looks; there fix thy praise,
And gaze with wonder there. The life I gave her,
Oh, she has us'd it for the noblest ends!
To fill each duty; make her father feel
The purest joy, the heart-dissolving bliss
To have a grateful child. But has the rage
Of slaughter ceas'd?

Pho. It has.

Evan. Where is Timoleon?

Pho. He guards the citadel; there gives his orders
To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage
His conqu'ring troops.

Euph. Oh! once again, my father,
Thy sway shall bless the land. Not for himself
Timoleon conquers; to redress the wrongs
Of bleeding Sicily the hero comes.

Thee, good Melanthont, thee, thou gen'rous man,
His justice shall reward. Thee too, Philotas,
Whose sympathizing heart could fell the touch
Of soft humanity, the hero's bounty,
His brightest honours, shall be lavish'd on thee.
Evander too will place thee near his throne;
And shew mankind, ev'n on this shore of being,
That virtue still shall meet its sure reward.

Phil. I am rewarded: feelings such as mine
Are worth all dignities; my heart repays me.

Evan. Come, let us seek Timoleon; to his care
I will commend ye both: for now, alas!

Thrones and dominions now no more for me.
To thee I give my crown : yes, thou, Euphrasia,
Shalt reign in Sicily. And, oh ! ye Pow'rs,
In that bright eminence of care and peril,
Watch over all her ways ; conduct and guide
The goodness you inspir'd ; that she may prove,
If e'er distress like mine invade the land,
A parent to her people ; stretch the ray
Of filial piety to times unborn,
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,
And learn to emulate THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER !

[*Exeunt amores.*



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Spoken by Miss YOUNGE.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER's compliments to all;
Begs that for Epilogue you will not call;
For leering, giggling, would be out of season,
And hopes by me you'll hear a little reason.

A father rais'd from death & a nation sav'd!
A tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd!
That tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,
While Virtue's spell surrounding guards could charm?
Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,
Turn Father, Freedom, Virtue, all to jest?
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,
As wanton zephyrs wake the sleeping rose?
Dispel those clouds, which o'er your eye-lids crept,
Which our wise bard mistook, and swore you wept?
Shall she to MACCARONIES life restore,
Who yawn'd, half dead, and curs'd the tragic BORE?
Dismiss 'em smirking to their nightly haunt,
Where dice and cards their moon-struck minds enchant?
Some muffled like the witches in Macbeth,
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
Others the caldron go about—about!
And RUIN enters, as the FATES run out.

*Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn;
And bets are double!
Double, double!
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And all is bubble.*

*But jest apart, for scandal forms these tales ;
Falsehood be mute ; let justice hold the scales.
Britons were ne'er enslav'd by evil pow'rs :
To peace and wedded love they give the midnight hours.
From slumbers pure no rattling dice can wake 'em :
Who make the laws, were never known to break 'em.
'Tis false, ye fair, whatever spleen may say,
That you down folly's tide are borne away.
You never wish at deep distress to sneer ;
For eyes, tho' BRIGHT, are BRIGHTER through a TEAR.
Should it e'er be this nation's wretched fate,
To laugh at all that's good, and wise, and great :
Let Genius rouse, the friend of humankind,
To break those spells which charm, and sink the mind :
Let Comedy, with pointed ridicule,
Fierce to the quick each knave, and vicious fool :
Let Tragedy—a warning to the times,
Lift high her dagger at exalted crimes ;
Drive from the heart each base, unmanly passion,
Till Virtue triumph in despite of Fashion.*

THE END.

ISABELLA;
OR,
THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

A
TRAGEDY,

ALTERED FROM

SOUTHERN.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

**THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.**

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

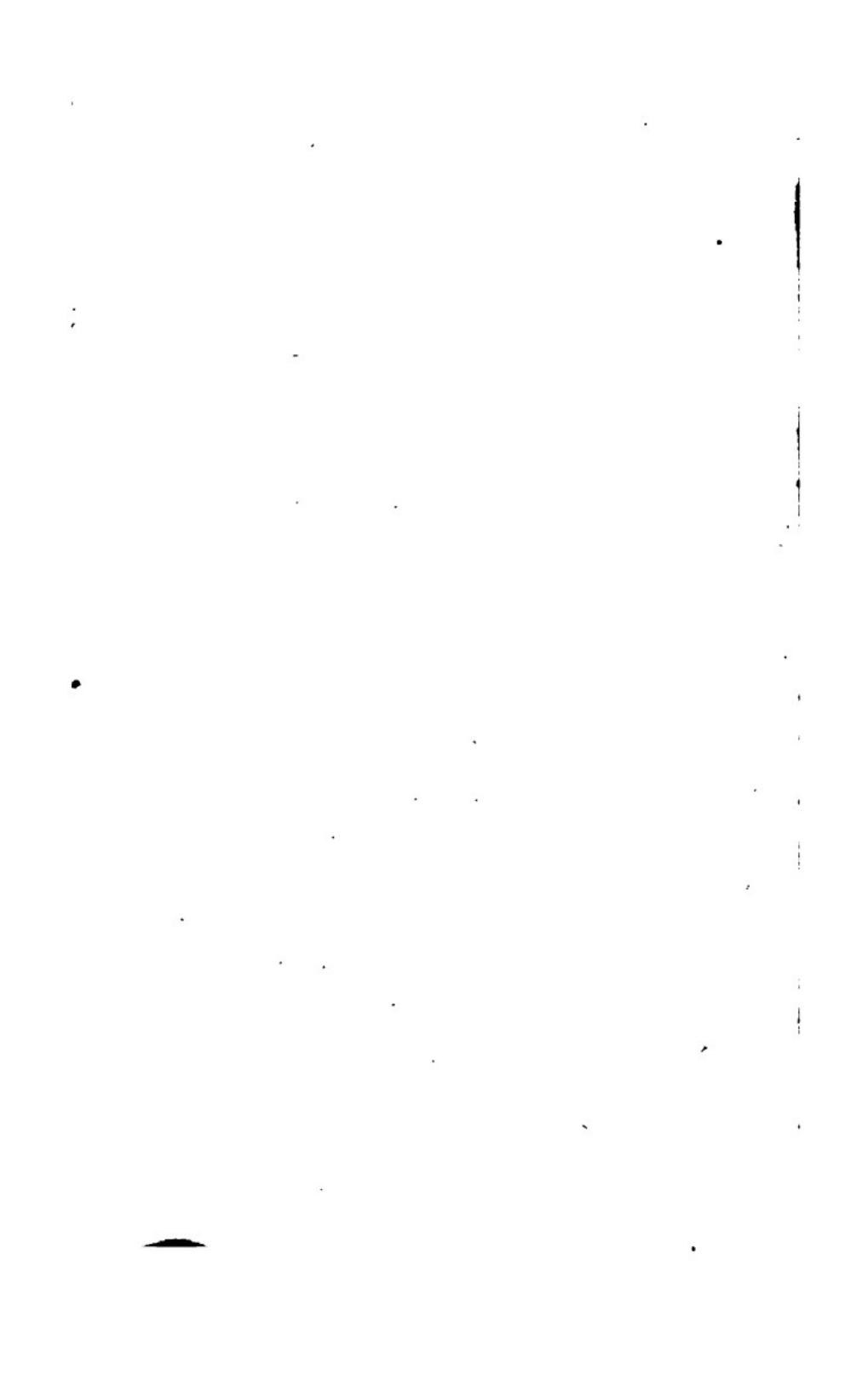
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"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

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JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
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MDCXCII.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the mixed drama of the last age, called Tragi-Comedy, has been generally condemned by the critics, and not without reason ; yet it has been found to succeed on the stage ; both the comic and tragic scenes have been applauded by the audience, without any particular exceptions : nor has it been observed, that the effect of either was less forcible, than it would have been, if they had not succeeded each other in the entertainment of the same night. The tragic part of this play has been always esteemed extremely natural and interesting ; and it would probably, like some others, have produced its full effect, notwithstanding the intervention of the comic scenes that are intermixed with it : the editor, therefore, would not have thought of removing them, if they had not been exceptionable in themselves, not only as indelicate, but as immoral ; for this reason he has suffered so much of the characters of the Porter and the Nurse to remain, as is not liable to this objection. He is, however, to account, not only for what he has taken away, but for what he has added. It will easily be comprehended, that the leaving out something made it absolutely necessary that something should be supplied ; and the public will be the more easily reconciled to this necessity, when they are acquainted that the additions are very inconsiderable, and that the editor has done his utmost to render them of a pieces with the rest. Several lines of the original, particularly in the part of Isabella, are printed, though they are omitted in the representation. Many things please in the reading, which may have little or no effect upon the stage. When

the passions are violent, and the speeches long, the performers must either spare their powers, or shorten their speeches. Mrs. Cibber chose the latter; by which she has been able to exert that force and expression which has been so strongly felt, and so sincerely applauded.

ISABELLA.

THIS play is built upon the agonies of a mind of keen sensibility, when known to have wedded a second husband while the first is living.

The power of SOUTHERN is the power of nature. No author, since Shakspere, possesses so sure a clue to all the labyrinths of the heart. His language is never tumid nor declamatory. What is to be spoken, therefore, at all times continues the impression, and the charm is unabating to the last.

Of a play to which the wonderful powers of Mrs. SIDDONS have so lately given its utmost force, the recollection of her exquisite performance will be the best eulogy of the author, who could thus furnish the scenes best adapted to her talents.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Count BALDWIN, father to Biron and Carlos Mr. Packer.
BIRON, married to Isabella, supposed dead - Mr. Kemble.
CARLOS, his younger brother - - - - Mr. Barrymore.
VILLEROY, in love with Isabella, marries her Mr. Palmer.
SAMPSON, Porter to Count Baldwin, - - - - Mr. Phillimore.
A Child of Isabella's by Biron - - - - Master Harlowe.
BELLFORD, a friend of Biron's - - - - Mr. R. Palmer.
PEDRO, a friend to Carlos - - - - Mr. Alfred.

Women.

ISABELLA, married to Biron and Villeroy - Mrs. Siddons.
Nurse to Biron - - - - Mrs. Booth.

Officers, Servants, Men and Women.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Count BALDWIN, father to Biron and Carlos Mr. Hull.
BIRON, married to Isabella, supposed dead - Mr. Holman.
CARLOS, his younger brother - - - - Mr. Harley.
VILLEROY, in love with Isabella, marries her Mr. Farren.
SAMPSON, porter to Count Baldwin - - - - Mr. Cubitt.
A Child of Isabella's, by Biron - - - - Miss Standen.
BELLFORD, a friend of Biron's - - - - Mr. Davies.
PEDRO, a friend to Carlos - - - - Mr. Thompson.

Women.

ISABELLA, married to Biron and Villeroy - Mrs. Esten.
Nurse to Biron - - - - Mrs. Pitt.

Officers, Servants, Men and Women.

SCENE, Brussels.



ISABELLA;

OR,

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Before Count BALDWIN's House. Enter VILLEROY
and CARLOS.*

Carlos.

THIS constancy of yours will establish an immortal reputation among the women.

Vil. If it would establish me with Isabella——

Car. Follow her, follow her: Troy town was won at last.

Vil. I have follow'd her these seven years, and now but live in hopes.

Car. But live in hopes! Why, hope is the ready road, the lover's baiting-place; and, for aught you know, but one stage short of the possession of your mistress.

Vil. But my hopes, I fear, are more of my own making than hers; and proceed rather from my wishes, than any encouragement she has given me.

B ij

" And heav'n's reward of well-deservers here,
" Would prove a plague to me; to see you always,
" And never see you mine! still to desire,
" And never to enjoy!"

Isa. I must not hear you.

Vil. Thus, at this awful distance, I have serv'd
A seven year's bondage—Do I call it bondage,
When I can never wish to be redeem'd?
No, let me rather linger out a life
Of expectation, that you may be mine,
Than be restor'd to the indifference
Of seeing you, without this pleasing pain:
I've lost myself, and never would be found,
But in these arms.

Isa. Oh, I have heard all this!
—But must no more—the charmer is no more:
My buried husband rises in the face
Of my dear boy, and chides me for my stay:
Canst thou forgive me, child?

Child. Why, have you done a fault? You cry as if
you had. Indeed now, I've done nothing to offend
you: but if you kiss me, and look so very sad upon
me, I shall cry too.

Isa. My little angel, no, you must not cry;
Sorrow will overtake thy steps too soon:
I should not hasten it.

Vil. What can I say!
The arguments that make against my hopes
Prevail upon my heart, and fix me more;
" Those pious tears you hourly throw away.

" Upon the grave, have all their quick'ning charms,
" And more engage my love, to make you mine :"
When yet a virgin, free, and undispos'd,
I lov'd, but saw you only with my eyes;
I could not reach the beauties of your soul :
I have since liv'd in contemplation,
And long experience of your growing goodness :
What then was passion, is my judgment now,
Thro' all the several changes of your life,
Confirm'd and settled in adoring you.

Isa. Nay, then I must be gone. If you're my friend,
If you regard my little interest,
No more of this; you see, I grant you all
That friendship will allow : be still my friend ;
That's all I can receive, or have to give.
I'm going to my father; he needs not an excuse
To use me ill: pray leave me to the trial.

Vil. I'm only born to be what you would have me,
The creature of your power, and must obey ;
In every thing obey you. I am going :
But all good fortune go along with you. [Exit.

Isa. I shall need all your wishes—— [Knocks.
Lock'd! and fast!
Where is the charity that us'd to stand
In our forefathers' hospitable days
At great men's doors, ready for our wants,
Like the good angel of the family,
With open arms taking the needy in,

To feed and clothe, to comfort and relieve 'em ?
Now even their gates are shut against their peer.

[She knocks again.]

Enter SAMPSON to her.

Samp. Well, what's to do now, I trow ? You knock as loud as if you were invited ; and that's more than I heard of ; but I can tell you, you may look twice about you for a welcome in a great man's family before you find it, unless you bring it along with you.

Isa. I hope I bring my welcome along with me : Is your lord at home ? Count Baldwin lives here still ?

Samp. Ay, ay, Count Baldwin does live here ; and I am his porter : but what's that to the purpose, good woman, of my lord's being at home ?

Isa. Why, don't you know me, friend ?

Samp. Not I, not I, mistress ; I may have seen you before, or so ; but men of employment must forget their acquaintance ; especially such as we are never to be the better for.

[Going to shut the door, Nurse enters, having overheard him.]

Nurse. Handsomer words would become you, and mend your manners, Sampson : do you know who you prate to ?

Isa. I'm glad you know me, nurse.

Nurse. Marry, heav'n forbid, madam, that I should ever forget you, or my little jewel : pray go in---[Isa-

bella goes in with her Child.] Now my blessing go along with you wherever you go, or whatever you are about. Fie, Sampson, how couldst thou be such a Saracen? A Turk would have been a better Christian, than to have done so barbarously by so good a lady.

Samp. Why look you, nurse, I know you of old: by your good-will you would have a finger in every body's pie: but mark the end on't; if I am called to account about it, I know what I have to say.

Nurse. Marry come up here; say your pleasure, and spare not. Refuse his eldest son's widow, and poor child, the comfort of seeing him? She does not trouble him so often.

Samp. Not that I am against it, nurse: but we are but servants, you know: we must have no likings, but our lord's; and must do as we are ordered.

"*Nurse.* Nay, that's true, Sampson.

"*Samp.* Besides, what I did was all for the best: "I have no ill-will to the young lady, as a body may "say, upon my own account; only that I hear she is "poor; and indeed I naturally hate your decay'd "gentry: they expect as much waiting upon as when "they had money in their pockets, and were able to "consider us for the trouble.

"*Nurse.* Why, that is a grievance indeed in great "families, where the gifts, at good times, are better "than the wages. It would do well to be reformed."

Samp. But what is the business, nurse? You have been in the family before I came into the world: what's the reason, pray, that this daughter-in-law,

who has so good a report in every body's mouth, is so little set by, by my lord?

Nurse. Why, I tell you, Sampson, more or less; I'll tell the truth, that's my way, you know, without adding or diminishing.

Samp. Ay, marry, nurse.

Nurse. My lord's eldest son, Biron by name, the son of his bosom, and the son that he would have lov'd best, if he had as many as king Pyramus of Troy,

" *Samp.* How! King Pyramus of Troy! Why, " how many had he?"

" *Nurse.* Why, the ballad sings he had fifty sons; " but no matter for that." This Biron, as I was saying, was a lovely sweet gentleman, and, indeed, nobody could blame his father for loving him: he was a son for the king of Spain; God bless him, for I was his nurse. But now I come to the point, Sampson; this Biron, without asking the advice of his friends, hand over head, as young men will have their vagaries, not having the fear of his father before his eyes, as I may say, wilfully marries this Isabella.

Samp. How, wilfully! he shou'd have had her consent, methinks.

Nurse. No, wilfully marries her; and, which was worse, after she had settled all her fortune upon a nunnerie, which she broke out of to run away with him. They say they had the church's forgiveness, but I had rather it had been his father's.

Samp. Why, in good truth, " these nunneries, I see no good they do. I think the young lady was

"in the right to run away from a nunnery;" and I think our young master was not in the wrong but in marrying without a portion.

Nurse. That was the quarrel, I believe, Sampson: upon this, my old lord would never see him; disinherited him; took his younger brother, Carlos, into favour, whom he never car'd for before; and at last forc'd Biron to go to the siege of Candy, where he was killed.

Samp. Alack-a-day, poor gentleman.

Nurse. For which my old lord hates her, as if she had been the cause of his going thither.

Samp. Alas, alas, poor lady! she has suffered for it: she has liv'd a great while a widow.

Nurse. A great while indeed, for a young woman, Sampson.

Samp. Gad so! here they come; I won't venture to be seen.

Enter Count BALDWIN, followed by ISABELLA and her Child.

C. Bald. Whoever of your friends directed you, Misguided, and abus'd you—There's your way; I can afford to shew you out again; What could you expect from me?

Isa. Oh, I have nothing to expect on earth! But misery is very apt to talk: I thought I might be heard.

C. Bald. What can you say? Is there in eloquence, can there be in words

A recompensing pow'r, a remedy,
A reparation of the injuries,
The great calamities, that you have brought
On me, and mine? You have destroy'd those hopes
I fondly rais'd, through my declining life,
To rest my age upon; and most undone me.

Isa. I have undone myself too.

C. Bald. Speak it again;
Say still you are undone, and I will hear you,
With pleasure hear you.

Isa. Would my ruin please you?

C. Bald. Beyond all other pleasures.

Isa. Then you are pleas'd—for I am most undone.

C. Bald. I pray'd but for revenge, and Heav'n has
heard,
And sent it to my wishes: these grey hairs
Would have gone down in sorrow to the grave,
Which you have dug for me, without the thought,
The thought of leaving you more wretched here.

Isa. Indeed I am most wretched—"When I lost
" My husband—

" *C. Bald.* Would he had never been;
" Or never had been yours.

" *Isa.* I then believ'd
" The measure of my sorrow then was full:
" But every moment of my growing days
" Makes room for woes, and adds them to the sum."
I lost with Biron all the joys of life:
But now its last supporting means are gone,
All the kind helps that Heav'n in pity rais'd,

In charitable pity to our wants,
At last have left us : now bereft of all,
But this last trial of a cruel father,
To save us both from sinking. Oh, my child !
Kneel with me, knock at nature in his heart :
Let the resemblance of a once-lov'd son
Speak in this little one, who never wrong'd you,
And plead the fatherless and widow's cause.
Oh, if you ever hope to be forgiven,
As you will need to be forgiven too,
Forget our faults, that Heaven may pardon yours !

C. Bald. How dare you mention Heav'n ! Call to mind

Your perjur'd vows ; your plighted, braken faith
To Heav'n, and all things holy : were you not
Devoted, wedded to a life recluse,
The sacred habit on, profess'd and sworn,
A votary for ever ? Can you think
The sacrilegious wretch, that robs the shrine,
Is thunder proof ?

Isa. There, there, began my woes.

" Let women all take warning at my fate ;
" Never resolve, or think they can be safe,
" Within the reach and tongue of tempting men."
Oh ! had I never seen my Biron's face,
Had he not tempted me I had not fall'n,
But still continued innocent and free
Of a bad world, which only he had pow'r
To reconcile, and make me try again.

C. Bald. Your own inconstancy, "your graceless thoughts,

" Debauch'd and" reconcil'd you to the world :

He had no hand to bring you back again,

But what you gave him. Circe, you prevail'd

Upon his honest mind, transforming him

From virtue, and himself, into what shapes

You had occasion for ; and what he did

Was first inspir'd by you. " A cloister was

" Too narrow for the work you had in hand :

" Your business was more general ; the whole world

" To be the scene : therefore you spread your charms

" To catch his soul, to be the instrument,

" The wicked instrument of your cursed flight.

" Not that you valued him ; for any one,

" Who could have serv'd the turn, had been as welcome."

Isa. Oh ! I have sins to Heav'n, but none to him.

C. Bald. Had my wretched son

Marry'd a beggar's bastard ; taken her

Out of her rags, and made her of my blood,

The mischief might have ceas'd, and ended there.

But bringing you into a family,

Entails a curse upon the name and house

That takes you in : the only part of me

That did receive you, perish'd for his crime.

'Tis a defiance to offended Heav'n

Barely to pity you : your sins pursue you :

" The heaviest judgments that can fall upon you,

" Are your just lot, and but prepare your doom :

"Expect 'em, and despair—Sirrah, rogue,'
 "How durst thou disobey me!" [To the Porter.]

Isa. Not for myself—for I am past the hopes
 Of being heard—but for this innocent—
 And then I never will disturb you more.

C. Bald. I almost pity the unhappy child :
 But being yours——

Isa. Look on him as your son's ;
 And let his part in him answer for mine.
 Oh, save, defend him, save him from the wrongs
 That fall upon the poor!

C. Bald. It touches me——
 And I will save him—But to keep him safe ;
 Never come near him more.

Isa. What! take him from me!
 No, we must never part : 'tis the last hold
 Of comfort I have left ; and when he fails,
 All goes along with him: Oh! "could you be
 "The tyrant to divorce life from my life?"
 I live but in my child.
 No, let me pray in vain, and beg my bread
 From door to door, to feed his daily wants,
 Rather than always lose him.

C. Bald. Then have your child, and feed him with
 your prayer.

You, rascal, slave, what do I keep you for ?
 How came this woman in ?

Samp. Why indeed, my lord, I did as good as tell
 her, before, my thoughts upon the matter——

C. Bald. Did you so, sir? Now then tell her mine ;

Tell her, I sent you to her. [Thrusts him towards her.
There's one more to provide for.

Samp. Good, my lord, what I did was in perfect
obedience to the old nurse there. I told her what it
would come to.

C. Bald. What! this was a plot upon me. And
you too, beldam, were you in the conspiracy? Be-
gone, go all together; "I have provided you an
"equipage, now set up when you please. She's old
"enough to do you service; I have none for her.
"The wide world lies before you: begone:" take
any road but this to beg or starve in—"I shall be
"glad to hear of you:" but never, never see me
more— [He drives 'em off before him.

Isa. Then Heav'n have mercy on me!

[Exit with her Child, followed by Sampson and Nurse.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues. Enter VILLEROY and CARLOS, meeting.

Villeroy.

My friend, I fear to ask——but Isabella——
The lovely widow's tears, her orphan's cries,
Thy father must feel for them——No, I read,
I read their cold reception in thine eyes——
Thou pitiest them tho' Baldwin——but I spare him
For Carlos' sake; thou art no son of his.
There needs not this to endear thee more to me.

[Embrace.

Car. My Villeroy, the fatherless, the widow,
Are terms not understood within these gates—
You must forgive him; sir, he thinks this woman
Is Biron's fate, that hurried him to death—
I must not think on't, lest my friendship stagger.
My friend's, my sister's mutual advantage
Have reconcil'd my bosom to its task.

Vil. Advantage! think not I intend to raise
An interest from Isabella's wrongs.
Your father may have interested ends
In her undoing; but my heart has none :
Her happiness must be my interest,
And that I would restore.

Car. Why so I mean.
These hardships that my father lays upon her,
I'm sorry for ; and wish I could prevent;
But he will have his way.

Since there's no hope from her prosperity, her
change of fortune may alter the condition of her
thoughts, and make for you.

Vil. She is above her fortune.

Car. Try her again. Women commonly love ac-
cording to the circumstances they are in.

Vil. Common women may.

" *Car.* Since you are not accessory to the injustice,
" you may be persuaded to take the advantage of
" other people's crimes."

" *Vil.* I must despise all those advantages,
" That indirectly can advance my love."
No, though I live but in the hopes of her,

And languish for th' enjoyment of those hopes ;
 I'd rather pine in a consuming want
 Of what I wish, than have the blessing mine,
 From any reason but consenting love.
 Oh ! let me never have it to remember,
 I could betray her coldly to comply :
 When a clear gen'rous choice bestows her on me,
 I know to value the unequall'd gift :
 I would not have it, but to value it.

Car. Take your own way ; remember what I offer'd came from a friend.

Vil. I understand it so. I'll serve her for herself, without the thought of a reward. [Exit.]

Car. Agree that point between you. If you marry her any way, you do my business.

I know him—What his gen'rous soul intends
 Ripens my plots—I'll first to Isabella.—

I must keep up appearances with her too. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

ISABELLA's House. Enter ISABELLA and Nurse :
Isabella's little Son at play upon the Floor.

Isa. Sooner, or later, all things pass away,
 And are no more. The beggar and the king,
 With equal steps, tread forward to their end :
 The reconciling grave swallows distinction first, that
 made us foes,
 " Though they appear of different natures now,

" They meet at last ;"
Then all alike lie down in peace together.
When will that hour of peace arrive for me ?
In heav'n I shall find it—not in heav'n,
If my old tyrant father can dispose
Of things above—but, there, his interest
May be as poor as mine, and want a friend
As much as I do here.

[Weeping.]

Nurse. Good madam, be comforted.

Isa. Do I deserve to be this outcast wretch ;
Abandon'd thus, and lost ? But 'tis my lot,
The will of Heav'n, and I must not complain :
I will not for myself : let me bear all
The violence of your wrath ; but spare my child :
Let not my sins be visited on him :
They are ; they must ; a general ruin falls
On every thing about me : thou art lost,
Poor nurse, by being near me.

Nurse. I can work, or beg, to do you service.

Isa. Could I forget

What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destin'd to : I'm not the first
That have been wretched : but to think how much
I have been happier !—Wild hurrying thoughts
Start every way from my distracted soul,
To find out hope, and only meet despair.
What answer have I ?

Enter SAMPSION.

Samp. Why truly, very little to the purpose : like a

Jew as he is, he says you have had more already than
the jewels are worth: he wishes you would rather
think of redeeming 'em, than expect any more mo-
ney upon 'em. [Exit Sampson.

Isa. 'Tis very well——

So :—Poverty at home, and debts abroad !
My present fortune bad ; my hopes yet worse !
What will become of me ?
This ring is all I have left of value now :
'Twas given me by my husband : his first gift
Upon our marriage : I've always kept it,
With my best care, the treasure next my life :
And now but part with it to support life,
Which qnly can be dearer. Take it, Nurse,
'Twill stop the cries of hunger for a time ;
“ Provide us bread, and bring a short reprieve,
“ To put off the bad day of beggary,
“ That will come on too soon.” Take care of it :
Manage it as the last remaining friend
That would relieve us. [Exit Nurse.] Heav'n can only
tell

Where we shall find another——My dear boy !
The labour of his birth was lighter to me
Than of my fondness now ; my fears for him
Are more, than in that hour of hovering death,
They could be for myself——He minds me not,
His little sports have taken up his thoughts :
Oh, may they never feel the pangs of mine.
Thinking will make me mad : why must I think,
When no thought brings me comfort ?

Nurse returns.

Nurse. Oh, madam! you are utterly ruin'd and undone ; your creditors of all kinds are come in upon you : they have mustered up a regiment of rogues, that are come to plunder your house, and seize upon all you have in the world ; they are below. What will you do, madam ?

Isa. Do I nothing ; no, for I am born to suffer.

Enter CARLOS to her.

Car. Oh, sister ! can I call you by that name,
And be the son of this inhuman man,
Inveterate to your ruin ? Do not think
I am a-kin to his barbarity :
I must abhor my father's usage of you ;
And from my bleeding honest heart must pity,
Pity your lost condition. Can you think
Of any way that I may serve you in ?
But what enrages most my sense of grief,
My sorrow for your wrongs, is, that my father,
Fore-knowing well the storm that was to fall,
Has order'd me not to appear for you.

Isa. I thank your pity ; my poor husband fell
For disobeying him, do not you stay
To venture his displeasure too for me.

Car. You must resolve on something — [Exit.

Isa. Let my fate
Determine for me ; I shall be prepar'd,
The worst that can befall me, is to die : [A noise.

" When once it comes to that, it matters not
 " Which way 'tis brought about : whether I starve,
 " Or hang, or drown, the end is still the same ;
 " Plagues, poison, famine, are but several names
 " Of the same thing, and all conclude in death.
 " —But sudden death ! Oh, for a sudden death,
 " To cheat my persecutors of their hopes,
 " Th' expected pleasure of beholding me
 " Long in my pains, ling'ring in misery.
 " It will not be, that is deny'd me too."
 Hark, they are coming ; let the torrent roar :
 It can but overwhelm me in its fall ;
 And life and death are now alike to me.

[Exeunt, the Nurse leading the Child.]

SCENE III.

Opens, and shews CARLOS and VILLEROY with the Officers.

Vil. No farther violence——

The debt in all is but four thousand crowns :
 Were it ten times the sum, I think you know
 My fortune very well can answer it.

You have my word for this : I'll see you paid.

Off. That's as much as we can desire : so we have
 the money, no matter whence it comes.

Vil. To-morrow you shall have it.

Car. Thus far all's well——

Enter ISABELLA, and Nurse with the Child.

And now my sister comes to crown the work. [Aside.

Isa. Where are the raving blood-hounds, that pursue
In a full cry, gaping to swallow me ?
I meet your rage, and come to be devour'd :
Say, which way are you to dispose of me ?
To dungeons, darkness, death !

Car. Have patience.

Isa. Patience !

Off. You'll excuse us, we are but in our office :
Debts must be paid.

Isa. My death will pay you all. [Distractedly.

Off. While there is law to be had, people will have
their own.

Vil. 'Tis very fit they should ; but pray be gone.
To-morrow certainly—— [Executive Officers.

Isa. What of to-morrow ?

“ Am I then the sport,
“ The game of fortune, and her laughing fools ?
“ The common spectacle, to be expos'd
“ From day to day, and baited for the mirth
“ Of the lewd rabble ?” Must I be reserv'd
For fresh afflictions ?

Vil. For long happiness
Of life, I hope.

Isa. There is no hope for me.
The load grows light, when we resolve to bear :
I'm ready for my trial.

Car. Pray be calm,
And know your friends.

Isa. My friends! Have I a friend?

Car. A faithful friend; in your extremest need.
Villeroy came in to save you——

Isa. Save me! How?

Car. By satisfying all your creditors.

Isa. Which way? For what?

Vil. Let me be understood,
And then condemn me: you have given me leave
To be your friend; and in that only name
I now appear before you. I could wish
There had been no occasion of a friend,
Because I know you hate to be oblig'd;
And still more loth to be oblig'd by me.

Isa. 'Twas that I would avoid——

[*Aside.*]

Vil. I'm most unhappy that my services
Can be suspected to design upon you;
I have no farther ends than to redeem you
From fortune's wrongs; to shew myself at last,
What I have long profess'd to be, your friend:
Allow me that; and to convince you more,
That I intend only your interest,
Forgive what I have done, and in amends
(If that can make you any, that can please you)
I'll tear myself for ever from my hopes,
Stifle this flaming passion in my soul,
"That has so long broke out to trouble you,"
And mention my unlucky love no more.

Isa. This generosity will ruin me. [Aside.]

Vil. Nay, if the blessing of my looking on you
Disturbs your peace, I will do all I can
To keep away, and never see you more.

Car. You must not go.

Vil. Could Isabella speak
Those few short words, I should be rooted here,
And never move but upon her commands.

Car. Speak to him, sister; do not throw away
A fortune that invites you to be happy.
In your extremity he begs your love;
And has deserv'd it nobly. Think upon
Your lost condition, helpless and alone.
Tho' now you have a friend, the time must come
That you will want one; him you may secure
To be a friend, a father, husband to you.

Isa. A husband!

Car. You have discharg'd your duty to the dead,
And to the living; 'tis a wilfulness
Not to give way to your necessities,
That force you to this marriage.

Nur. What must become of this poor innocence?

[To the Child.]

Car. He wants a father to protect his youth,
And rear him up to virtue: you must bear
The future blame, and answer to the world,
When you refuse the easy honest means
Of taking care of him.

"*Ner.* Of him and me,

"*And every one that must depend upon you:*

" Unless you please now to provide for us,
" We must all perish."

Car. Nor would I press you——

Isa. Do not think I need
Your reasons, to confirm my gratitude ;
I have a soul that's truly sensible
Of your great worth, and busy to contrive, [To Vil.
If possible, to make you a return.

Vil. Oh ! easily possible !

Isa. It cannot be your way : my pleasures are
Bury'd, and cold in my dead husband's grave ;
And I should wrong the truth, myself, and you,
To say that I can ever love again.
I owe this declaration to myself :
But as a proof that I owe all to you,
If after what I have said, you can resolve
To think me worth your love—Where am I going ?
You cannot think it ; 'tis impossible.

Vil. Impossible !

Isa. You should not ask me now, nor should I grant ;
I am so much oblig'd, that to consent
Wou'd want a name to recommend the gift :
'Twou'd shew me poor, indebted, and compell'd,
Designing, mercenary ; and I know
You would not wish to think I could be bought.

Vil. Be bought ! where is the price that can pretend
To bargain for you ? Not in fortune's power.
The joys of heav'n and love must be bestow'd ;
They are not to be sold, and cannot be deserv'd.

Isa. Some other time I'll hear you on this subject.

Vil. Nay, then there is no time fit for me.

[*Following her.*

Since you consent to hear me, hear me now ;
 That you may grant : you are above
 The little forms which circumscribe your sex ;
 We differ but in time, let that be mine.

Isa. You think fit

To get the better of me, and you shall ;
 Since you will have it so—I will be yours.

Vil. I take you at your word.

Isa. I give you all—

My hand ; and would I had a heart to give :
 But if it ever can return again,
 'Tis wholly yours.

Vil. Oh, ecstasy of joy !

Leave that to me. If all my services,
 " If prosperous days, and kind indulging nights ;"
 If all that man can fondly say or do,
 Can beget love, love shall be born again.

Oh, Carlos ! now my friend, and brother too :
 And, Nurse, I have eternal thanks for thee.

Send for the priest—— [*Nurse goes out in haste,*
 This night you must be mine.
 Let me command in this, and all my life
 Shall be devoted to you.

Isa. On your word,

Never to press me to put off these weeds,
 Which best become my melancholy thoughts,
 You shall command me.

Vil. Witness, Heaven and earth.

Against my soul, when I do any thing
To give you a disquiet.

Car. I long to wish you joy.

Vil. You'll be a witness of my happiness ?

Car. For once I'll be my sister's father,
And give her to you.

Vil. Next, my Isabella,
Be near my heart: I am for ever yours. [Exit].

ACT III. SCENE I.

Count Baldwin's House. Enter *Count Baldwin* and *Carlos*.

Count Baldwin.

MARRIED to Villeroy, say'st thou ?

Car. Yes, my lord.

Last night the priest perform'd his holy office,
And made 'em one.

C. Bald. Misfortune join 'em !

And may her violated vows pull down
A lasting curse, a constancy of sorrow
On both their heads— “ I have not yet forgot
“ Thy slighted passion, the refus'd alliance ;
“ But having her, we are reveng'd at full.
“ Heav'n will pursue her still, and Villeroy
“ Share the judgments she calls down.”

Car. Soon he'll hate her;
Tho' warm and violent in his raptures now;

When full enjoyment palls his sicken'd sense,
And reason with satiety returns,
Her cold constrain'd acceptance of his hand
Will gall his pride, which (tho' of late o'erpower'd
By stronger passions) will, as they grow weak,
Rise in full force, and pour its vengeance on her.

C. Bald. Now, Carlos, take example to thy aid ;
Let Biron's disobedience, and the curse
He took into his bosom, prove a warning,
A monitor to thee, to keep thy duty
Firm and unshaken.

Car. May those rankling wounds
Which Biron's disobedience gave my father,
Be heal'd by me.

C. Bald. With tears I thank thee, Carlos—
And may'st thou ever feel those inward joys,
Thy duty gives thy father—but, my son,
We must not let resentment choke our justice;
'Tis fit that Villeroy know he has no claim
From me, in right of Isabella—Biron,
(Whose name brings tears) when wedded to this wo-
man,

By me abandon'd, sunk the little fortune
His uncle left, in vanity and fondness :
I am possest of those your brother's papers,
Which now are Villeroy's, and should aught remain,
In justice it is his; from me to him
You shall convey them—follow me, and take 'em.

[Exit *C. Baldwin.*]

Car. Yes, I will take 'em; but ere I part with 'em,

D iij

I will be sure my interest will not suffer
 By these his high, refin'd, fantastic notions
 Of equity and right—What a paradox
 Is man! My father here, who boasts his honour,
 And even but now was warm in praise of justice,
 Can steel his heart against the widow's tears,
 And infant's wants; the widow and the infant
 Of Biron; of his son, his fav'rite son.
 'Tis ever thus weak minds, who court opinion,
 And dead to virtuous feeling, hide their wants
 In pompous affectation—Now to Villeroy—
 Ere this his friends, for he is much belov'd,
 Crowd to his house, and with their nuptial songs
 Awake the wedded pair: I'll join the throng,
 And in my face, at least, bear joy and friendship.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

*A Ball in VILLEROY's House. A Band of Music, with
 the Friends of VILLEROY.*

Enter a Servant.

1 Fr. Where's your master, my good friend?
 Ser. Within, sir,

Preparing for the welcome of his friends.

1 Fr. Acquaint him we are here: yet stay,
 The voice of music gently shall surprise him,
 And breathe our salutations to his ear.

Strike up the strain to Villeroy's happiness,
To Isabella's—But he's here already.

Enter VILLEROY.

Vil. My friends, let me embrace you :
Welcome all——
What means this preparation ? [*Seeing the Music.*]

1 Fr. A slight token
Of our best wishes for your growing happiness——
You must permit our friendship——

Vil. You oblige me——

1 Fr. But your lovely bride,
That wonder of her sex, she must appear,
And add new brightness to this happy morning.

Vil. She is not yet prepar'd ; and let her will,
My worthiest friend, determine her behaviour ;
To win, and not to force her disposition,
Has been my seven year's task. She will anon
Speak welcome to you all. The music stays.

[*Villeroy and his Friends seat themselves.*

EPITHALAMIUM.

AIR.

Woman. Let all, let all be gay,
Begin the rapt'rous lay ;
Let mirth, let mirth and joy,
Each happy hour employ
Of this fair bridal day.

Man. Ye love-wing'd hours, your flight,
 Your downy flight prepare,
 Bring ev'ry soft delight
 To sooth the brave and fair.

Hail, happy pair, thus in each other blest;
 Be ever free from care, of ev'ry joy possess'd !

Vil. I thank you for the proof of your affection :

I am so much transported with the thoughts

Of what I am, I know not what I do.

My Isabella!—but possessing her,
 Who would not lose himself?—You'll pardon me--
 Oh! there was nothing wanting to my soul,
 But the kind wishes of my loving friends—
 “But our collation waits;” where's Carlos now?
 Methinks I am but half myself without him.

2 Fr. This is wonderful! Married a night and a day, and yet in raptures.

Vil. Oh! when you all get wives, and such as mine,
 (If such another woman can be found)
 You will rave too, dote on the dear content,
 And prattle in their praise out of all bounds.
 “I cannot speak my bliss! ’Tis in my head,
 “’Tis in my heart, and takes up all my soul—
 “The labour of my fancy. You'll pardon me;
 “About some twelve months hence I may begin
 “To speak plain sense—Walk in and honour me.”

Enter ISABELLA.

My Isabella! Oh, the joy of my heart,

That I have leave at last to call you mine !
“ When I give up that title to the charms
“ Of any other wish, be nothing mine :”
But let me look upon you, view you well.
This is a welcome gallantry indeed !
I durst not ask, but it was kind to grant,
Just at this time : dispensing with your dress
Upon this second day to greet our friends.

Isa. Black might be ominous ;
I would not bring ill luck along with me.

Vil. Oh ! if your melancholy thoughts could change
With shifting of your dress—Time has done cures
Incredible this way, and may again.

Isa. I could have wish'd, if you had thought it fit,
Our marriage had not been so public.

Vil. Do not you grudge me my excess of love ;
That was a cause it could not be conceal'd :
Besides, 'twould injure the opinion
I have of my good fortune, having you ;
And lessen it in other peoples' thoughts,
“ Busy on such occasions to enquire,
“ Had it been private.”

Isa. I have no more to say.

Enter CARLOS.

Vil. My Carlos too, who came in to the support
Of our bad fortune, has an honest right,
In better times, to share the good with us.

Car. I come to claim that right, to share your joy ;

To wish you joy ; and find it in myself ;
 " For a friend's happiness reflects a warmth,
 " A kindly comfort, into every heart
 " That is not envious.

Vil. " He must be a friend,
 " Who is not envious of a happiness
 " So absolute as mine ; but if you are
 " (As I have reason to believe you are)
 " Concern'd for my well-being, there's the cause ;
 " Thank her for what I am, and what must be."

[Music flourish.]

I see you mean a second entertainment.

My dearest Isabella, you must hear
 The raptures of my friends ; from thee they spring ;
 Thy virtues have diffus'd themselves around,
 And made them all as happy as myself.

Isa. I feel their favours with a grateful heart,
 And willingly comply.

RECITATIVE.

Take the gifts the gods intend ye ;
 Grateful meet the proffer'd joy :
 Truth and honour shall attend ye ;
 Charms that ne'er can change or cloy.

DUETTO.

Man. Oh, the raptures of possessing,
 Taking beauty to thy arms !

Woman. Oh the joy, the lasting blessing,
 When with virtue beauty charms !

Man. Purer flames shall gently warm ye;

Woman. Love and honour both shall charm thee.

Both. Oh the raptures of, &c. &c.

CHORUS.

Far from hence be care and strife,

Far the pang that tortures life :

May the circling minutes prove

One sweet round of peace and love !

Car. 'Tis fine, indeed !

You'll take my advice another time, sister.

Vil. What have you done ? A rising smile
Stole from her thoughts, just red'ning on her cheek,
And you have dash'd it.

Car. I'm sorry for't.

Vil. My friends, you will forgive me, when I own,
I must prefer her peace to all the world.
Come, Isabella, let us lead the way :
Within we'll speak our welcome to our friends,
And crown the happy festival with joy. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room. Enter SAMPSON and Nurse.

Samp. Ay, marry, nurse, here's a master indeed !
He'll double our wages for us ! If he comes on as
fast with my lady, as he does with his servants, we
are all in the way to be well pleased.

Nurse. He's in a rare humour; if she be in as good a one—

Samp. If she be, marry, we may e'en say, they have begot it upon one another.

Nurse. Well; why don't you go back again to your old count? You thought your throat cut; I warrant you, to be turn'd out of a nobleman's service.

Samp. For the future, I will never serve in a house where the master or mistress of it lie single: they are out of humour with every body when they are not pleased themselves. Now, this matrimony makes every thing go well. There's mirth and money stirring about when those matters go as they shou'd do.

Nurse. Indeed, this matrimony, Sampson—

Samp. Ah, nurse! this matrimony is a very good thing—but, what, now my lady is married, I hope we shall have company come to the house: there's something always coming from one gentleman or other upon those occasions, if my lady loves company. This feasting looks well, Nurse.

Nurse. Odso, my master! we must not be seen.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter VILLEROY with a Letter, and ISABELLA.

Vil. I must away this moment—see his letter,
Sign'd by himself: alas! he could no more;
My brother's desperate, and cannot die.
In peace, but in my arms.

Isa. So suddenly!

Vil. Suddenly taken, on the road to Brussels,

To do us honour, love; unfortunate!
Thus to be torn from thee, and all those charms,
Tho' cold to me and dead.

Isa. I'm sorry for the cause.

Vil. Oh! could I think,
Could I persuade myself that your concern
For me, or for my absence, were the spring,
The fountain of these melancholy thoughts,
My heart would dance, spite of the sad occasion,
And be a gay companion in my journey;
But —

Enter CARLOS from Supper.

My good Carlos, why have you left my friends?

Car. They are departed home.
They saw some sudden melancholy news
Had stolen the lively colour from your cheek —
You had withdrawn, the bride, alarm'd, had fol-
low'd:

Mere ceremony had been constraint; and this
Good-natur'd rudeness —

Vil. Was the more obliging.
There, Carlos, is the cause. [Gives the letter.]

Car. Unlucky accident! Th' Archbishop of Malines, your worthy brother — With him to-night! Sister, will you permit it?

Vil. It must be so.

Isa. You hear it must be so.

Vil. Oh, that it must!

Car. To leave your bride so soon!

Vil. But having the possession of my love,
I am the better able to support
My absence, in the hopes of my return.

Car. Your stay will be but short?

Vil. It will seem long!

The longer that my Isabella sighs:
I shall be jealous of this rival, grief,
“ That you indulge and fondle in my absence.”
It takes so full possession of thy heart,
There is not room enough for mighty love.

Enter Servant, and bows.

My horses wait: farewell, my love! You, Carlos,
Will act a brother’s part, ’till I return,
And be the guardian here. All, all I have
That’s dear to me, I give up to your care.

Car. And I receive her as a friend and brother.

Vil. Nay, stir not, love! for the night air is cold,
And the dews fall—Here be our end of parting;
Carlos will see me to my horse. [Exit with Carlos.]

Is. Oh, may thy brother better all thy hopes!
Adieu.

“ A sudden melancholy bakes my blood!

“ Forgive me, Villeroy——I do not find

“ That cheerful gratitude thy service asks:

“ Yet, if I know my heart, and sure I do,

“ ‘Tis not averse from honest obligation.

“ I’ll to my chamber, and to bed; my mind,

“ My harass’d mind, is weary.”

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter BIRON and BELFORD, just arrived.

Biron.

THE longest day will have an end ; we are got home at last.

Bel. We have got our legs at liberty ; and liberty is home wherever we go ; though mine lies most in England.

Bir. Pray let me call this yours : for what I can command in Brussels, you shall find your own. I have a father here, who, perhaps, after seven years absence, and costing him nothing in my travels, may be glad to see me. You know my story—How does my disguise become me ?

Bel. Just as you would have it ; 'tis natural, and will conceal you.

Bir. To-morrow you shall be sure to find me here, as early as you please. This is the house, you have observed the street.

Bel. I warrant you ; I ha'n't many visits to make before I come to you.

Bir. To-night I have some affairs that will oblige me to be in private.

Bel. A good bed is the privatest affair that I desire to be engaged in to-night ; your directions will carry me to my lodgings.

[Exit.]

Bir. Good night, my friend.

[Knocks.]

E ij

The long-expected moment is arriv'd!
 And if all here is well, my past sorrows
 Will only heighten my excess of joy;
 And nothing will remain to wish or hope for!

[Knocks again.]

Enter SAMPSON.

Samp. Who's there? What would you have?

Bir. Is your lady at home, friend?

Samp. Why, truly, friend, it is my employment to answer impertinent questions: but for my lady's being at home, or no, that's just as my lady pleases.

Bir. But how shall I know whether it pleases her or no?

Samp. Why, if you'll take my word for it, you may carry your errand back again; she never pleases to see any body at this time of night that she does not know; and by your dress and appearance I am sure you must be a stranger to her.

Bir. But I have business; and you don't know how that may please her.

Samp. Nay, if you have business, she is the best judge whether your business will please her or no; therefore I will proceed in my office, and know of my lady whether or no she is pleas'd to be at home, or no——

[Going.]

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Who's that you are so busy withal? Me-thinks you might have found out an answer in fewer

words; but, Sampson, you love to hear yourself prate sometimes, as well as your betters, that I must say for you. Let me come to him. Who would you speak with, stranger?

Bir. With you, mistress, if you could help me to speak to your lady.

Nurse. Yes, sir, I can help you in a civil way: but can nobody do your business but my lady?

Bir. Not so well; but if you carry her this ring, she'll know my business better.

Nurse. There's no love-letter in it, I hope; you look like a civil gentleman. In an honest way, I may bring you an answer. [Exit.

Bir. My old nurse, only a little older! "They say "the tongue grows always: mercy on me! then hers "is seven years longer since I left her." Yet there's something in these servants' folly pleases me; the cautious conduct of the family appears, and speaks in their impertinence. Well, mistress——

Nurse returns.

Nurse. I have deliver'd your ring, sir! pray Heav'n you bring no bad news along with you.

Bir. Quite contrary, I hope.

Nurse. Nay, I hope so too; but my lady was very much surpris'd when I gave it her. Sir, I am but a servant, as a body may say; but if you'll walk in, that I may shut the doors, for we keep very orderly hours, I can show you into the parlour, and help

you to an answer, perhaps as soon as those that are wiser.

[Exit.

Bir. I'll follow you——

Now all my spirits hurry to my heart,
And every sense has taken the alarm
At this approaching interview!

Heav'ns! how I tremble!

[Exit into the house.

SCENE II.

A Chamber. Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms
That have made nature start from her old course:
The sun has been eclips'd, the moon drawn down
From her career, still paler, and subdu'd
To the abuses of this under world!
Now I believe all possible. This ring,
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has rais'd the ghost of pleasure to my fears:
Conjur'd the sense of honour, and of love,
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself;
I dare not think of them——
“ I'll call you when I want you.” [Servant goes out.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam, the gentleman's below.

Isa. I had forgot, pray let me speak with him.

[Exit Nurse.

This ring was the first present of my love

To Biron, my first husband ; I must blush
 To think I have a second. 'Biron dy'd
 (Still, to my loss) at Candy ; there's thy hope.
 Oh, do I live to hope that he dy'd there !
 It must be so : he's dead, and this ring left
 By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
 To bring me back again ;

[Biron intercedes—Nurse retires.]

That's all I have to trust to——
 My fears were woman's——I have view'd him all :
 And let me, let me say it to myself,
 I live again, and rise but from his tomb.

Bir. Have you forgot me quite ?

Isa. Forgot you !

Bir. Then farewell thy disgust, and thy misfor-
 tunes.

My Isabella !

[He goes to her ; she shrieks, and falls into a swoon.]

Isa. Ha !

Bir. Oh ! come again :

Thy Biron summons thee to life and love ;
 "Once I had charms to wake thee :" —
 Thy once lov'd, ever-loving husband calls —
 Thy Biron speaks to thee.

Isa. My husband ! Biron ?

Bir. Excess of love and joy, for my return,
 Has overpower'd her——I was to blame
 To take thy sex's softness unprepar'd :
 But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,

This ecstasy has made my welcome more
 Than words could say: words may be counterfeit,
 False-coin'd, and current only from the tongue,
 Without the mind; but passion's in the soul,
 And always speaks the heart.

Isa. Where have I been? Why do you keep him
 from me?

I know his voice: my life upon the wing,
 Hears the soft lure that brings me back again;
 'Tis he himself, my Biron, the dear man!
 My true-lov'd husband! Do I hold you fast,
 Never to part again? "Can I believe it?
 "Nothing but you could work so great a change,
 "There's more than life itself in dying here."
 If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.

Bir. Live ever in these arms.

Isa. But pardon me,
 Excuse the wild disorder of my soul:
 The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
 Of seeing you again, distracted me——

Bir. Thou everlasting goodness!

Isa. Answer me:
 What hand of Providence has brought you back
 To your own home again? O, satisfy
 Th' impatience of my heart: I long to know
 The story of your sufferings. "You would think
 "Your pleasures sufferings, so long remov'd
 "From Isabella's love." But tell me all,
 For every thought confounds me.

Bir. My best life; at leisure, all.

Isa. We thought you dead; kill'd at the siege of Candy.

Bir. There I fell among the dead;
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserv'd but to be made a slave:
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too——

Isa. What a world of wo
Had been prevented but in hearing from you!

Bir. Alas! thou could'st not help me.

Isa. You do not know how much I could ha' done;
At least, I'm sure I could have suffer'd all:
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; giv'n up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants——

Bir. My little boy!

Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive—which now too late I find. [Aside.

Bir. No more, my love, complaining of the past;
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again——
I have a thousand things to say to thee——

Isa. Wou'd I were past the heating. [Aside.

Bir. How does my child, thy boy, thy father, too?
I hear he's living still.

Isa. Well both, both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.

Bir. Come, no more tears.

Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss,
Have mourn'd with me—

Bir. And all my days behind
Shall be employ'd in a kind recompence
For thy afflictions.—Can't I see my boy?

Isa. He's gone to bed : I'll have him brought to you.

Bir. To-morrow I shall see him ; I want rest
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.

Isa. Alas ! what shall I get for you ?

Bir. Nothing but rest, my love ! To night I would
not

Be known, if possible, to your family :
I see my Nurse is with you ; her welcome
Wou'd be tedious at this time ;
To-morrow will do better.

Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order every thing
As you wou'd have it. [Exit.

Bir. Grant me but life, good Heav'n, and give the
means,
To make this wondrous goodness some amends :
And let me then forget her, if I can !
O ! she deserves of me much more, than I
Can lose for her, though I again cou'd venture
A father, and his fortune, for her love !
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all !
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons :
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compar'd to this, my heart-felt happiness ?

[Bursts into tears.

ACT IV. THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

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What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

ISABELLA returns.

Isa. I have obey'd your pleasure;
Every thing is ready for you.

Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carry'd to their aim
Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me:
I know the way, my love, "I shall sleep sound."

Isa. Shall I attend you?

Bir. By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after—

[Goes in.]

Isa. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you—
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heav'n cou'd give, I have enjoy'd; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come, is a long line of wo,
Yet I may shorten it—
I promis'd him to follow—him!
Is he withoutt a name? Biron, my husband,
To follow him to bed—my husband I ha'!
What then is Villeroy? But yesterday
That very bed receiv'd him for its lord,

" Yet a warm witness of my broken vow."
Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner,
I would have follow'd thee through beggary,
Through all the chances of this weary life:
Wander'd the many ways of wretchedness
With thee, to find a hospitable grave;
For that's the only bed that's left me now. [Weeping.
— What's to be done—for something must be done.
Two husbands! yet not one! By both enjoy'd,
And yet a wife to neither! Hold my brain——
" This is to live in common! Very beasts,
That welcome all they meet, make just such wives.
" My reputation! Oh, 'twas all was left me!
" The virtuous pride of an unceas'd life;
" Which the dividing tongues of Biron's wrongs,
" And Villeroy's resentments, tear asunder,
" To gorge the throats of the blaspheming rabble.
" This is the best of what can come to-morrow,
" Besides old Baldwin's triumph in my ruin:
" I cannot bear it——
" Therefore no morrow:" Ha! a lucky thought;
Works the right way to rid me of 'em all;
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm——no matter what can come.
'Tis but a blow—yet I will see him first—
Have a last look to heighten my despair,
And then to rest for ever.——

BIRON meets her:

Bir. Despair and rest for ever! Isabella!
 These words are far from thy condition!
 And be they ever so. I heard thy voice,
 And could not bear thy absence: come, my love!
 You have staid long, there's nothing, nothing sure
 Now to despair of in succeeding fate:

Isa. I am contented to be miserable,
 But not this way: I've been too long abus'd,
 And can believe no more.
 Let me sleep on to be deceiv'd no more.

Bir. Look up, my love; I never did deceive thee,
 Nor never can; believe thyself, thy eyes
 That first inflam'd, and lit me to my love,
 Those stars, that still must guide me to my joys—

Isa. And me to my undoing: I look round
 And find no path, but leading to the grave.

Bir. I cannot understand thee.

“ *Isa.* My good friends above,
 “ I thank 'em, have at last found out a way
 “ To make my fortune perfect; having you
 “ I need no more; my fate is finish'd here.”

“ *Bir.* Both our ill-fates, I hope.”

“ *Isa.* Hope is a lying, fawning flatterer,
 “ That shews the fair side only of our fortunes,
 “ To cheat us easier into our fall;
 “ A trusted friend, who only can betray you;
 “ Never believe him more.”—If marriages

Are made in heav'n, they should be happier :
Why was I made this wretch !

Bir. Has marriage made thee wretched ?

Isa. Miserable, beyond the reach of comfort.

Bir. Do I live to hear thee say so ?

Isa. Why ! what did I say ?

Bir. That I have made thee miserable.

Isa. No ; you are my only earthly happiness ;
And my false tongue bely'd my honest heart,
If it said otherwise.

Bir. And yet you said,
Your marriage made you miserable.

Isa. I know not what I said :
I've said too much, unless I could speak all.

Bir. Thy words are wild ; my eyes, my ears, my
heart,
Were all so full of thee, so much employ'd
In wonder of thy charms, I could not find it ;
Now I perceive it plain — — —

Isa. You'll tell no body — — — [Distractedly.]

Bir. Thou art not well.

Isa. Indeed I am not ; I knew that before ;
But where's the remedy ?

Bir. Rest will relieve thy cares ; come, come, no
more ;
I'll banish sorrow from thee.

Isa. Banish first the cause.

Bir. Heav'n knows how willingly.

Isa. You are the only cause.

Bir. Am I the cause ? the cause of thy misfortunes ?

Isa. The fatal innocent cause of all my woes.

Bir. Is this my welcome home ? This the reward
Of all my miseries, long labours, pains,
And pining wants of wretched slavery,
Which I've out-liv'd, only in hopes of thee :
Am I thus paid at last for deathless love,
And call'd the cause of thy misfortunes now ?

Isa. Enquire no more ; 'twill be explain'd too soon.
: {She's going off.

Bir. What ! Canst thou leave me too ? [He stays her.

Isa. Pray let me go :

For both our sakes, permit me-----

Bir. Rack me not with imaginations
Of things impossible----Thou canst not mean
What thou hast said---Yet something she must mean.
---'Twas madness all---Compose thyself, my love !
The fit is past ; all may be well again :
Let us go bed.

Isa. To bed ! You've rais'd the storm
Will sever us for ever. Oh, Biron !
“ While I have life, still I must call you mine :
“ I know I am, and always was, unworthy
“ To be the happy partner of your love ;
“ And now must never, never share it more.
“ But oh ! if ever I was dear to you,
“ As sometimes you have thought me,” on my knees,
“(The last time I shall care to be believ'd)
I beg you, beg to think me innocent,
Clear of all crimes, that thus can banish me
From this world's comforts, in my losing you.

" *Bir.* Where will this end ?

" *Isa.* The rugged hand of fate has got between
" Our meeting hearts, and thrusts them from their
joys :"

Since we must part——

Bir. Nothing shall ever part us.

" *Isa.* Parting's the least that is set down for me :

" Heav'n has decreed, and we must suffer all.

" *Bir.* I know thee innocent : I know myself so :

" Indeed we both have been unfortunate ;

" But sure misfortunes ne'er were faults in love."

Isa. Oh ! there's a fatal story to be told ;

Be deaf to that, as heav'n has been to me !

" And not the tongue that shall reveal my
shame :"

When thou shalt hear how much thou hast been
wrong'd,

How wilt thou curse thy fond believing heart,

Tear me from the warm bosom of thy love,

And throw me like a pois'rous weed away :

" Can I bear that ? Bear to be curst and torn,

" And thrown out of thy family and name,

" Like a disease ?" Can I bear this from thee ?

" I never can :" No, all things have their end.

When I am dead, forgive and pity me. [*Exit.*]

Bir. Stay, my Isabella——

What can she mean ? These doublings will distract me :

Some hidden mischief soon will burst to light ;

I cannot bear it——I must be satisfied——

'Tis she, my wife, must clear this darkness to me.

She shall—if the sad tale at last must come!

She is my fate, and best can speak my doom. [Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter BIRON, Nurse following him.

Biron.

I KNOW enough : th' important question
Of life or death, fearful to be resolv'd,
Is clear'd to me : I see where it must end ;
And need enquire no more—Pray, let me have
Pen, ink, and paper ; I must write a-while,
And then I'll try to rest—to rest for ever !

[Exit Nurse.

Poor Isabella ! now I know the cause,
The cause of thy distress, and cannot wonder
That it has turn'd thy brain. If I look back
Upon thy loss, it will distract me too.
Oh, any curse but this might be remov'd !
But 'twas the rancorous malignity
Of all ill stars combin'd, of heav'n and fate——
Hold, hold my impious tongue—Alas ! I rave :
Why do I tax the stars, or heav'n, or fate ?
They are all innocent of driving us
Into despair ; they have not urg'd my doom ;

My father and my brother are my fates,
 That drive me to my ruin. They knew well
 I was alive. Too well they knew how dear
 My Isabella—Oh, my wife no more !
 How dear her love was to me—Yet they stood,
 With a malicious silent joy, stood by,
 And saw her give up all my happiness,
 The treasure of her beauty to another ;
 “ Stood by, and saw her marry'd to another : ”
 Oh, cruel father ! and unnatural brother !.
 “ Shall I not tell you that you have undone me ? ”
 I have but to accuse you of my wrongs,
 And then to fall forgotten—Sleep or death
 Sits heavy on me, and benumbs my pains :
 Either is welcome ; but the hand of death
 Works always sure, and best can close my eyes.

[Exit Biron.]

Enter Nurse and SAMPSON.

Nurse. Here's strange things towards, Sampson : what will be the end of 'em, do you think ?

Samp. Nay, marry, Nurse, I cann't see so far ; but the law, I believe, is on Biron, the first husband's side.

Nurse. Yes ; no question, he has the law on his side.

Samp. For I have heard, the law says, a woman must be a widow, all out seven years, before she can marry again, according to law.

Nurse. Ay, so it does ; and our lady has not been a widow all together seven years.

Samp. Why then, Nurse, mark my words, and say I told you so : the man must have his wife again, and all will do well.

Nurse. But if our master, Villeroy, comes back again—

Samp. Why, if he does, he is not the first man that has had his wife taken from him.

Nurse. For fear of the worst, will you go to the old count, desire him to come as soon as he can ; there may be mischief, and he is able to prevent it.

Samp. Now you say something ; now I take you, Nurse ; that will do well, indeed : mischief should be prevented ; a little thing will make a quarrel, when there's a woman in the way. I'll about it instantly.—

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Draws, shews BIRON asleep on a Couch. Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Asleep so soon ! Oh, happy ! happy thou,
Who thus can sleep ! I never shall sleep more—
If then to sleep be to be happy, he
Who sleeps the longest, is the happiest ;
Death is the longest sleep—Oh, have a care !
Mischief will thrive apace. Never wake more.

[*To Biron.*

If thou didst ever love thy Isabella,
To-morrow must be doomsday to thy peace.

—The sight of him disarms ev'n death itself.
 —The starting transport of new quick'ning life
 Gives just such hopes ; and pleasure grows again
 With looking on him—Let me look my last—
 But is a look enough for parting love !

Sure I may take a kiss——Where am I going !
 Help, help me, Villeroi !—Mountains and seas
 Divide your love, never to meet my shame.

[*Throws herself upon the Floor; after a short Pause,*
she raises herself upon her Elbow.

What will this battle of the brain do with me !
 This little ball, this ravig'd province, long
 Cannot maintain—The globe of earth wants room
 And food for such a war—I find I'm going——
 Famine, plagues, and flames,
 Wide waste and desolation, do your work
 Upon the world, and then devour yourselves.

—The scene shifts fast—[*She rises.*] and now 'tis
 better with me ;

Conflicting passions have at last unhing'd
 The great machine! the soul itself seems chang'd !
 Oh, 'tis a happy revolution here !

"The reas'ning faculties are all depos'd ;
 " Judgment, and understanding, common-sense,
 " Driv'n out as traitors to the public peace.

" Now I'm reveng'd upon my memory,
 " Her seat dug up, where all the images
 " Of a long mis-spent life, were rising still,
 " To glare a sad reflection of my crimes,
 " And stab a conscience thro' 'em ! You are safe,

“ You monitors of mischief! What a change!
 “ Better and better still! This is the infant state
 “ Of innocence, before the birth of care.
 “ My thoughts are smooth as the Elysian plains,
 “ Without a rub: the drowsy falling streams
 “ Invite me to their slumbers.
 “ Would I were landed there—” [Sinks into a Chair.
 What noise was that? A knocking at the gate!
 It may be Villeroy——No matter who.

Bir. Come, Isabella, come.—

Isa. Hark! I'm call'd!

Bir. You stay too long from me.

Isa. A man's voice! in my bed! How came he there?

Nothing but villany in this bad world; [Rises.
 “ Coveting neighbours goods, or neighbours wives:”
 Here's physic for your fever.

[Draws a dagger, and goes backward to the couch.

“ Breathing a vein is the old remedy.”

If husbands go to heav'n,

Where do they go that send 'em?—This to try—

[Just going to stab him, he rises, she knows him, and shrieks.]

What do I see!

Bir. Isabella, arm'd!

Isa. Against my husband's life!

“ Who, but the wretch, most reprobate to grace,

“ Despair e'er hardened for damnation,

“ Could think of such a deed—Murder my husband!”

Bir. Thou didst not think it.

Isa. Madness has brought me to the gates of hell,
And there has left me. "Oh, the frightful change
" Of my distractions! Or is this interval
" Of reason but to aggravate my woes,
" To drive the horror back with greater force
" Upon my soul, and fix me mad for ever?"

Bir. Why dost thou fly me so?

Isa. I cannot bear his sight; distraction, come,
Possess me all, and take me to thyself!
Shake off thy chains, and hasten to my aid;
Thou art my only cure—Like other friends,
" He will not come to my necessities;
" Then I must go to find the tyrant out;
" Which is the nearest way?" [Running out.

Bir. Poor Isabella, she's not in a condition
To give me any comfort, if she could:
Lost to herself—as quickly I shall be
To all the world—Horrors come fast around me;
My mind is overcast—the gath'ring clouds
Darken the prospect—I approach the brink,
And soon must leap the precipice! Oh, Heav'n!
While yet my senses are my own; thus kneeling,
Let me implore thy mercies on my wife:
Release her from her pangs; and if my reason,
O'erwhelm'd with miseries, sink before the tem-
pest,
Pardon those crimes despair may bring upon me.

[Rises.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Sir, there's somebody at the door must needs speak with you; he won't tell his name.

Bir. I come to him.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

'Tis Belford, I suppose; he little knows Of what has happened here; I wanted him, Must employ his friendship, and then—

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Street. Enter CARLOS with three Ruffians.

Car. A younger brother! I was one too long, Not to prevent my being so again. We must be sudden. Younger brothers are But lawful bastards of another name, Thrust out of their nobility of birth And family, and tainted into trades. Shall I be one of them—Bow, and retire, To make more room for the unwieldy heir To play the fool in? No— But how shall I prevent it?—Biron comes To take possession of my father's love— Would that were all; there's a birth-right too That he will seize. Besides, if Biron lives, He will unfold some practices, which I Cannot well answer—therefore he shall die; This night must be dispos'd of: I have means That will not fail my purpose.—Here he comes.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. Ha! am I beset! I live but to revenge me.

[They surround him, fighting; Villeroy enters with two
Servants; they rescue him; Carlos and his Party fly.

Vil. How are you, sir? Mortally hurt, I fear.

Take care, and lead him in.

Bir. I thank you for the goodness, sir; tho' 'tis
Bestow'd upon a very wretch; and death,
Tho' from a villain's hand, had been to me
An act of kindness, and the height of mercy—
But I thank you, sir. [He is led in.]

SCENE IV.

The Inside of the House. Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Murder my husband! Oh! I must not dare
To think of living on; my desperate hand
In a mad rage may offer it again.
Stab me any where but there. Here's room enough
In my own breast, to act the fury in,
The proper scene of mischief. "Villeroy comes;
"Villeroy and Biron come! Oh! hide me from 'em—
"They rack, they tear; let 'em carve out my limbs;
"Divide my body to their equal claims!
"My soul is only Biron's; that is free,
"And thus I strike for him and liberty."

[Going to stab herself, Villeroy runs in and prevents
her, by taking the Dagger from her.

Vil. Angels defend and save thee!
 Attempt thy precious life! "the treasury
 " Of nature's sweets! life of my little world!"
 Lay violent hands upon thy innocent self!

Isa. Swear I am innocent, and I'll believe you.
 What would you have with me? Pray let me go.
 "—Are you there, sir? You are the very man
 " Have done all this—You would have made
 " Me believe you married me; but the fool
 " Was wiser, I thank you: 'tis not all gospel
 " You men preach upon that subject."

Vil. Dost thou not know me, love?

Isa. O yes: very well. [Staring on him.]
 You are the widow's comforter; "that marries
 " Any woman when her husband's out of the way:
 " But I'll never, never take your word again.

Vil. "I am thy loving husband."
Tis Villeroy, thy husband.

Isa. I have none; no husband— [Weeping.]
 Never had but one, and he dy'd at Candy,
 " Did he not? I'm sure you told me so; you,
 " Or somebody, with just such a lying look,
 " As you have now." Speak, did he not die there?

Vil. He did, my life.

Isa. But swear it, quickly swear,

BIRON enters bloody, and leaning upon his Sword.
 Before that screaming evidence appears,
 In bloody proof against me—

[She seeing Biron swoons into a Chair; Vil. helps her.]

Vil. Help there! Nurse, where are you?
Ha! I am distracted too!

[*Going to call for help, sees Biron.*
Biron alive!]

Bir. The only wretch on earth that must not live.

Vil. Biron or Villeroy must not, that's decreed.

Bir. You've sav'd me from the hands of murderers;
Would you had not, for life's my greatest plague—
And then, of all the world, you are the man
I would not be oblig'd to—Isabella!
I came to fall before thee: I had dy'd
Happy not to have found your Villeroy here:
A long farewell, and a last parting kiss. [*Kisses her.*]

Vil. A kiss! confusion! it must be your last.

[*Draws.*

Bir. I know it must—Here I give up that death.
You but delay'd: since what is past has been
The work of fate, thus we must finish it.

Thrust home, be sure.

[*Faints.*

Vil. Alas! he faints: some help there.

Bir. 'Tis all in vain, my sorrows soon will end—
Oh, Villeroy! let a dying wretch entreat you
To take this letter to my father. My Isabella!
Couldst thou but hear me, my last words should bless
thee.

I cannot, tho' in death, bequeath her to thee. [*To Vil.*
But I could hope my boy, my little one,
Might find a father in thee—Oh, I faint—
I can no more—Hear me, Heav'n! Oh! support
My wife, my Isabella—Bless my child!
And take a poor unhappy—

[*Dies.*

Vil. He's gone—Let what will be the consequence,
I'll give it him. I have involv'd myself,
And would be clear'd; that must be thought on now.
My care of her is lost in wild amaze. [Going to Isa.
"Are you all dead within there? Where, where
are you?"

Good Nurse take care of her; I'll bring you more help.

[Exit]

Isabella comes to herself.

Isa. Where have I been?—Methinks I stand upon
The brink of life, ready to shoot the gulph
That lies between me and the realms of rest:
But still detain'd, I cannot pass the strait;
Deny'd to live, and yet I must not die:
Doom'd to come back, like a complaining ghost,
To my unbury'd body—Here it lies—

[*Throws herself by Biron's body*
My body, soul, and life. A little dust,
To cover our cold limbs in the dark grave—
There, there we shall sleep safe and sound together.

Enter VILLEROY with Servants.

Vil. Poor wretch; upon the ground! She's not
herself:
Remove her from the body.

[*Servants going to raise her.*

Isa. Never, never—
You have divorc'd us once, but shall no more—
Help, help me, Biron!—Ha!—bloody and dead!
Oh, ~~murder!~~ murder! you have done this deed—

G ij

Vengeance and murder! bury us together—
Do any thing but part us.

Vil. Gently, gently raise her.
She must be forc'd away.

[She drags the Body after her; they get her into
their arms, and carry her off.

Isa. Oh, they tear me! Cut off my hands—
Let me leave something with him—
They'll clasp him fast—
Oh, cruel, cruel men!
This you must answer one day.

Vil. Good Nurse, take care of her.

[Nurse follows her.

Send for all helps: all, all that I am worth,
Shall cheaply buy her peace of mind again.

“Be sure you do,” [To a Servant.
“Just as I order’d you.” The storm grows louder.—
[Knocking at the door.

I am prepar’d for it. Now let them in.

Enter Count BALDWIN, CARLOS, BELFORD, Friends,
with Servants.

C. Bald. Oh, do I live to this unhappy day!
Where is my wretched son?

Car. Where is my brother?

[They see him, and gather about the Body.

Vil. I hope in heav’n.

Car. Canst thou pity!
Wish him in heav’n, when thou hast done a deed,

That must for ever cut thee from the hopes
Of ever coming there.

Vil. I do not blame you——
You have a brother's right to be concern'd
For his untimely death.

Car. Untimely death, indeed?

Vil. But yet you must not say, I was the cause.

Car. Not you the cause! Why, who should murder
him?

We do not ask you to accuse yourself;
But I must say that you have murder'd him;
And will say nothing else, till justice draws
Upon our side, at the loud call of blood,
To execute so foul a murderer.

Bel. Poor Biron! Is this thy welcome home!

Friend. Rise, sir; there is a comfort in revenge,
Which is left you. [To C. Bald.

Car. Take the body hence. [Biron carried off.

C. Bald. What could provoke you?

Vil. Nothing could provoke me
To a base murderer, which, I find, you think
Me guilty of. I know my innocence;
My servants too can witness that I drew
My sword in his defence, to rescue him.

Bel. Let the servants be call'd.

Fr. Let's hear what they can say.

Car. What they can say! Why, what should ser-
vants say?

They're his accomplices, his instruments,
And will not charge themselves. If they could do

A murder for his service, they can lie,
Lie nimbly, and swear hard to bring him off.
You say you drew your sword in his defence :
Who were his enemies ? Did he need defence ?
Had he wrong'd any one ? Could he have cause
To apprehend a danger, but from you ?
And yet you rescu'd him ! — No, no, he came
Unseasonably (that was all his crime)
Unluckily to interrupt your sport :
You were new marry'd—marry'd to his wife ;
And therefore you, and she, and all of you,
(For all of you I must believe concern'd)
Combin'd to murder him out of the way.

Bel. If it is so——

Car. It can be only so.

Fr. Indeed it has a face——

Car. As black as hell.

C. Bald. The law will do me justice : send for the
magistrate.

Car. I'll go myself for him——

[Exit.]

Vil. These strong presumptions, I must own, indeed,

Are violent against me ; but I have
A witness, and on this side heav'n too.

— Open that door.

[Door opens, and Pedro is brought forward by Vil-
leroy's Servants.

Here's one can tell you all.

Ped. All, all ; save me but from the rack, I'll confess all.

Vil. You and your accomplices design'd
To murder Biron?—Speak.

Ped. We did.

Vil. Did you engage upon your private wrongs,
Or were employ'd?

Ped. He never did us wrong.

Vil. You were set on then?

Ped. We were set on.

Vil. What do you know of me?

Ped. Nothing, nothing:

You sav'd his life, and have discover'd me.

Vil. He has acquitted me.

If you would be resolv'd of any thing,
He stands upon his answer.

Bel. Who set you on to act this horrid deed?

C. Bald. I'll know the villain; give me quick his
name,

Or I will tear it from thy bleeding heart.

Ped. I will confess.

C. Bald. Do then.

Ped. It was my master, Carlos, your own son.

C. Bald. Oh, monstrous! monstrous! most un-
natural!

Bel. Did he employ you to murder his own brother?

Ped. He did; and he was with us when 'twas done.

C. Bald. If this be true, this horrid, horrid tale,
It is but just upon me: Biron's wrongs
Must be reveng'd; and I the cause of all.

Fr. What will you do with him?

C. Bald. Take him a-part—

I know too much. [Pedro goes in.

Vil. I had forgot—Your wretched, dying son
Gave me this letter for you. [Gives it to Baldwin.
I dare deliver it. It speaks of me,
I pray to have it read..

C. Bald. You know the hand.

Bel. I know 'tis Biron's hand.

C. Bald. Pray read it. [Belford reads the Letter.

" SIR,

" I find I am come only to lay my death at your door. I am now going out of the world ; but cannot forgive you, nor my brother Carlos, for not hindering my poor wife Isabella from marrying with Villeroys ; when you both knew, from so many letters, that I was alive.—

BIRON."

Vil. How !—Did you know it then ?

C. Bald. Amazement, all !

Enter Carlos, with Officers.

Oh, Carlos ! are you come ? Your brother here,
Here, in a wretched letter, lays his death
To you and me—Have you done any thing
To hasten his sad end ?

Car. Bless me, sir, I do any thing ! Who, I ?

C. Bald. He talks of letters that were sent to us.
I never heard of any—Did you know
He was alive ?

Car. Alive! Heav'n knows, not I.

C. Bald. Had you no news of him, from a report,
Or letter, never?

Car. Never, never I.

Bel. That's strange, indeed : I know he often writ
To lay before you the conditions [To *C. Bald.*
Of his hard slavery : and more I know,
That he had several answers to his letters.

He said, they came from you ; you are his brother.

Car. Never from me.

Bel. That will appear.

The letters, I believe, are still about him ;
For some of 'em I saw but yesterday.

C. Bald. What did those answers say ?

Bel. I cannot speak to the particulars ;
But I remember well, the sum of 'em
Was much the same, and all agreed,
That there was nothing to be hop'd from you :
That 'twas your barbarous resolution
To let him perish there.——

C. Bald. Oh, Carlos! Carlos! hadst thou been a
brother——

Car. This is a plot upon me. I never knew
He was in slavery, or was alive,
Or heard of him, before this fatal hour.

Bel. There, sir, I must confront you.
He sent you a letter, to my knowledge, last night ;
And you sent him word you would come to him——
I fear you came too soon.

C. Bald. 'Tis all too plain.—
Bring out that wretch before him. [Pedro produced.

Car. Ha! Pedro there!—Then I am caught, indeed.

Bel. You start at sight of him ;
He has confess'd the bloody deed.

Car. Well then, he has confess'd,
And I must answer it.

Bal. Is there no more?

Car. Why!—what would you have more? I know
the worst,

And I expect it.

C. Bald. Why hast thou done all this?

Car. Why, that which damns most men has ruin'd
me;

The making of my fortune. Biron stood
Between me and your favour : while he liv'd,
I had not that ; hardly was thought a son,
And not at all a-kin to your estate.
I could not bear a younger brother's lot,
To live, depending upon courtesy——
Had you provided for me like a father,
I had been still a brother.

C. Bald. 'Tis too true;
I never lov'd thee, as I should have done :
It was my sin, and I am punish'd for't.
Oh! never may distinction rise again
In families ; let parents be the same
To all their children ; common in their care,

And in their love of 'em—I am unhappy,
For loving one too well.

Pil. You knew your brother liv'd ; why did you
take

Such pains to marry me to Isabella ?

Car. I had my reasons for't——

Pil. More than I thought you had.

Car. But one was this——

I knew my brother lov'd his wife so well,
That if he ever should come home again,
He could not long outlive the loss of her.

Bel. If you rely'd on that, why did you kill him?

Car. To make all sure. Now, you are answer'd
all.

Where must I go ? I am tired of your questions.

C. Bald. I leave the judge to tell thee what thou
art ;

A father cannot find a name for thee.

But parricide is highest treason, sure,
To sacred nature's law ; and must be so,
So sentenc'd in thy crimes. Take him away—

The violent remedy is found at last,
That drives thee out, thou poison of my blood,
Infected long, and only foul in thee. [Carlos led off.
Grant me, sweet Heav'n ! the patience to go thro'
The torment of my cure—Here, here begins
The operation—Alas ! she's mad.

Enter ISABELLA distracted, held by her Women; her Hair dishevell'd; her little Son running in before, being afraid of her.

Vil. My Isabella! poor unhappy wretch!
What can I say to her?

Isa. Nothing, nothing; 'tis a babbling world—
I'll hear no more on't. When does the court sit?
“ I'll not be bought—What! to sell innocent blood!”
You look like one of the pale judges here;
Minos, or Radamanth, or *Æacus*—
I have heard of you.

I have a cause to try, an honest one;
Will you not hear it? Then I must appeal
To the bright throne—Call down the heav'nly powers
To witness how you use me.

“ *Wom.* Help, help, we cannot hold her.

“ *Vil.* You but enrage her more.”

C. Bald. Pray, give her way; she'll hurt nobody.

Isa. What have you done with him? He was here
but now;

I saw him here. Oh, Biron, Biron! where,
Where have they hid thee from me? He is gone—
But here's a little flaming cherubim—

Child. Oh, save me, save me! [Running to Bald.]

Isa. The Mercury of Heav'n, with silver wings,
Impt for the flight, to overtake his ghost,
And bring him back again.

Child. I fear she'll kill me.

C. Bald. She will not hurt thee. [She flings away.]

Isa. Will nothing do ? I did not hope to find
Justice on earth ; 'tis not in Heav'n neither.
Biron has watch'd his opportunity—
Softly ; he steals it from the sleeping gods,
And sends it thus— [Stabs herself.]
Now, now I laugh at you, defy you all,
You tyrant-murderers.

Vil. Call, call for help—Oh, Heav'n ! this was
too much.

C. Bald. Oh, thou most injur'd innocence ! Yet
live,

Live but to witness for me to the world,
How much I do repent me of the wrongs,
Th' unnatural wrongs, which I have heap'd on thee,
And have pull'd down this judgment on us all.

Vil. Oh, speak, speak but a word of comfort to
me !

C. Bald. If the most tender father's care and love
Of thee, and thy poor child, can make amends—
Oh, yet look up and live !

Isa. Where is that little wretch ? [They raise her.]
I die in peace, to leave him to your care.
I have a wretched mother's legacy,
A dying kiss—pray let me give it him,
My blessing ; that, that's all I have to leave thee.
Oh, may thy father's virtues live in thee,
And all his wrongs be buried in my grave ! [Dies.]

Vil. She's gone, and all my joys of life with her.
“ Where are your officers of justice now ?
“ Seize, bind me, drag me to the bloody bar.

" Accuse, condemn me ; let the sentence reach
 " My hated life——No matter how it comes ;
 " I'll think it just, and thank you as it falls.
 " Self-murder is deny'd me ; else how soon
 " Could I be past the pain of my remembrance !
 " But I must live, grow grey with ling'ring grief,
 " To die at last in telling this sad tale."

C. Bald. Poor wretched orphan of most wretched parents !

" 'Scaping the storm, thou'rt thrown upon a rock,
 " To perish there." The very rocks would melt,
 Soften their nature, sure, to foster thee ;
 I find it by myself : my flinty heart,
 That barren rock, on which thy father starv'd,
 Opens its springs of nourishment to thee.
 There's not a vein but shall run milk for thee.
 Oh, had I pardon'd my poor Biron's fault,
 His first, his only fault—this had not been !

*To erring youth there's some compassion due ;
 But while with rigour you their crimes pursue,
 What's their misfortune, is a crime for you.
 Hence, learn offending children to forgive :
 Leave punishment to Heav'n—'tis Heav'n's prerogative.*

THE
FAIR PENITENT.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES - ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

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M D C C X C I.



TO HER GRACE THE
DUTCHESS OF ORMOND.

MADAM,

THE privilege of poetry (or it may be the vanity of the pretenders to it) has given 'em a kind of right to pretend at the same time, to the favour of those, whom their high birth and excellent qualities have placed in a very distinguishing manner above the rest of the world. If this be not a received maxim, yet I am sure I am to wish it were, that I may have at least some kind of excuse for laying this tragedy at your Grace's feet. I have too much reason to fear that it may prove but an indifferent entertainment to your Grace, since, if I have any way succeeded in it, it has been in describing those violent passions which have been always strangers to so happy a temper, and so noble and so exalted a virtue as your Grace is mistress of. Yet, for all this, I cannot but confess the vanity which I have, to hope that there may be something so moving in the misfortunes and distress of the play, as may be not altogether unworthy of your Grace's pity. This is one of the main designs of tragedy ; and to

excite this generous pity in the greatest minds, may pass for some kind of success in this way of writing. I am sensible of the presumption I am guilty of by this hope, and how much it is that I pretend to in your Grace's approbation; if it be my good fortune to meet with any little share of it, I shall always look upon it as much more to me than the general applause of the theatre, or even the praise of a good critick. Your Grace's name is the best protection this play can hope for; since the world, ill-natured as it is, agrees in an universal respect and deference for your Grace's person and character. In so censorious an age as this is, where malice furnishes out all the public conversations, where every body pulls and is pulled to pieces of course, and where there is hardly such a thing as being merry, but at another's expence; yet by a public and uncommon justice to the Dutchess of Ormond, her name has never been mentioned, but as it ought, though she has beauty enough to provoke detraction from the fairest of her own sex, and virtue enough to make the loose and dissolute of the other (a very formidable party) her enemies, Instead of this, they agree to say nothing of her but what she deserves. That her spirit is worthy of her birth; her sweetness, of the love and respect of all the world; her piety, of her religion; her service, of her royal mistress; and her beauty and truth, of her lord; that, in short, every part of her character is just, and that

she is the best reward for one of the greatest heroes this age has produced. This, Madam, is what you must allow people every where to say ; those whom you shall leave behind you in England will have something further to add, the loss we shall suffer by your Grace's journey to Ireland ; the Queen's pleasure, and the impatient wishes of that nation, are about to deprive us of our public ornaments. But there is no arguing against reasons so prevalent as these. Those who shall lament your Grace's absence, will yet acquiesce in the wisdom and justice of her Majesty's choice : among all whose royal favours, none could be so agreeable, upon a thousand accounts, to that people, as the Duke of Ormond. With what joy, what acclamations shall they meet a Governor, who, beside their former obligations to his family, has so lately ventured his life and fortune for their preservation ! What duty, what submission shall they not pay to that authority which the Queen has delegated to a person so dear to them ? And with what honour, what respect, shall they receive your Grace, when they look upon you as the noblest and best pattern her Majesty could send them, of her own royal goodness, and personal virtues ? They shall behold your Grace with the same pleasure the English shall take, whenever it shall be their good fortune to see you return again to your native country. In England, your Grace is become a public concern ; and as

your going away will be attended with a general sorrow, so your return shall give as general a joy ; and to none of those many, more than to,

Madam,

*Your Grace's most obedient, and
Most humble servant,*

N. ROWE.

NOTE.—This Dedication is a model of servility in addressing the Great.—One further observation may be made ; through two pages whereever *shall* recurs, he ought to have written *will*.

THE EDITOR.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE was the son of JOHN ROWE, Esq, Serjeant at Law---A place called Little Berkford in Bedfordshire had the honour of the birth of this Poet in the year 1673---A private seminary at Highgate gave him the rudiments of learning, and, that he might be perfect as a classic, he was sent to Westminster, under Busby.

His father, designing him for his own profession, entered him at 16 years of age a Student of the Middle Temple, but he was destined to rise alone in the Temple of the Muses—He had some law there is no doubt, but he had more poetry.

Business of a graver nature, however, he at a distant period accepted—he was Under-Secretary to the Duke of Queensberry, when that Nobleman was Secretary of State.

Under the reign of George I. he united two emoluments not often combined, for he became

Poet Laureat and Land-Surveyor of the Customs
—He was, further, Clerk of the Prince's Council.
&c. but death frustrated the honours of Office.
Dec. 6, 1718, in the 45th year of his age.

He sought the public approbation by various channels—He edited SHAKSPERE—he translated LUCA_N, and he composed the following PLAYS.

<i>Ambitious Step-Mother</i>	1700	<i>Ulysses</i>	—	—	1706
<i>Tamerlane</i>	—	1702	<i>Royal Convert</i>	—	1708
<i>Fair Penitent</i>	—	1703	<i>Jane Shore</i>	—	1713
<i>Biter</i>	—	1705	<i>Jane Gray</i>	—	1715

FAIR PENITENT.

THIS Tragedy has the usual characteristics of ROWE—Suavity—Pomp—a sententious Morality—little action, less passion. He wins upon the ear—he never irresistibly seizes on the heart.

Dramatically, ROWE must be considered as the founder of a subordinate idea of the nature of Tragic structure—He is content to be graceful, and occasionally aims to be grand—his characters sooth and satiate—they are wearisomely uniform—Sympathy he has seldom the secret to command—SHORE does draw tears, and only Shore.

This play bespeaks *Italian* reading, and yet of Italian, ROWE knew so little that he sounds SCIOLTO a trisyllable. What is his merit it may be asked?—moral purpose? not always. Versification is nearly the whole of it.—But though majestic and harmonious, it is not the versification best adapted to the Stage.—It is too perpetually polished—his lines are not sufficiently broken by pauses.

PROLOGUE.

*LONG has the fate of kings and empires been
The common bus'ness of the tragic scene,
As if misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy, but the great.
Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the crown he wears,
And many are the mighty monarch's cares:
By foreign foes and home-bred factions prest,
Few are the joys he knows, and short his hours of rest;
Stories like these with wonder we may hear;
But far remote, and in a higher sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share:
Like distant battles of the Pole and Swede,
Which frugal citizens o'er coffee read,
Careless for who should fall or who succeed.
Therefore an humbler theme our author chose,
A melancholy tale of private woes:
No princes here lost royalty bemoan,
But you shall meet with sorrows like your own:
Here see imperious love his vassals treat
As hardly as ambition does the great;
See how succeeding passions rage by turns,
How fierce the youth with joy and rapture burns,
And how to death, for beauty lost, he mourns.*

*Let no nice taste the poet's art arraign,
If some frail vicious characters he feign :
Who writes, should still let nature be his care,
Mix shades with lights, and not paint all things fair,
But shew you men and women as they are.
With def'rence to the fair, he bade me say,
Few to perfection ever found the way :
Many in many parts are known t' excel,
But 'twere too hard for one to act all well ;
Whom justly life would through each scene commend,
The maid, the wife, the mistress, and the friend ;
This age, 'tis true, has one great instance seen,
And Heav'n, in justice, made that one a queen.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

SCIOLTO, a nobleman of Genoa	- - -	Mr. Aickin.
ALTAMONT, a young lord, in love with Calista	- - -	Mr. Barrymore.
HORATIO, his friend	- - -	Mr. Bensley.
LOTHARIO, a young lord and enemy to Al- tamont	- - -	Mr. Palmer.
ROSSANO, his friend	- - -	Mr. Williams.

Women.

CALISTA, daughter to Sciolto	- - -	Mrs. Siddons.
LAVINIA, sister to Altamont, and wife to Horatio	- - -	Mrs. Ward.
LUCILLA, confident to Calista	- - -	Miss Palmer.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

SCIOLTO, a nobleman of Genoa	- - -	Mr. Aickin.
ALTAMONT, a young lord, in love with Calista	- - -	Mr. Farren.
HORATIO, his friend	- - -	Mr. Harley.
LOTHARIO, a young lord, and enemy to Al- tamont	- - -	Mr. Holman.
ROSSANO, his friend	- - -	Mr. Evatt.

Women.

CALISTA, daughter to Sciolto	- - -	Miss Brunton.
LAVINIA, sister to Altamont, and wife to Horatio	- - -	Miss Chapman.
LUCILLA, confident to Calista	- - -	Miss Stuart.

Servants to Sciolto.

SCENE, Sciolto's palace and garden, with some part of the street
near it, in Genoa.



THE
FAIR PENITENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A garden belonging to Sciolto's palace. Enter ALTA-
MONT and HORATIO.*

Altamont.

LET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it :
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings ;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their wishes,
This happy day, that gives me my Calista.

Hor. Yes, Altamont ; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee ;
Sciolto's noble hand that rais'd thee first,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes it's bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy god-like father's arms ;
Before that country, which he long had serv'd
In watchful councils, and in winter-camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,

And made their court to faction by his ruin.

Alt. Oh, great Sciolto ! Oh, my more than father !
Let me not live, but at thy very name,
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee—
Forget ! (but 'tis impossible) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desert among brutes,
“ To bear the various fury of the seasons,
“ The night’s unwholsome dew and noon-day’s heat,”
To be the scorn of earth and curse of Heav’n !

Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
It reach’d ev’n me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man I lov’d, thy noble father,
Bequeath’d thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tie made me Sciolto’s son ;
He call’d us his, and, with a parent’s fondness,
Indulg’d us in his wealth, bless’d us with plenty,
Heal’d all our cares, and sweeten’d love itself.

Alt. By Heav’n he found my fortunes so abandon’d,
That nothing but a miracle could raise ’em :
My father’s bounty, and the state’s ingratitude,
Had stripp’d him bare, nor left him ev’n a grave.
Undone myself and sinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,
But fruitless tears.

Hor. Yet what thou could’st, thou didst,
And didst it like a son ; when his hard creditors,

Urg'd and assisted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness)
By sentence of the cruel law forbid
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones ;
With piety uncommon didst give up
Thy hopeful youth to slaves who ne'er knew mercy,
Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
And are like fiends, the factors of destruction.
Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance. 60

Alt. But see he comes, the author of my happiness,
The man who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty.

Enter SCIOLTO; he runs to ALTAMONT, and embraces him.

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont ! Joy to myself !
Joy to this happy morn that makes thee mine ;
That kindly grants what nature had denied me,
And makes me father of a son like thee.

Alt. My father ! Oh, let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you ;
Shew every tender, every grateful thought,
This wond'rous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
And utterance all is vile ; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

“ *Sci.* It is enough ; I know thee, thou art honest ;

“ Goodness innate, and worth hereditary

“ Are in thy mind ; thy noble father’s virtues

“ Spring freshly forth, and blossom in thy youth.

“ Alt. Thus Heav’n from nothing rais’d his faint creation,

“ And then, with wondrous joy, beheld its beauty,

“ Well pleas’d to see the excellence he gave.” —84

Sci. O, noble youth ! I swear since first I knew thee,
Ev’n from that day of sorrows when I saw thee,
Adorn’d and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down, and seal’d thee for my own :
Thou art my son, ev’n near me as Calista.

Horatia and Lavinia too are mine ; [Embraces Hor.

All are my children, and shall share my heart.

But wherefore waste we thus this happy day ?

The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass ;
Thy waiting bride ev’n chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com’st not with a bridegroom’s haste.

Alt. Oh ! could I hope there was one thought of
Altamont,

One kind remembrance in Calista’s breast,
The winds with all their wings would be too slow
To bear me to her feet. For, Oh, my father !
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,
Blest as I am, and honour’d in your friendship, —85
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

Sci. What means my son ?

Alt. When at your intercession,

Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,
 Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my vows
 With rapture on her lips, I found her cold,
 As a dead lover's statue on his tomb ;
 A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
 Her eyes a piteous show'r of tears let fall,
 And then she sigh'd, as if her heart were breaking.
 With all the tend'rest eloquence of love
 I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief :
 But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
 Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,
 Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

Sci. Away ! it is the cozenage of their sex ;
 One of the common arts they practise on us :
 To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high
 With expectation of the coming joy.

Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
 Unknowing in the subtleties of women ; 121
 The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
 To see the end of all her wishes near,
 When blushing, from the light and public eyes,
 To the kind covert of the night she flies,
 With equal fires to meet the bridegrom moves,
 Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Loth. The father, and the husband !

Ros. Let them pass.

They saw us not.

Loth. I care not if they did ;

Ere long I mean to meet 'em face to face,

And gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

Ros. You lov'd her once.

Loth. I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable fool her husband :
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

Ros. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing ;
Till, by long list'ning to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

Ros. I've heard you oft describe her, haughty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain : it moves my wonder,
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Loth. Hear then, I'll tell thee :
Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber.

Ros. That minute sure was lucky.

Loth. Oh, 'twas great !
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes ;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm, 160
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only

Are gently listed up and down by tides.
 I snatch'd the glorious golden opportunity,
 And with prevailing, youthful ardor press'd her,
 'Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
 The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
 Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
 In ecstacies too fierce to last for ever ;
 At length the morn and cold indifference came ;
 When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
 I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
 To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Ros. You saw her soon again ?

Loth. Too soon I saw her :

For, Oh ! that meeting was not like the former :
 I found my heart no more beat high with transport,
 No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for enjoyment ;
 'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
 While every weakness fell before her throne.

Ros. What of the lady ?

180

Loth. With uneasy fondness

She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore
 She was undone ; talk'd of a priest, and marriage ;
 Of flying with me from her father's pow'r ;
 Call'd every saint, and blessed angel down,
 To witness for her that she was my wife.

I started at that name.

Ros. What answer made you ?

Loth. None ; but pretending sudden pain and illness,
 Escap'd the persecution. Two nights since,
 By message urg'd and frequent importunity,

C ij

Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
 With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction,
 With all the subtleties and powerful arts
 Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpose,
 Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
 Unmov'd, I begg'd her spare th' ungrateful subject,
 Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mind
 Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
 Never to load it with the marriage chain ; 200
 That I would still retain her in my heart,
 My ever gentle mistress and my friend !
 But for those other names of wife and husband,
 They only meant ill nature, cares, and quarrels.

Ros. How bore she this reply ?

Loth. " Ev'n as the earth,
 " When, winds pent up, or eating fires beneath,
 " Shaking the mass, she labours with destruction."
 At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words ;
 But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud.
 Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
 Enthusiastic passion swell'd her breast,
 Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form.
 Proud and disdainful of the love I proffer'd.
 She call'd me Villain ! Monster ! Base Betrayer !
 At last, in very bitterness of soul,
 With deadly imprecations on herself,
 She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more ;
 Then bid me fly that minute : I obey'd,
 And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure. 220

Ros. She has relented since, else why this message,

To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning ?

Loth. See the person whom you nam'd !

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of ?
Come you to menace war, and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message ?
Is your fair mistress calmer ? Does she soften ?
And must we love again ? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally,
And make her husband party to th' agreement.

Luc. Is this well done, my lord ? Have you put off
All sense of human nature ? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, tho' cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

Loth. I see thou'st learn't to rail.

Luc. I've learnt to weep :
That lesson my sad mistress often gives me :
By day she seeks some melancholy shade, 240
To hide her sorrows from the prying world ;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario !

Loth. Oh, no more !

I swear thou'l spoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune :

Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

Luc. What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The base, profest betrayer of our sex!
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista!

Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her behalf?
I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning. 260

Luc. Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad
lines, [Giving a letter.

Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.

[Lothario reads.

*Your cruelty—Obedience to my father—Give my hand to
Altamont.*

By Heav'n 'tis well! such ever be the gifts
With which I greet the man whom my soul hates.

[Aside.

But to go on!

—Wish—Heart—Honour—too faithless—
Weakness—to-morrow—last trouble—lost Calista.
Women, I see, can change as well as men.
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
For she has giv'n her hand to Altamont:
Yet, tell the fair inconstant—

Luc. How, my lord!

Loth. Nay, no more angry words : say to Calista,
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure ;
If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Luc. Alas ! for pity, come with gentler looks : 280
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph ;
And, tho' you love her not, yet swear you do,
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha ! who comes here ?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see us here. To-morrow early
Be at the garden gate.

Loth. Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

[*Lothario putting up the letter hastily, drops it as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano one way, Lucilla another.*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes ;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario ;
He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman :
At my approach they started, and retir'd.
What business could he have here, and with her ?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profest and deadly hate—What paper's this ?

[*Taking up the letter.*
Ha ! To Lothario !—'s death ! Calista's name !

[*Opening it.*
Confusion and misfortunes ! [*Reads.*

‘ Your cruelty has at length determined me, and I
 ‘ have resolv’d this morning to yield a perfect obe-
 ‘ dience to my father, and to give my hand to Alta-
 ‘ mont, in spite of my weakness for the false Lotha-
 ‘ rio. I could almost wish I had that heart, and that
 ‘ honour to bestow with it, which you have robb’d
 ‘ me of :

Damnation to the rest— [Reads again.]
 ‘ But, Oh ! I fear, could I retrieve ’em, I should again
 ‘ be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lo-
 ‘ thario. This is the last weakness of my pen, and
 ‘ to-morrow shall be the last in which I will indulge
 ‘ my eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind
 ‘ enough to let me see you ; it shall be the last trouble
 ‘ you shall meet with from

‘ *The lost Calista.*

The lost, indeed ! for thou art gone as far
 As there can be pordition. Fire and sulphur !
 Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
 Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own !
 Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age ;
 At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont
 (For, Oh ! I know his heart is set upon thee) 320
 Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,
 Like merit scorn’d by insolent authority,
 And never grace the public with his virtues.—
 “ Perhaps even now he gazes fondly on her,
 “ And, thinking soul and body both alike,
 “ Blesses the perfect workmanship of Heav’n ;

" Then sighing, to his ev'ry care speaks peace,
" And bids his heart be satisfied with happiness.
" Oh, wretched husband! while she hangs about thee
" With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one,
" Ev'n then her hot imagination wanders,
" Contriving riot, and loose 'scapes of love;
" And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a mon-
ster."

What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return
For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought——

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. My lord!

Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the company, 341
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness.
Where are you sick? Is it your head? your heart?
Tell me, my love, and ease my anxious thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Sooth you to rest, and soften all your pains.

Hor. It were unjust—No, let me spare my friend,
Lock up the fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.

Lav. What means my lord?

Hor. Ha! saidst thou, my Lavinia?

Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me suffer.

Why are you pale? Why did you start and tremble?
Whence is that sigh? and wherefore are your eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confusion thinks upon his exit.

Hor. Oh, no! thou hast mistook my sickness quite;
These pangs are of the soul. Wou'd I had met 361
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!

Lav. Alas! what is it? "Wherefore turn you from
me?

" Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
" And swear I was Horatio's better half,
" Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
" And rob me of my partnership of sadness?
" Witness, ye holy pow'rs, who know my truth,
" There cannot be a chance in life so miserable,
" Nothing so very hard but I could bear it,
" Much rather than my love should treat me coldly,
" And use me like a stranger to his heart."

Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain?

Then spare me, I conjure thee ; ask no further ; 381
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

Lav. It is enough ; chide not, and all is well !
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes :
I wo' not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day,
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont ;
For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom waits your wishes,
He thinks the priest has but half bless'd his marriage,
'Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.

Hor. Oh, never, never, never ! Thou art innocent :
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever ;
But there are such, such false ones, in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told. 400

Lav. False ones, my lord !

Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit ;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone ;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the Heav'n they hope for is variety :
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former ;
'Till having lov'd his hour out, he gives place,

And mingles with the herd that went before him.

Lav. Can there be such, and have they peace of mind?

Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I form'd so different from my sex!
My little heart is satisfied with you;
You take up all her room, as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest, 426
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.

Hor. Oh, were they all like thee, men woud adore 'em,
And all the business of their lives be loving;
The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestic cares and quarrels cease;
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall. Enter CALISTA and LUCILLA.

Calista.

BE dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.

If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent, and black despair ;
For, Oh ! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

Luc. Why do you follow still that wand'ring fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario ? Turn from the deceiver ;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
“ Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
“ And faithful as the simple village swain,
“ That never knew the courtly vice of changing,”
Sighs at your feet, and woes you to be happy.

Cal. Away ! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find ;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens, and birds ill-omen'd only dwell :
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds : no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out, to despair and die in.

90

Luc. Alas, for pity !

Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame ;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul

Never to live with public loss of honour :
 'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence
 Of each affected she that tells my story,
 And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
 To be a tale for fools ! Scorn'd by the women,
 And pity'd by the men ! Oh, insupportable !

Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
 The gaping gulf that opens just before you, 41
 And yet rush on, tho' conscious of the danger ?
 Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature !
 By all the good I wish, by all the ill
 My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
 Never to see this faithless man again ;
 Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy life
 I charge thee no : my genius drives me on ;
 I must, I will behold him once again :
 Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
 And this one interview shall end my cares.
 My lab'ring heart that swells with indignation,
 Heaves to discharge the burthen ; that once done,
 The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
 And never beat again.

Luc. Trust not to that :
 Rage is the shortest passion of our souls :
 Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden show'rs,
 It swells in haste, and falls again as soon ; 60
 Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
 And the deceiver Love supplies its place.

Cal. I have been wrong'd enough to arm my temper

Against the smooth delusion; but alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's softness hangs about me still:
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

“ *Luc.* Ye sacred pow'rs, whose gracious providence

“ Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
“ From their deceitful tongues, their vows, and flat-
“ teries;

“ Still let me pass neglected by their eyes,
“ Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
“ That none may think it worth his while to ruin
“ me,

“ And fatal love may never be my bane.” [Exit.

Cal. Ha, Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's accesses with dissembling: 80
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions, and tumultuous thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Begone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
“ For from this sacred æra of my love,
“ A better order of succeeding days

" Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all."

Calista is the mistress of the year;
She crowns the season with auspicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.

Cal. If I were ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?

Alt. Oh, mighty Love! Shall that fair face profane
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness?
I swear it shall not be, for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me, 109
And kindle into joy.

Cal. I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above:
Ill-suited to each other; join'd, not match'd;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
That fills thee with such ecstacy and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the course of time,
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.

Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness,
To know none fair, none excellent but thee;
If still to love thee with unwearied constancy,
" Through ev'ry season, ev'ry change of life,

" Thro' wrinkled age, thro' sickness and misfortune,"
 Be worth the least return of grateful love,
 Oh, then let my Calista bless this day, 180
 And set it down for happy.

Cal. 'Tis the day
 In which my father gave my hand to Altamont ;
 As such, I will remember it for ever.

Enter Sciolto, Horatio, and Lavinia.

Scio. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
 But fill up ev'ry minute of this day.
 'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves ;
 The glorious sun himself for you looks gay ;
 He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
 Let there be music ; let the master touch
 The sprightly string, and softly-breathing flute,
 'Till harmony rouse ev'ry gentle passion,
 Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
 And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
 Begin : ev'n age itself is clear'd with music ;
 It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
 Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.

[*Music.*

" SONG,

" BY MR. CONGREVE.

" Ah, stay! ah, turn! ah, whither would you fly,
 " Too charming, too relentless maid ?
 " I follow not to conquer, but to die ; 140
 " You of the fearful are afraid.

*"In vain I call; for she, like fleeting air,
When press'd by some tempestuous wind,
Flies swifter from the voice of my despair,
Nor casts one pitying look behind."*

Sci. Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth;
The sprightly bowl shall chearfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh, grant, ye pow'rs, that I may see these happy,

[*Pointing to Alt. and Cal.*

Completely blest, and I have life enough;
And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [Exeunt.

Hor. What if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario? 160
This letter may be forg'd; perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.

Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought, ev'n now, I mark'd the starts of guilt
That shook her soul; tho' damn'd dissimulation
Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty.
"Oh, false appearance! What is all our sovereignty,

" Our boasted pow'r? When they oppose their arts,
 " Still they prevail, and we are found their fools."
 With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
 The first fair she beguil'd her easy lord;
 Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
 He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;
 Nor could believe that such a heav'nly face
 Had bargain'd with the devil, to damn her wretched
 race. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Street near SCIOLTO's Palace. Enter LOTHARIO
 and ROSSANO.

Loth. To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;
 The loss of this fond paper would not give me
 A moment of disquiet, were it not 180
 My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont;
 Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
 Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

Ros. I wish you, Sir, to think upon the danger
 Of being seen; to-day their friends are round 'em;
 And any eye that lights by chance on you,
 Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.

[They confer aside.]

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
 Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!
 I knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning,

Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,
 But of a cold, inactive hand in war;
 Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
 My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.
 This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,
 More open and unartful—Ha! he's here! [Seeing him.]

Loth. Damnation! He again!—This second time
 To-day he has cross'd me, like my evil genius.

Hor. I sought you, Sir.

Loth. 'Tis well then I am found. 900

Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man who wrongs my
 friend
 To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue.
 No place, tho' e'er so holy should protect him;
 No shape that artful fear e'er form'd should hide him,
 'Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

Loth. Ha! dost thou know me, that I am Lothario?
 As great a name as this proud city boasts of.
 Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
 That I should basely hide me from his anger,
 Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?

Hor. The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the light;
 Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers,
 Freely without disguise they love and hate,
 Still are they found in the fair face of day,
 And Heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Loth. Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a purpose
 Which my soul e'er fram'd, or my hand acted,
 But I could well have bid the world look on,
 And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify.

Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free spirit,
When but this very morning I surpriz'd thee, 221
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To sell her lady's secrets, stain' her honour,
And, with a forg'd contrivance, blast her virtue ?—
At sight of me thou fled'st.

Loth. Ha ! fled from thee ?

Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer, descry'd in some dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd, with mischievous intent,
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest.
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.

Loth. Slave ! villain !

[*Offers to draw, Rossano holds him.*

Ros. Hold, my lord ! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

Loth. Then since thou dost provoke my vengeance,
know
I would not, for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore, 240
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature.
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be conceal'd ?
Oh, no ! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news

To the dull doating husband : now I have found him,
And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this.
Yet mark me well, young lord ; I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
, Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name :
These are the mean dishonest arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood, and to glorious dangers ; 260
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses th' unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter ? Think so
still,
'Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away ! no woman could descend so low :
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are ;
Fit only for yourselves : you herd together ;
And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
“ Legends of saints who never yet had being,
“ Or being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
“ As the fond tales which you recount of love.”

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure ;

I could produce such damning proof——

Hor. 'Tis false!

You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn you,
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence: 280
Rather than make you blest, they would die virgins,
And stop the propagation of mankind.

Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure,
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.

Hor. Hold, Sir; another word, and then farewell:
Tho' I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy pow'r to hurt;
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I must not have
(Mark me, young Sir) her very name profan'd.
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understandings.

Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn order,
And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose, 300
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?

Hor. 'Tis well, Sir, you are pleasant——

Loth. By the joys
Which my soul yet has uncontrol'd pursu'd,
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Tho' all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;

But like the birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rifle the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou should'st dare provoke me unchastis'd !
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks.
If in the bounds of yon forbidden place
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death;
Or something worse : an injur'd husband's vengeance
Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fair form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of Heav'n.

g90

Loth. Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd
By a dependent on the wretched Altamont,
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation ?

Hor. Away ! thy speech is fouler than thy manners.

Loth. Or, if there be a name more vile, his parasite ;
A beggar's parasite !

Hor. Now learn humanity,

[*Offers to strike him, Rossano interposes.*
Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation !

[*They draw.*

Ros. Hold, this goes no further here.

Horatio, 'tis too much ; already see

The crowd are gath'ring to us.

Loth. Oh, Rossano !

Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

Ros. Sciolto's servants, too, have ta'en th' alarm ;
 You'll be oppress'd by numbers. Be advis'd,
 Or I must force you hence. Tak't on my word,
 You shall have justice done you on Horatio.

Put up, my lord.

340

Loth. This wo'not brook delay ;
 West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
 Two hours ere noon, to-morrow, I expect thee,
 Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, Oh, my better stars ! to-morrow
 Exert your influence ; shine strongly for me ;
 'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
 Since love as well as arms, must grace my triumph.

[*Exeunt LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.*

Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow ! ha ! ere that
 He sees Calista ! Oh, unthinking fool——
 What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger ?
 If any spark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
 Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.
 Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
 My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
 Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
 Did you but think how seldom fools are just,
 So many of your sex would not in vain
 Of broken vows, and faithless men, complain : 360
 Of all the various wretches love has made,
 How few have been by men of sense betray'd ?
 Convinc'd by reason, they your pow'r confess,

E

Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
And conscious of your worth can never love you less.

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in SCIOLTO's Paice. Enter SCIOLTO
and CALISTA.*

Sciolto.

Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much !
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy ?
When ev'ry heart was cheer'd and mirth went round,
Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
Sat on thy brow ; " like some malignant planet,
" Foe to the harvest and the healthy year,
" Who scowls adverse, and lours upon the world ;
" When all the other stars, with gentle aspect,
" Propitious shine, and meaning good to man."

Cal. Is then the task of duty half perform'd ?
Has not your daughter giv'n herself to Altamont,
Yielded the native freedom of her will
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
To gratify a father's stern command ?

Sci. Dost thou complain ?

Cal. For pity do not frown then,
If in despite of all my vow'd obedience,
A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance :

For, Oh! that sorrow which has drawn your anger,
 Is the sad native of Calista's breast :
 " And once possess'd, will never quit its dwelling,
 " Till life, the prop of all, shall leave the building,
 " To tumble down, and moulder into ruin."

Sci. Now by the sacred dust of that dear saint
 That was thy mother ; " by her wond'rous goodness,
 " Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,"
 I swear, some sullen thought that shuns the light,
 Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
 But mark me well, tho' by yon Heav'n I love thee
 As much, I think, as a fond parent can ;
 Yet should'st thou, (which the pow'rs above forbid)
 E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
 I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
 Had rent asunder nature's nearest ties,
 Which, once divided, never join again.
 To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband !
 Consider well his worth ; reward his love ;
 Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.

[Exit SCIOLTO.

Cal. How hard is the condition of our sex, 40
 Thro' ev'ry state of life the slaves of man !
 In all the dear delightful days of youth
 A rigid father dictates to our wills,
 And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand.
 To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds ;
 Proud with opinion of superior reason,
 He holds domestic bus'ness and devotion

All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
 Like cloister'd ideots, from the world's acquaintance,
 And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
 Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
 Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
 And claim an equal empire o'er the world ?

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. She's here ! yet, Oh ! my tongue is at a loss.
 Teach me, some pow'r, that happy art of speech,
 To dress my purpose up in gracious words;
 Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
 And never waken the tempestuous passions.
 By Heav'n she weeps ! —— Forgive me, fair Calista,
 If I presume on privilege of friendship, 60
 To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
 That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in tears.

Cal. To steal, unlook'd for, on my private sorrow,
 Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
 But rather means the spy.

Hor. Unkindly said !
 For, Oh ! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
 I come to prove myself Calista's friend.

Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of
 Altamont !

Hor. Are you not one ? Are you not join'd by
 Heaven,
 Each interwoven with the other's fate ?
 Are you not mixt like streams of meeting rivers,
 Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,

But roll into the sea, one common flood ?
Then who can give his friendship but to one ?
Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's ?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain ;
But minds will still look back to their own choice.

" So the poor captive in a foreign realm, 80
" Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back
" To the dear native land from whence he came.

Hor. When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues :
Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry day shall be a day of cares.

Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friendship,
Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.
Alas ! what needed that ?

Hor. Oh ! rather say,
I came to tell her how she might be happy ;
To sooth the secret anguish of her soul ;
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Cal. Say thou, to whom this paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful region ? Mark my way to it,
For, Oh ! 'tis sure I long to be at rest. 100

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy—Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.

Guilt is the source of sorrow ! 'tis the fiend,
 Th' avenging fiend that follows us behind
 With whips and stings. The blest know none of this,
 But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
 And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
 Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt ?

Hor. None should ; but 'tis a busy, talking world,
 That with licentious breath blows like the wind,
 As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
 Which thou would'st seem unwilling to express,
 As if it meant dishonour to my virtue ?
 Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
 And let thy oracle be understood.

Hor. Lothario !

Cal. Ha ! what would'st thou mean by him ?

Hor. Lothario and Calista ! thus they join 190
 Two names, which Heav'n decreed should never meet.
 Hence have the talkers of this populous city
 A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,
 Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
 Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
 When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.

Cal. Death and confusion ! Have I liv'd to this ?
 Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence !
 To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue !
 Thus to be us'd ! thus ! like the vilest creature,
 That ever was a slave to vice and infamy.

Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much ;
For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
Your's and Sciolto's, your's and Altamont's ;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile ;
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin. 140

Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,
For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd ?
Is this the tale-bearing officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes ;
This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,
That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad ?

Hor. Alas ! this rage is vain ; for if your fame
Or peace be with your care, you must be calm,
And listen to the means are left to save 'em.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.
By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curst Lothario more ;
Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shunn'd
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons ;
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution——

Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base, unmanner'd slave !
That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex, 161

And shock me with the rude, unhallow'd sound!

Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of Heav'n
Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee ;
Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
This paper ; nay, you must not fly—This paper,

[Holding her.

This guilty paper shall divulge your shame—

Cal. What mean'st thou by that paper ? What
contrivance

Hast thou been forging to deceive my father ;
To turn his heart against his wretched daughter,
That Altamont and thou may share his wealth ?
A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The weakness of my sex.—Oh, for a sword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand
That forg'd the scroll !

Hor. Behold ! Can this be forg'd ?

See where Calista's name—— [Shewing the letter near.

Cal. To atoms thus, [Tearing it.
Thus let me tear the vile, detested falsehood, 180
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.

Hor. Confusion !

Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more nor dare, ev'n on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.
I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes.
“ The wish, and care, and business of my youth?
“ Oh, let me find her, snatch her to my breast,
“ And tell her she delays my bliss too long,
“ Till my soft soul ev'n sickens with desire.”
Disorder'd!—and in tears!—Horatio too!
My friend is in amaze—What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample justice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. Horatio!

200

Cal. To that insolent.

Alt. My friend!

Could he do this? He, who was half myself?
“ One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
“ Guided our wills. Have I not found him just,
“ Honest as truth itself? And” could he break
The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

Cal. I thought what justice I should find from thee!
Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
Applaud his malice, that would blast my fame,
And treat me like a common prostitute.
Thou art perhaps confederate in his mischief,
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.

Ant. Oh, impious ! what presumptuous wretch shall dare
To offer at an injury like that ?
Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.

Cal. The man who dar'd to do it was Horatio ;
Thy darling friend ; 'twas Altamont's Horatio. 220
But mark me well ; while thy divided heart,
Doats on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.
Nor can my cruel father's pow'r do more
Than shut me in a cloister : there, well pleas'd,
Religious hardships will I learn to bear,
To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r :
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell ;
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage chain, and from that tyrant,
man. [Exit Calista.]

Alt. She's gone ; and, as she went, ten thousand fires
Shot from her angry eyes ; as if she meant
Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.
Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
What means this wild confusion in thy looks ;
As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
Madness and reason combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which should get the better ?

Hor. I would be dumb for ever ; but thy fate 240
Has otherwise decreed it. Thou hast seen
That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista

Thou hast beheld her tears.

Alt. I have seen her weep ;
I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,
That thou, my friend, Horatio, thou hast wrong'd her.

Hor. That I have wrong'd her ! had her eyes been
fed

From that rich stream which warms her heart, and
number'd

For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
It had not been too much ; for she has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.

Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name ?

What is so fair, so exquisitely good ?
Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love ?

" Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
" Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour ?
" The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure,
" And everlasting joys are in her arms." 260

Hor. It had been better thou had'st liv'd a beggar,
And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal.—

Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow thee.
Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,
Thou dost avow the barb'rrous, brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.

Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart ;
She has charm'd thee, like a syren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds :

Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
 When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,
 Then vainly wish thou had'st not left thy friend,
 To follow her delusion.

Alt. If thy friendship
 Do churlishly deny my love a room,
 It is not worth my keeping ; I disclaim it.

Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've been to
 thee ?

I shar'd the task of nature with thy father,
 And form'd with care thy unexperienc'd youth 280
 To virtue and to arms.

Thy noble father, Oh, thou light young man !
 Wou'd he have us'd me thus ? One fortune fed us ;
 For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
 Together flourish'd, and together fell.

He call'd me friend, like thee : wou'd he have left
 me

Thus, for a woman, and a vile one, too ?

Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it ! Speak again,
 Say, who is vile ; but dare not name Calista.

Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless compell'd,
 And forc'd to clear myself ; but since thus urg'd,
 I must avow, I do not know a viler.

Alt. Thou wert my father's friend ; he lov'd thee
 well ;

" A kind of venerable mark of him

" Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my ven-
 geance."

I cannot, dare not lift my sword against thee,

But henceforth never let me see thee more. [Going out.

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,
And must and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Ev'n in despite of thee. [Holds him.

Alt. Let go my arm.

301

Hor. If honour be thy care, if thou would'st live
Without the name of credulous, wittol husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dash'd with poison——

Alt. Off!

To urge me but a minute more is fatal.

Hor. She is polluted, stain'd——

Alt. Madness and raging!
But hence——

Hor. Dishonour'd by the man you hate——

Alt. I pr'ythee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If life be worth the keeping——

Hor. By Lothario.

Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the falsehood!

[Strikes him.

Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.

Hor. A blow! thou hast us'd me well—— [Draws.

Alt. This to thy heart——

Hor. Yet hold—By Heav'n his father's in his face!
Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness

321

And I could rather die myself than hurt him.

Alt. Defend thyself; for by my much wrong'd
love,

I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.

Hor. Yet hold—" thou know'st I dare—think how
we've liv'd—

[*They fight; Altamont presses on Horatio, who retires.*
" Nay then, 'tis brutal violence ; and thus,
" Thus Nature bids me guard the life she gave.

" [*They fight.*]"

LAVINIA enters, and runs between their swords.

Lav. My brother, my Horatio ! Is it possible !
Oh, turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.
If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.

Alt. 'Tis well thou hast found a safe-guard ; none
but this,

No pow'r on earth could save thee from my fury.

" *Lav.* O fatal, deadly sound !"

Hor. Safety from thee !
Away, vain boy ! Hast thou forgot the rev'rence
Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,
And shew'd thee what it was to be a man ?

Lav. What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to good-
ness,

340

Could kindle such a discord ? " Oh, lay by
" Those most ungentle looks, and angry weapons,
" Unless you mean my griefs and killing fears
" Should stretch me out at your relentless feet,
" A wretched corse, the victim of your fury."

Hor. Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas base ingratitude,
'Twas such a sin to friendship, as Heav'n's mercy,
That strives with man's untoward, monstrous wickedness,

Unwearied with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
With barb'rous, bloody malice, sought my life.

Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee
The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed;
Therefore, thy husband's life is safe: but warn him,
No more to know this hospitable roof.

He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty.
We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewel.

[*He is going out, Lavinia holds him.*

Lav. Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay; " if ever
" Nature, or what is nearer much than nature,
" The kind consent of our agreeing minds, 360
" Have made us dear to one another, stay,
" And speak one gentle word to your Horatio.
" Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
" To call you friend, then press you hard, with all
" The tender, speechless joy of reconciliation."

Alt. It cannot, shall not be—you must not hold me.

Lav. Look kindly, then.

Alt. Each minute that I stay,
Is a new injury to fair Calista.
From thy false friendship, to her arms I'll fly;
" There, if in any pause of love I rest,
" Breathless with bliss, upon her panting breast,

" In broken, melting accents, I will swear,
 " Henceforth to trust my heart with none but her ;"
 Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,
 Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.

[Altamont *breaks from Lavinia, and exit.*

Hor. Oh, raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth.
 It is too much ; this tide of flowing grief,
 This wond'rous waste of tears, too much to give
 To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother. 380

Lav. Is there not cause for weeping ? Oh, Horatio !
 A brother and a husband were my treasure,
 'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
 Sav'd from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.
 One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me ;
 If thou should'st prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
 Whom shall I find to pity my distress,
 To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,
 And give her where to lay her wretched head ?

Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy soft complainings ?

Tho' Altamont be false, and use me hardly,
 Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
 Talk not of being forsaken ; for I'll keep thee
 Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.
 " Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of goodness,
 " And made thee all my portion here on earth :
 " It gave thee to me, as a large amends
 " For fortune, friends, and all the world beside."

Lav. Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,
 And hide me from misfortune in your bosom. 400

“ Here end my cares, nor will I lose one thought,
“ How we shall live, or purchase food and raiment.
“ The holy Pow'r, who cloaths the senseless earth,
“ With woods, with fruits, with flow'rs, and verdant
 grass,
“ Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute crea-
 tion,
“ Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.”
Hor. From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,
To some more honest, distant clime we'll go.
Nor will I be beholden to my country,
For aught but thee, the partner of my flight.

“ *Lav.* Yes, I will follow thee ; forsake, for thee,
“ My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have.
“ Tho' mine's a little all ; yet were it more,
“ And better far, it should be left for thee,
“ And all that I would keep, should be Horatio.
“ So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,
“ Tho' richly freighted from a foreign coast,
“ Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give ;
“ And only wishes to escape, and live :
“ Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind ;
“ But, driving o'er the billows with the wind, 421
“ Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest
 behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Garden. Enter ALTAMONT.

Altamont.

“ WITH what unequal tempers are we form’d?
 “ One day the soul, supine with ease and fulness,
 “ Revels secure, and fondly tells herself
 “ The hour of evil can return no more ;
 “ The next, the spirits, pall’d and sick of riot,
 “ Turn all to discord, and we hate our beings,
 “ Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
 “ And bitterness and anguish. Oh, last night !
 “ What has ungrateful beauty paid me back,
 “ For all the mass of friendship which I squander’d ?
 “ Coldness, aversion, tears, and sullen sorrow,
 “ Dash’d all my bliss, and damp’d my bridal bed.
 “ Soon as the morning dawn’d, she vanish’d from
 me,
 “ Relentless to the gentle call of love.
 “ I’ve lost a friend, and I have gain’d——a wife !
 “ Turn not to thought, my brain ; but let me find
 “ Some unfrequented shade ; there lay me down,
 “ And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
 “ To soften and assuage this pain of thinking. [Exit.

LOTHARIO and CALISTA discovered.

Loth. Weep not, my fair ; but let the God of Love
 Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,

Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee ;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Cal. Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,

To charm me with thy softness : 'tis in vain :
Thou can'st no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The hours of folly, and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled ; those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account,
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come ; thou hast undone me.

Loth. Unjust Calista ! dost thou call it ruin,
To love as we have done ; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height ?
To die with joy, and straight to live again ; 40
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport—

Cal. Oh, let me hear no more ; I cannot bear it ;
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year ;
“ Let not the voice of mirth or music know it ;
“ Let it be dark and desolate ; no stars
“ To glitter o'er it ; let it wish for light,
“ Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn ; ”
For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

Loth. Hear this, ye pow'rs! mark, how the fair de-
ceiver

Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth have
heard

Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.—

Cal. Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause? 61
If indignation raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urg'd me to a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario;
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

Loth. How have I fail'd in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.

Cal. How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,

To toy, and waste an hour of idle time with ?
 My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought. 80

Loth: The driving storm of passion will have way,
 And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
 Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doom'd,
 Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
 To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them ALTAMONT.

Alt. " I have lost my peace"—Ha! do I live and
 wake ?

Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!
 Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
 But wherefore nam'd I happiness with thee?
 It is for thee, for thee, that I am curst ;
 For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
 Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd,
 My honour lost to thee : for thee it haunts me ;
 With stern Sciolto vowed vengeance on me :
 With Altamont complaining for his wrongs——

Alt. Behold him here— [Coming forward.]

Cal. Ah ! [Starting.]

Alt. The wretch ! whom thou hast made.

Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him, 99
 And vengeance is the only good that's left. [Drawing.]

Loth. Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares, 'tis
 true :

But love and war take turns, like day and night,
 And little preparation serves my turn,
 Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.

We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
Earth, Heav'n, and fair Calista judge the combat!

Cal. Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and
death!

"*Alt.* Thou hast talk'd too much, thy breath is
poison to me;

" It taints the ambient air; this for my father,

" This for Sciolto, and this last for Altamont."

[They fight; Lothario is wounded once or twice,
and then falls.

Loth. Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!
Thou hast prevail'd!—My fierce ambitious soul
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd.
Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying. [Dies.

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with shame,
Encompass'd round with wretchedness? There is 120
But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.

[She catches up Lothario's sword, and offers to kill
herself; Altamont runs to her, and wrests it from
her.

Alt. What means thy frantic rage!

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me; yet
still,

Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live ? to be forgiv'n ?
 Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista !
 If thou had'st never heard my shame, if only
 The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
 I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,
 But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
 And hide me from their beams.

Sciolto within.] What, ho ! my son !
 " *Alt.* It is Sciolto calls ; come near and find me ;
 " The wretched'st thing of all my kind on earth."

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father ?
 Madness ! Confusion ! let the storm come on,
 Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me ;
 Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it ! 240
 'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
 When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
 Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. Ev'n now Rossano leap'd the garden wall——
 Ha ! Death has been among you—Oh, my fears !
 Last night thou had'st a diff'rence with thy friend,
 The cause thou gav'st me was a damn'd one.
 Did'st thou not wrong the man who told thee truth ?
 Answer me quick——

Alt. Oh ! press me not to speak ;
 Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
 Will lay me dead before you. See that body,
 And guess my shame : my ruin ! Oh, Calista !

Sci. It is enough ! but I am slow to execute,

And justice lingers in my lazy hand ;
 Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
 And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness—

[Offers to kill Calista, Altamont holds him.

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay,
 Or turn the point on me, and through my breast
 Cut out the bloody passage to Calista : 160
 So shall my love be perfect, while for her
 I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

Cal. No, Altamont; my heart that scorn'd thy love,
 Shall never be indebted to thy pity.
 Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I seem,
 Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
 Yes, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice ;
 Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow :
 Be merciful, and free me from my pain ;
 'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse
 The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
 Ev'n thee, thou venerable good old man,
 For being author of a wretch like me.

Alt. Listen not to the wildness of her raving;
 Remember nature ! Should thy daughter's murder
 Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
 Her blood would rest upon thee to posterity,
 Pollute thy name, and sully all thy wars.

Cal. Have I not wrong'd his gentle nature much ?
 And yet behold him pleading for my life ! 180
 Lost as thou art to virtue, Oh, Calista !
 I think thou can't not bear to be outdone ;
 Then haste to die, and be oblig'd no more.

Sci. Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
 And sav'd me from a crime; then rest, my sword;
 To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
 Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.
 But mark me well, I will have justice done;
 Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunished:
 I will see justice executed on thee,
 Ev'n to a Roman strictness; and thou, nature,
 Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
 Be still; thy tender strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then am I doom'd to live, and bear your
 triumph?

To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraiding,
 Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery
 At morn, at noon, at night told over to me,
 " Lest my remembrance might grow pitiful,
 " And grant a moment's interval of peace;"
 Is this, is this the mercy of a father? 200
 I only beg to die, and he denies me.

Sci. Hence, from my sight! thy father cannot bear
 thee;

Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
 Where, on the confines of eternal night,
 Mourning, misfortune, cares, and anguish dwell;
 Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
 And death and hell detested rule maintain;
 There howl out the remainder of thy life,
 And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.

Cal. Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,
 And be more curs'd than you can wish I were;

This fatal form that drew on my undoing,
 Fasting, and tears, and hardship shall destroy ;
 Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
 Nor ought that may continue hated life.
 Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
 Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
 On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
 Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
 At length her tears have wash'd her stains away ;
 At length 'tis time her punishment should cease ;
 Die, thou poor suff'ring wretch, and be at peace.

[*Exit Calista.*

Sci. Who of my servants wait there ?

Enter two or three Servants.

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives
 Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
 Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

[*Exeunt Servants, with Lothario's body.*

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage,
 It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.]

" My father, I am sick of many sorrows,
 " Ev'n now my easy heart is breaking with 'em ;
 " Yet, above all, one fear distracts me most ;"
 I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
 On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virginius did ?
 With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
 To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.
 He slew her, yet unspotted, to prevent

The shame which she might know. Then what should
I do?

But thou hast ty'd my hand.—I wo' not kill her;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us, 240
The common infamy that brands us both,
She shall not 'scape.

Alt. You mean that she shall die then?

Sci. Ask me not what, nor how I have resolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.

Oh, Altamont! What a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd? Well did I hope
This daughter would have blest my latter days;
That I should live to see you the world's wonder,
So happy, great, and good that none were like you.
While I, from busy life and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little Prattling race of yours:
There, like an old man, talk'd a-while, and then
Laid down and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave—
“ Oh, damn her! damn her!”

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Arm yourself, my lord:
Rossano, who but now escap'd the garden,
Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters, 260
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety. [Exit.

Sci. By Heav'n, their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone,

G ij

But thou, Lothario, and thy race shall pay me
 For all the sorrows which my age is curs'd with.
 I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
 As any in the state; all shall be summon'd;
 I know that all will join their hands to ours,
 And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force
 Is full, and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword
 To join with us, and sacrifice to justice.—

[*Exit Sciolto.*

“ Alt. There is a stupid weight upon my senses;
 “ A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
 “ The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,
 “ After the tumult and the noise of life.
 “ Would it were death, as sure 'tis wond'rous like it,
 “ For I am sick of living; my soul's pall'd,
 “ She kindles not with anger or revenge:
 “ Love was th' informing, active fire within: 280
 “ Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
 “ And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.”

[*A tumultuous noise, with clashing of swords,
 as at a little distance.*

Enter LAVINIA, with two Servants, their swords drawn.

Lav. Fly, swiftly fly; to my Horatio's aid,
 Nor lose your vain officious cares on me;
 Bring me my lord, my husband, to my arms;
 He is Lavinia's life; bring him me safe,
 And I shall be at ease, be well and happy.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Alt. Art thou Lavinia? Oh! what barb'rous hand

Could wrong thy poor defenceless innocence,
And leave such marks of more than savage fury?

Lav. My brother! Oh, my heart is full of fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear Horatio bleeds.—
Not far from hence, as passing to the port,
By a mad multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
And cry'd aloud for vengeance, and Lothario.
My lord, with ready boldness, stood the shock,
To shelter me from danger; but in vain,
Had not a party from Sciolto's palace
Rush'd out, and snatch'd me from amidst the fray.

Alt. What of my friend? got

Lav. Ha! by my joys, 'tis he! [Looking out]
He lives, he comes to bless me, he is safe! —

Enter HORATIO, with two or three Servants, their swords drawn.

1st Ser. 'Twere at the utmost hazard of your life
To venture forth again, till we are stronger:
Their number trebles ours.

Hor. No matter, let it;
Death is not half so shocking as that traitor.
My honest soul is mad with indignation,
To think her plainness could be so abus'd,
As to mistake that wretch, and call him friend;
I cannot bear the sight.

Alt. Open, thou earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark bosom,
To hide me from Horatio.

Hor. Oh, Lavinia!

Believe not but I joy to see thee safe :
Would our ill-fortune had not drove us hither :
I could ev'n wish we rather had been wreck'd
On any other shore, than sav'd on this.

320

Lav. Oh, let us bless the mercy that preserv'd us,
That gracious pow'r that sav'd us for each other :
And, to adorn the sacrifice of praise,
Offer forgiveness too ; be thou like Heav'n,
And put away th' offences of thy friend,
Far, far from thy remembrance.

" *Alt.* I have mark'd him,

" To see if one forgiving glance stole hither ;
" If any spark of friendship were alive,
" That would by sympathy at meeting glow,
" And strive to kindle up the flame a-new ;
" 'Tis lost, 'tis gone ; his soul is quite estrang'd,
" And knows me for its counterpart no more.

" *Hor.* Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in Ho-
ratio ;

" Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
" Where nature, reason, nay, where love is judge ;
" But when you urge my temper to comply
" With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.

" *Lav.* Where didst thou get this sullen gloomy
hate ?

" It was not in thy nature to be thus ; 340
" Come, put it off, and let thy heart be cheerful,
" Be gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
" The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,

“ The double joys, where each is glad for both ;
 “ Friendship, the wealth, the last retreat and strength,
 “ Secure against ill fortune, and the world.”

Hor. I am not apt to take a light offence.

But patient of the failings of my friends,
 And willing to forgive ; but when an injury
 Stabs to the heart, and rouses my resentment,
 (Perhaps it is the fault of my rude nature)
 I own, I cannot easily forgive it.

Alt. Thou hast forgot me.

Hor. No.

Alt. Why are thy eyes

Impatient of me then, scornful, and fierce ?

Hor. Because they speak the meaning of my heart ;
 Because they're honest, and disdain a villain.

Alt. I've wrong'd thee much, Horatio.

Hor. True, thou hast.

360

When I forget it, may I be a wretch,
 Vile as thyself, a false perfidious fellow,
 An infamous, believing, British husband.

Alt. I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well
 aveng'd it.

I have not, since we parted, been at peace,
 Nor known one joy sincere ; “ our broken friendship
 “ Pursu'd me to the last retreat of love,
 “ Stood glaring like a ghost, and made me cold with
 horror.

“ Misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me,
 “ Swell o'er my head like waves, and dash me down ;
 “ Sorrow, remorse, and shame, have torn my soul ?

" They hang, like winter, on my youthful hopes,
" And blast the spring and promise of my year."

Lav. " So flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a grave,
" To lose their freshness amongst bones and rottenness,
" And have their odours stifled in the dust."

Canst thou hear this, thou cruel, hard Horatio ?

Canst thou behold thy Altamont undone ?

" That gentle, that dear youth ! canst thou behold
him,"

His poor heart broken, death in his pale visage, 380
And groaning out his woes, yet stand unmov'd ?

Hor. The brave and wise I pity in misfortune ;
But when ingratitude and folly suffers,
'Tis weakness to be touch'd.

Alt. I wo'n't ask thee
To pity or forgive me ; but confess,
This scorn, this insolence of hate, is just ;
'Tis constancy of mind, and manly in thee.
But, Oh ! had I been wrong'd by thee, Horatio,
There is a yielding softness in my heart
Cou'd ne'er have stood it out ; but I had ran,
With streaming eyes, and open arms, upon thee,
And press'd thee close, close !

Hor. I must hear no more,
Thy weakness is contagious ; I shall catch it,
And be a tame, fond wretch.

Lav. Where would'st thou go ?
Would'st thou part thus ? you shall not, 'tis impossible ;
For I will bar thy passage, kneeling thus
Perhaps thy cruel hand may spurn me off,

But I will throw my body in thy way,
 And thou shalt trample o'er my faithful bosom,
 Tread on me, wound me, kill me, ere thou pass.

Alt. Urge not in vain thy pious suit, Lavinia,
 I have enough to rid me of my pain.

Calista, thou hadst reach'd my heart before;
 To make all sure, my friend repeats the blow:
 But in the grave our cares shall be forgotten,
 There love and friendship cease.

[*Falls.*

[*Lavinia runs to him, and endeavors to raise him.*

" *Lav.* Speak to me, Altamont.

" He faints! he dies! Now, turn and see thy triumph!

" My brother! But our cares shall end together;

" Here will I lay me down by thy dear side,

" Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,

" And never see my cruel lord again."

[*Horatio runs to Altamont, and raises him in his arms.*

Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my Altamont!

My stubborn, unrelenting heart has kill'd him.

" Look up and bless me; tell me that thou liv'st.

" Oh! I have urg'd thy gentleness too far;

[*He revives.*

" Do thou and my Lavinia both forgive me; 420

A flood of tenderness comes o'er my soul;

I cannot speak—I love, forgive, and pity thee—

Alt. I thought that nothing cou'd have stay'd my soul;

That long ere this her flight had reach'd the stars;

But thy known voice has lur'd her back again.
Methinks, I fain wou'd set all right with thee,
Make up this most unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and Heaven's forgiveness on my soul,
Shrink to my grave, and be at ease for ever.

Hor. By heav'n, my heart bleeds for thee ; e'n this
moment,

I feel thy pangs of disappointed love.
“ Is it not pity that this youth should fall,
“ That all his wond'rous goodness should be lost,
“ And the world never know it ? Oh, my Altamont ! ”
Give me thy sorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
And shelter thee from ruin.

Lav. Oh, my brother,
Think not but we will share in all thy woes ;
We'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love :
And when we light upon some faithless woman, 440
Some beauty, like Calista, false and fair,
We'll fix our grief, and our complaining there ;
We'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was, like thee, undone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room hung with Black; on one side Lothario's Body on a Bier; on the other a Table, with a Scull and other Bones, a Book and a Lamp on it.

Calista is discovered on a Couch, in Black; her Hair hanging loose and disordered. After soft Music, she rises and comes forward.

“ S O N G.

“ *HEAR, you midnight phantoms, hear,*
“ *You who pale and wan appear,*
“ *And fill the wretch who wakes with fear;*
“ *You, who wander, scream and groan*
“ *Round the mansions once your own;*
“ *You, who still your crimes upbraid;*
“ *You who rest not with the dead;*
“ *From the coverts where you stray,*
“ *Where you lurk and shun the day,*
“ *From the charnel and the tomb,*
“ *Hither haste ye, hither come.*

“ *Chide Calista for delay,*
“ *Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;*
“ *Bid her die and come away.*
“ *See the sexton with his spade,*
“ *See the grave already made;*
“ *Listen, fair one, to thy knell,*
“ *This music is thy passing bell.”*

Cal. 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp of
horror,

Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul. 20
Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness;
Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame
Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something;—for instruction then—
He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,
And penitence.—Is it become an art, then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more o'nt;

[*Throwing away the book.*

I have more real anguish in my heart,
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry;—they look uncouthly,
But what of that, if he or she that own'd 'em
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relicts play?
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay, Lothario,
That dear perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and those dead eyes!
Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night, 40
In all your diff'rent dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror, if you can.

Enter SCIOLOTO.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,

Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose;
 And yet distraction, and tumultuous jars,
 Keep all our frightened citizens awake :
 " The senate, weak, divided, and irresolute,
 " Want pow'r to succour the afflicted state.
 " Vainly in words and long debates they're wise,
 " While the fierce factions scorn their peaceful
 orders,
 " And drown the voice of law in noise and anarchy."
 Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,

[*Pointing to Calista.*

Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
 Spectatress of the mischief which she made.

Cal. It is Sciolto ! Be thyself, my soul ;
 Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
 That he may see thou art not lost so far,
 But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
 In the forlorn Calista.

Sci. Thou wert once
 My daughter.

60

Cal. Happy were it I had dy'd,
 And never lost that name.

Sci. That's something yet ;
 Thou wert the very darling of my age :
 I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
 That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
 By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to Heav'n,
 Were little for my fondness to bestow ;
 Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse me ?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours;

A poor imperfect copy of my father,
 " Where goodness, and the strength of manly virtue,
 " Was thinly planted, and the idle void
 " Fill'd up with light belief, and easy fondness ;"
 It was, because I lov'd, and was a woman.

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a
 cherubim ;
 But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
 Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
 Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death ?

80

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.

Sci. Ha ! answer me ! Say, hast thou coolly thought ?
 'Tis not the stoick's lessons got by rote,
 The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
 That can sustain thee in that hour of terror ;
 Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
 But when the trial comes, they stand aghast ;
 Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it ?
 How thy account may stand, and what to answer ?

Cal. I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,
 Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste ;
 Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
 And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit
 That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
 Was mistress of the world. I wou'd go on,
 And tell thee all my purpose ; but it sticks
 Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
 And write the meaning with your poignard here.

100

Sci. Oh ! truly guess'd—see'st thou, this trembling hand— [Holding up a dagger.

Thrice justice urg'd—and thrice the slack'ning sinews Forgot their office, and confess'd the father.

At length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd,
It must, it must be so—Oh ! take it then,

[Giving the dagger.

And know the rest untaught.

Cal. I understand you.

It is but thus, and both are satisfy'd.

[She offers to kill herself: Sciolto catches hold of her arm.

Sci. A moment, give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd ;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off ev'ry tender human thought, .
To doom my child to death ; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

Cal. Hal ! is it possible ; and is there yet
Some little dear remain of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart ?

Sci. Oh ! when I think what pleasure I took in thee, 120

What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty ;
How have I stood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and wond'ring, blest thee ;
By my strong grief, my heart ev'n melts within me ;

H ij

I could curse Nature, and that tyrant, honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge ;
Thou art my daughter still.

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
Oh ! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.

Sci. Would it were otherwise—but thou must die.—

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort ;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking :
“ Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner, 140
“ Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.”
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade ; here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Sci. I'm summon'd hence ; ere this my friends expect me.

There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me, I shall never see thee more ;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs, which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh, my daughter ! [Exit Sciolto.

Cal. Now think, thou curst Calista, now behold

The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
 Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
 That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head ;
 Yet Heav'n, who knows our weak, imperfect natures,
 How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
 Makes not too strict inquiry for offences,
 But is apon'd by penitence and pray'r : 160
 Cheap recompence ! here 'twould not be receiv'd,
 Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
 And cleanse the soul from inbred, deep pollution.
 And see, another injur'd wretch is come,
 To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors ! hail, thou house of death !
 And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades,
 Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
 And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.
 Oh, take me in, a fellow-mourner, with thee,
 I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
 And when the fountain of thy eyes are dry,
 Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well, thou art the injur'd Altamont;
 Thou com'st to urge me with the wrongs I've done
 thee ;

But know, I stand upon the brink of life,
 And in a moment mean to set me free
 From shame and thy upbraiding.

Alt. Falsely, falsely

Dost thou accuse me! When did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? "For thee I have
"Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
"And fondness has prevail'd upon revenge."
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
"As holy men do punishment from Heav'n;"
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.
Oh, then, forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, Oh, behold! my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love;
"Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,"
That, were I not abandon'd to destruction,
With thee I might have liv'd for ages bless'd,
And dy'd in peace within thy faithful arms.

Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach.
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long successive order.

Cal. What! in death?

Alt. Then, art thou fix'd to die?—But be it so;
We'll go together; my advent'rous love
Shall follow thee "to those uncertain beings."
"Whether our lifeless shades are doom'd to wander
"In gloomy groves, with discontented ghosts;

" Or whether thro' the upper air we fleet,
" And tread the fields of light; still I'll pursue thee,"
" Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.

Cal. Oh, no! Heav'n has some other better lot in store

To crown thee with. Live, and be happy long;
Live, for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
Some kind, unpractis'd heart, that never yet
Has listen'd to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth; 220
Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Now, mourn indeed, ye miserable pair;
For now the measure of your woes is full.

Alt. What dost thou mean, Horatio?

Hor. Oh, 'tis dreadful!

The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

Cal. My father!

Alt. That's a deadly stroke, indeed.

Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and those unbidden.
I heard which way he took, and straight pursu'd him;
But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes.

Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that, his frantic valour had provok'd
The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.

Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?

Dost thou not labour with thy murd'rous weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring, heav'nly host of stars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you; 240
For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,
And nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world,
This parricide shall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus I set thee free.

[*Stabs herself.*

Hor. Oh, fatal rashness!

Alt. Thou dost instruct me well. To lengthen life,
Is but to trifle now.

[*Altamont offers to kill himself; Horatio prevents him, and wrests his sword from him.*

Hor. Ha! what means

The frantic Altamont? Some foe to man
Has breath'd on ev'ry breast contagious fury,
And epidemic madness.

Enter SCIOLTO, pale and bloody, supported by servants.

Cal. Oh, my heart!
Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.
My father! will you now, at last, forgive me,
If, after all my crimes, and all your suff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds?
Lift up your hand, and bless me, ere I go
Down to my dark abode?

260

Sci. Alas, my daughter!

Thou hast rashly ventur'd in a stormy sea,
 Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and lost.
 But sure thou hast borne thy part in all the anguish,
 And smarted with the pain. Then, rest in peace:
 Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
 And save thee from the malice of posterity;
 And may'st thou find with Heav'n the same forgive-
 ness,

As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul,
 And ev'ry pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont!
 Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;
 But pity me—Had I but early known
 Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
 We had been happier both—Now, 'tis too late;
 And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;
 Thou art their last dear object—Mercy, Heav'n!

[She dies.

Alt. Cold! dead, and cold! and yet thou art not
 chang'd,
 But lovely still. Hadst thou a thousand faults,
 What heart so hard, what virtue so severe, 280
 But at that beauty must of force relented,
 Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveness?

Sci. Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Alta-
 mont,

Come near, and let me bless thee, ere I die.
 To thee, and brave Horatio, I bequeath
 My fortunes—Lay me by thy noble father,
 And love my memory, as thou hast his;

For thou hast been my son—Oh, gracious Heav'n!
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
For virtue, and for filial piety,
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away;
But multiply thy mercies on his head.
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways——

[*He dies.*

Alt. Take, take it all:
To thee, Horatio, I resign the gift,
While I pursue my father, and my love,
And find my only portion in the grave.

Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him, like a drooping flower to earth. *goe*
By such examples are we taught to prove
The sorrows that attend unlawful love.
Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide,
The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty bride.
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

*YOU see the tripping dame could find no favour ;
Dearly she paid for breach of good behaviour ;
Nor could her loving husband's fondness save her.
Italian ladies lead but scurvy lives,
There's dreadful dealings with eloping wives :
Thus 'tis, because these husbands are obey'd
By force of laws, which for themselves they made.
With tales of old prescriptions, they confine
The right of marriage-rules to their male line,
And huff, and domineer by right divine.
Had we the pow'r, we'd make the tyrants know,
What 'tis to fail in duties which they owe ;
We'd teach the saunt'ring squire, who loves to roam,
Forgetful of his own dear spouse at home ;
Who snores, at night, supinely by her side ;
'Twas not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.
The plodding petty-fogger, and the cit,
Have learn'd, at least, this modern way of wit.
Each ill-bred, senseless rogue, tho' ne'er so dull,
Has th' impudence to think his wife a fool ;
He spends the night, where merry wags resort,
With joking clubs, and eighteen-penny port ;
While she, poor soul, 's contented to regale,
By a sad sea-coal fire, with wigs and ale.*

EPILOGUE.

*Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,
And fill an absent husband's empty place.
If you wou'd e'er bring constancy in fashion,
You men must first begin the reformation.
Then shall the golden age of love return,
No turtle for her wand'ring mate shall mourn;
No foreign charms shall cause domestic strife,
But every married man shall toast his wife;
Phillis shall not be to the country sent,
For carnivals in town to keep a tedious Lent;
Lampoons shall cease, and envious scandal die,
And all shall live in peace, like my good man and I.*



